

File Copy
11/20/62

Property of
National Conference
on Social Welfare

ANNUAL FORUM SKITS

National Conference on Social Welfare

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Council on Social Work Education - K Kendall

The Dean's Dilema	1958
Spat on a Hot Thin Spoof	1959
Uplift or Bust	1960
Annual Meeting	1954

National Conference on Social Welfare

Curtain of Silence-R. Moore	1958
That's Man- R. Moore	1960
This is the Week That Was - C. Odell	1965

United Community Funds and Councils - B Able

Careers in Arrears
Follow The Leadership
Gates of Paradise
It's Our Responsibility
Keep It Confidential
Let's Make A Study
There Oughta Be A Law!
The Mop-Up
Volunteer Motives
Well,Well,Welfare

<u>Tenth International Conference of Social Work</u>	1960
--	------



23-280

3780 SI

Colored Tabs

23-281

3781 SI

Clear Tabs

NATIONAL INSERTABLE-TAB INDEXES ENABLE YOU TO
MAKE YOUR OWN SUBJECT ARRANGEMENT, USING PLAIN
INSERTS ON WHICH TO WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTIONS.

THE COUNCIL ON SOCIAL WORK EDUCATION
presents

THE DEANS' DILEMMA
or
No Bar to Recruitment

Impresario

Katherine A. Kendall, CSWE
Assisted by Jane Stoneall, CSWE

Music Director and Lyrics

Betty Jo Dupin, CSWE, with contributions from
William McGlothlin, Atlanta; Sylvia Silverman, Chicago;
and Milton Wittman, Washington, D.C.

Continuity

Herman D. Stein, Columbia University

ALL-STAR CAST

The Bartender: Wayne Vasey, Rutgers University
The Deans: Chairman-Benjamin E. Youngdahl, Washington University
Fedele F. Fauri, University of Michigan
Victor I. Howery, University of Washington
Arthur Katz, Adelphi College
John C. Kidneigh, University of Minnesota
Wilber I. Newstetter, University of Pittsburgh
CSWE: Ernest F. Witte, CSWE
The Barflies: Joseph P. Anderson, National Assn. of Social Workers
Loula Dunn, American Public Welfare Association
Katherine B. Oettinger, Children's Bureau
Charles I. Schottland, Social Security Administration
Scholarship
Committee: Roger Cumming, Veterans Administration
Addie Thomas, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis
Milton Wittman, National Institute of Mental Health
Corinne Wolfe, Bureau of Public Assistance

1360
Return to
Joe Hoffer
Return to:
NCSW
22 W. Gay St.
Columbus 15, Ohio

THE DEAN'S DILEMMA
or
No Bar to Recruitment

SCENE I

THE CURTAIN OPENS TO REVEAL A MEETING OF DEANS AND DIRECTORS ATTIRED IN CAPS AND HOODS. A SOLEMN PORTENTOUS SILENCE HANGS OVER THE ROOM AS INVISIBLE EVIDENCE OF THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE CHALLENGE THEY HAVE BEEN CALLED TOGETHER TO MEET.

Chairman: The meeting of Deans is now called to order. All caps off! (DEANS DOFF CAPS) There must be room for you to think off the tops of your heads. Now, there is only one item on our agenda, a very serious one. I read a statement from the New York Times:

UNIONIST BIDS BARKEEPS
POUR OUT ADVICE, TOO

ATLANTIC CITY, Dec. 3--

From now on union bartenders will have more to do than merely mix drinks.

Leo Perlis, director of community service activities for the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, told labor editors meeting here today at the Ambassador Hotel that his department soon would start a nation-wide program to train bartenders to function in the social work field.

"Bartenders see more people with personal problems than social workers do," he said. "Instead of just listening to the customer with a problem, these trained bartenders would be able to refer them to the proper community agency."

Dean A: Just what we need for expanded enrollment. I could use a few more students.

Dean B: I don't like it.

Dean E: But it's an idea! It's forward-looking!

Dean B: I don't like it.

Dean C: It's risky. The motivation for learning is improbable.

Chairman: Come now, we must give this problem more careful thought than this.

Dean D: You mean we must think?

ALL DEANS: THINK? THINK? THINK??? (CUE FOR SONG BY CHAIRMAN)

Chairman: (SONG - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

Good colleagues, now here's a dilemma
O'er which we must earnestly think.
A challenge to our best endeavor
A problem from which we can't shrink!

ALL: THINK, THINK, THINK, THINK!
THINKING IS WHAT WE ALL HAVE TO DO!
THINK, THINK, THINK, THINK!
THINKING IS ALL THAT WE DO!!

Dean D: Our thinking is pure and is holy
It never results in an act.
We respect theoretical concepts
We ignore each relevant fact.

ALL: THINK, THINK, THINK, THINK!
THINKING IS WHAT WE ALL HAVE TO DO!
THINK, THINK, THINK, THINK!
THINKING IS ALL THAT WE DO!!

Dean E: Thinking is for children. They have time, they have energy, they
have brains. As for me, I'm tired of thinking. It gets you
nowhere, and interferes with committees and meetings and tele-
vision. (CUE FOR SONG BY DEAN E)

(SONG - When I Was a Lad, Pinafore)

When I was young, I studied and read
With relevant facts I filled my head.
My brain I stuffed like a Strasbourg goose
I never played fast, I never played loose.
I collected degrees to follow my name
My life was blameless though rather tame.
My job takes brains, but only a fool
Wants to be the dean of a graduate school!

ALL: OUR JOB TAKES BRAINS, BUT ONLY A FOOL
WANTS TO BE THE DEAN OF A GRADUATE SCHOOL!!

Dean C: I sit at my desk and I think all day
I ponder plans and I chart the way.
Curriculum changes I cogitate
Community problems I cerebrate.
I beg for money everywhere
In conference my thoughts I share.
My job takes brains, but only a fool
Wants to be the dean of a graduate school!

ALL: OUR JOB TAKES BRAINS, BUT ONLY A FOOL
WANTS TO BE THE DEAN OF A GRADUATE SCHOOL!!

Chairman: Come, come, no pessimism. Let's tackle this problem as we tackle all our problems.

Dean D: No, not that!

Dean B: I don't like it.

Dean E: Sure we can do it. All we need is to expand our horizons.

Dean B: That's for the birds.

Dean A: How about getting in the Council on Social Work Education. They'll have a point of view. They always do.

Chairman: Grand! (CHAIRMAN HALF-RISES TO PEER INTO THE AUDIENCE) Get Dr. Witte! (WITTE COMES ON STAGE) Witte, can you make our horizons expand?

CSWE: Well, I don't know, but I can blow up trial balloons.

Chairman: No, no -- our mental horizons -- thinking -- imagination. Here, read this. (SHOWS PERLIS ITEM)

CSWE: Oh, that? Why, sure!! (CUE FOR SONG BY CSWE)

CSWE (SONG - Don't Fence Me In)

Oh give me vistas, horizons and problems I can solve
Don't fence me in.
Let me toil, let me toil, 'til the puzzler I resolve
Don't fence me in.

So good colleagues let's start on this new endeavor
Let us find a bar and a barkeep clever.
If we get him trained, why he could serve forever
Don't fence me in.

Our new recruit must be brilliant
Yet resilient, and perceptive to the core,
In hot pursuit of the reason
For relievin' peoples' grievin' very sore.

So my good colleagues let's start on this new endeavor
Let us find a bar - and a barkeep clever.
If we get him trained, why he could serve forever
Don't fence me in!!!

Chairman: That's the spirit!! Now we're off!! Let us find a bar!!!

ALL: (RISING, TO LEAVE STAGE)

SO MY GOOD COLLEAGUES LET'S START ON THIS NEW ENDEAVOR
LET US FIND A BAR - AND A BARKEEP CLEVER
IF WE GET HIM TRAINED, WHY HE COULD SERVE FOREVER
DON'T FENCE US IN!!!!

(CURTAIN)

SCENE II

THE CURTAIN OPENS TO REVEAL A BAR TOWARDS THE FRONT AND CENTER. ON EACH SIDE OF THE BAR THERE ARE SMALL TABLES AND CHAIRS TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE DEANS WHEN THEY ENTER THE BARROOM. SEATED AT THE BAR ARE FOUR BARFLIES WHO ARE PERSONS OF CONSIDERABLE CONSEQUENCE IN THE FIELD OF SOCIAL WORK

Bartender: (SHOVING DRINKS IN FRONT OF THE BARFLIES -- GRUFFLY) All right, I can see you got worries. Here's your drinks. Out with the problems! I haven't got all night, but I'm sympathetic.

(ENTER DEANS & CSWE SURREPTITIOUSLY, STILL IN THEIR CAPS AND HOODS. THEY SIT DOWN AT THE TABLES AND LISTEN WHILE THE BARFLIES AIR THEIR PROBLEMS, SHAKING THEIR HEADS SADLY AS THE BARTENDER SAYS ALL THE WRONG THINGS)

Barfly 1: (WORRIED, BUT SPRIGHTLY) Problems! Have I got problems!! Thousands of illegitimate children. Mothers leaving babies under trees. Crazy mixed-up hot-rodders. They're driving me to drink!

Bartender: Spoiled, no-good brats, that's what they are. Spare the rod and spoil the child, I always say.

Barfly 2: (WORRIED AND MOROSE) She thinks she's got worries. Have you listened to Congress lately? Sputnik, Schmutnik! Millions for defense and not one penny for relief. Bread lines, that's what I see!!

Bartender: Those chiselers on relief - they all got mink coats. Relief is a racket! Give me rockets any time.

Barfly 1: Oh, you need training. You mustn't talk that way. All people are human beings.

Barfly 3: (WORRIED AND BELLIGERENT) What are you guys griping about? All you've got to worry about is service to people. Look at me -- I have to worry about the whole blooming profession!!

Bartender:

Take concrete steps!!!!

Barfly 4: (WORRIED AND ARGUMENTATIVE) Now, I've got something to say. I'm the big wheel in the American Public Welfare Association. You bureaucrats and professional dreamers create the problems, but we guys on the firing-line have to solve them -- (WITH FEELING) in the states, in the counties, in every little hamlet throughout the far reaches of our GREAT DEMOCRACY!!!

** all this conflict about a room that
doesn't even exist.*

✓ Barfly 4: (WORRIED AND ARGUMENTATIVE) Now, I've got something to say.
I'm the big wheel in the National Conference on Social Welfare.
You federal bureaucrats and professional dreamers create the
problems that we have to talk about every blessed year. Problems!
You don't know what problems are! The Council on Social Work
Education wants a room and the NASW wants the same room at the
same time.* How'd you like to handle a hot potato like that one?

Bartender: Now, take it easy. Don't get so hot under the collar. Maybe, (POINTS AT BARFLY 1) that lady's got something. Maybe people are human beings. They got rights -- and feelings -- I guess.

(DEANS BRIGHTEN UP PERCEPTIBLY AT THESE REMARKS - THEY MUTTER AMONGST THEMSELVES)

(BARFLIES LOOK DEJECTEDLY INTO THEIR DRINKS)

(BARTENDER CLEANS UP THE BAR)

Chairman: (ALOUD) His heart's in the right place. He's perceptive. Lay attitudes -- naturally, and misconceptions -- culturally determined, no doubt. Let's talk to him.

Dean E: Say, bartender, do you listen to stuff like this all night?

Bartender: (NODS HIS HEAD)

Dean A: What's your case count? Do you help?

Bartender: (SHAKES HIS HEAD -- THEN NODS TO INDICATE UNCERTAINTY)

Dean C: Have you measured movement lately?

Bartender: (GRUFFLY) If you want to know about it, I'll tell you. (CUE FOR SONG BY BARTENDER)

(SONG - I'm Called Little Buttercup, Pinafore)

I'm called the bartender of masculine gender
Assisting all people with pains.
I cure their neurosis with liquid osmosis
I loose their emotional chains.

I give them martinis for screaming meemies
I give them both whiskey and wine.
I ease their life urban with scotch and with bourbon
I solve all their problems in time.

I help people in trouble when emotions bubble
But I don't know what I do.
Their dreams symbolic are alcoholic
I NEED A PROFESSIONAL VIEW!

CSWE: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) A WONDERFUL candidate for a school! (TO BARTENDER) Can you afford professional training?

Bartender: Yeh -- between salaries and tips and a little over-charging on the side, I think I can make out.

Dean D: He can afford it!!

ALL: THAT WON'T DO, TERRIBLE, DISAPPOINTING, IMPOSSIBLE!!

Chairman: Sir, you can't have financial means! No one goes to a school of social work without a scholarship!

(ENTER REPRESENTATIVES OF SCHOLARSHIP AGENCIES, WHO DANCE IN, IN A CONGA LINE, LED BY MILTON WITTMAN, SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN)

Scholarship
Committee

Chairman: Before anyone offers you anything, we have something to say!
(CUE FOR SONG BY SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE)

(SONG - It's the Same the Whole World Over
You'll Need Some Dough to Live)

ALL:

IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER
YOU'LL NEED SOME DOUGH TO LIVE
SO LISTEN TO OUR STORY
HERE'S WHAT WE HAVE TO GIVE.

USPHS: If you would be psychiatric
Then it's Public Health for you.

OTHERS: DON'T DO IT!!

USPHS: We have the best traineeships
And we pay more when you're through.

NFIP: If you ask at our Foundation
To you we won't say no.

OTHERS: OURS ARE BETTER!!

NFIP: We've got to help the doctors
Put on a better show.

VET. ADM: If you want work governmental
Then for you it's old V A.

OTHERS: YOU'LL BE SORRY!!

VA: You will help your country's soldiers (SALUTES)
And we will pay your way.

BPA: If your goal is public welfare
We have a grant for you.

OTHERS: TRY OURS FIRST!!

BPA: From the economic picture
There'll be more work to do.

ALL:

IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER
YOU'LL NEED SOME DOUGH TO LIVE.
NOW YOU'VE HEARD OUR STORY
THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO GIVE.

CSWE: Where would you like to go -- Buffalo, San Francisco, Boston,
New Orleans, New York, Chicago -- New Jersey?

Bartender: Did you say Joisey? That's for me!! I'm off. (CUE FOR ANOTHER
VERSE AND CHORUS OF I'm Called Little Buttercup)

I'm off to the courses to learn of resources
To help my clients come through.
For if they're neurotic, or even psychotic
They must find a healthier view.

ALL:

HE'S CALLED THE BARTENDER OF MASCULINE GENDER
ASSISTING ALL PEOPLE WITH PAINS.
HE CURES THEIR NEUROSIS WITH LIQUID OSMOSIS
TO LOOSE THEIR EMOTIONAL CHAINS.

(ALL FOLLOW BARTENDER OFF STAGE)

(CURTAIN)

SCENE III

TWO YEARS LATER. CURTAIN OPENS ON SAME SCENE AS BEFORE.
CSWE AND THE DEANS ARE AT THE BAR AND AT THE TABLES ON ONE
SIDE OF THE BAR. THE SCHOLARSHIP REPRESENTATIVES ARE AT
THE TABLE OR TABLES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR. THE BAR-
FLIES ARE SITTING AROUND ANYWHERE. THE DEANS BURST IMMEDIATELY
INTO SONG.

(SONG - Allouette)

ALL DEANS: HERE'S THE PLACE WHERE WE OUR MAN RECRUITED
HERE WE'VE COME FROM MILES AND MILES AROUND.
NOW, IF HE TO SOCIAL WORK IS SUITED
UN-RESTRAIN-ED JOY WILL THEN ABOUND!!

Chairman
of Deans: We have made a long, long trip!

ALL DEANS: WE HAVE MADE A LONG, LONG TRIP!!

Chairman: Long, long trip!

ALL DEANS: LONG, LONG TRIP!!
OH H H H H H H H H H H H H --

(SCHOLARSHIP REPRESENTATIVES INTERRUPT)

ALL SCHOLAR-
SHIP REPS: YES, 'TIS TRUE THAT YOU OUR MAN RECRUITED
BUT, WE TOO HAVE MADE A LONG, LONG TRIP!
WE FEEL SURE TO SOCIAL WORK HE'S SUITED
FOR, 'TAS WE WHO GAVE THE SCHOLARSHIP!!

(ANTIPHONALLY)

SCHOLAR: WE GAVE HIM THE SCHOLARSHIP!

DEANS: WE HAVE MADE A LONG, LONG TRIP!!

SCHOLAR: SCHOLARSHIP!!

DEANS: LONG, LONG TRIP!!

SCHOLAR: SCHOLARSHIP!!!

DEANS: LONG, LONG TRIP!!!

ALL: OH H H H H H H H H H H H H H

HERE'S THE PLACE WHERE WE OUR MAN RECRUITED
HERE WE'VE COME FROM MILES AND MILES AROUND!
NOW, IF HE TO SOCIAL WORK IS SUITED
UN-RESTRAIN-ED JOY WILL THEN ABOUND!!!

(THE BARTENDER ENTERS, WITH CAP, GOWN AND A ROLLED-UP
DIPLOMA OF CONSIDERABLE LENGTH, TIED WITH THE COLORS
OF RUTGERS UNIVERSITY)

Bartender: Ladies and gentlemen, I now serve you with a new professional orientation. With your drinks, I offer -- relationship, social study, diagnosis, treatment, individual, group and community process, scientific-mindedness, and a firm belief in -- but little energy for -- social action. No extra charge!!

Dean B: I like it! (CUE FOR FINALE)

(FINALE - Funiculi, Funicula - BARTENDER AND ENTIRE COMPANY)

VERSE I -

Bartender: Some think -- that all they need is one martini
To drown their woes!

ALL: TO DROWN THEIR WOES!

Bartender: But drink -- won't always bring the magic genie
Case history shows!

ALL: CASE HISTORY SHOWS!

Bartender: We've simply got to go a little deeper
To find the source!

ALL: TO FIND THE SOURCE!

Bartender: It may be 'cause his mama didn't love him
He feels remorse!

ALL: HE FEELS REMORSE!!

CHORUS-

Bartender: Knowledge, skills and attitudes galore
These are what I got a Master's for
Curriculum, Curricula, Curriculum, Curricula a a a a a --
Integrated core, Curriculum, Curricula!!

VERSE II -

Bartender: Relationships I studies in all phases
In Casework I

ALL: IN CASEWORK I.

Bartender: Psychiatry and group work's myriad mazes
Were soon begun.

ALL: WERE SOON BEGUN.

Bartender: I wrestled with the goals of public welfare
And C. O. too!

ALL: AND C. O. TOO!

Bartender: I learned the headaches of administration
Research did do!

ALL: RESEARCH DID DO!

CHORUS -

ALL: KNOWLEDGE, SKILLS AND ATTITUDES GALORE
THESE ARE WHAT HE GOT A MASTER'S FOR
CURRICULUM, CURRICULA, CURRICULUM, CURRICULA A A A A A A A
INTEGRATED CORE, CURRICULUM, CURRICULA!!

VERSE III -

Bartender: So Deans -- esteem-ed Deans and dear Directors
I thank you all (BOWS TO THE DEANS)

ALL DEANS: OH, NOT AT ALL!

Bartender: And Scholarship Committee hear my tribute
An ode I'd call. (BOWS TO THE SCHOLARSHIP REPS.)

SCHOLAR: AN ODE HE'D CALL!

Bartender: I needed someone's faith in my potential (DRAMATICALLY)
A stipend too.

ALL: A STIPEND TOO!

Bartender: Your coming here was really providential
So thanks to you!

ALL: SO THANKS TO YOU!! (ALL BOW TO THE BARTENDER)

(BARTENDER FACES AUDIENCE TO LEAD THE LAST CHORUS, USING
DIPLOMA AS BATON)

CHORUS -

ALL: KNOWLEDGE, SKILLS AND ATTITUDES GALORE
THESE ARE WHAT HE GOT A MASTER'S FOR.
CURRICULUM, CURRICULA, CURRICULUM, CURRICULA A A A A A A A
INTEGRATED CORE, CURRICULUM, CURRICULA!!!

FINIS



23-280
4780 SI

Colored Tabs

23-281

4781 SI

Clear Tabs

NATIONAL INSERTABLE-TAB INDEXES ENABLE YOU TO
MAKE YOUR OWN SUBJECT ARRANGEMENT, USING PLAIN
INSERTS ON WHICH TO WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTIONS.

Spat on a Hot
Thin Steel S Pools

1360
#9-64-8

THE COUNCIL ON SOCIAL WORK EDUCATION

presents

SPAT ON A HOT THIN SPOOF

An extravaganza in three acts

Dramatis Personae

The Psychologist

Arthur Katz, Adelphi

The Profession

Joseph Anderson, NASW
Clark Blackburn, FSAA
Philip Ryan, NHC
Milton Wittman, NIMH
Ernest Witte, CSWE

The Researcher

Ann Shyne, CSS

The Clients

Milton Chernin, California
John Kidneigh, Minnesota
Jean Maxwell, NSWA
Ann Elizabeth Neely, CSWE
Mildred Sikkema, CSWE

Authors

Book

Katherine Kendall, CSWE
Herman Stein, Columbia

Lyrics

Barbara Abel, UCFCA
Betty Jo Dupin, CSWE
William McGlothlin, Kentucky
Sylvia Silverman, Chicago

Production Assistants

Elizabeth Adams, NASW
Florence Clemenger, California
Beverly Diamond, NSWA
Lili Sweat, NASW

Musical Director

Betty Jo Dupin, CSWE

Pianist

Rev. John V. Driscoll, Boston
College

Producer and Director

Katherine Kendall, CSWE

10:00 p.m., Thursday
May 28, 1959

Vista Room
Hotel Whitcomb
San Francisco

ACT I

THE CURTAIN RISES TO REVEAL A CONFERENCE TABLE ON THE LEFT, ANGLED TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE STAGE. TO THE RIGHT IS AN ANALYST'S COUCH OF THE OLD-FASHIONED VARIETY, FESTOONED WITH BALLOONS. THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PROFESSION TROOP DOLEFULLY ON THE STAGE TO THE STRAINS OF THE CHOPIN FUNERAL MARCH AND BEGIN A MEETING OF LIFE AND DEATH SIGNIFICANCE FOR THE FUTURE OF SOCIAL WORK.

Witte, as

Chairman: Gentlemen of the world's second oldest profession (Pause). We have had crises in our time, hard crises, but nothing like the one we have to face now.

Anderson: What is it -- our public image again?

Blackburn: Our public image -- that's like something out of Dali by Charles Addams.

Witte: No, no, this is much worse than our public image. It's a new technique a psychologist invented at NYU, where people come to classes and learn to treat themselves.

Ryan: You mean give themselves a treat? That's nice!

Witte: No -- this psychologist gets his students to analyze their memories, their dreams - they treat themselves. Here - listen to this.

PSYCHOLOGY CLASS ANALYZES ITSELF

N.Y.U. Adult Students Play With Balloons
To Detect Individual Reactions

Special to The New York TIMES

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29 -- A university class that tries to make every man his own psychologist was described to the American Psychological Association here today. It was called a possible solution to manpower shortages in the mental health field.

In the adult education course the students see motion pictures, play with balloons, "dream" their homework, and analyze their own and others' reactions to events and people.

. . . The professor plays the psychologist's advocate by encouraging the group to participate. When he wants them to analyze their first childhood memories, he starts by offering his own.

. . . One of his favorite exercises and one which has yet to fail to produce similar reactions, he said, is the balloon sequence. Each student is asked to bring a valloon to the next session. . . . They analyze how they feel then.

Some feel "exhilarated," others "silly." They discuss what in their personalities accounts for this. Other balloon experiments follow, including the breaking. They ask themselves how they break the balloons and why they did it the way they did.

One homework aspect of the course is the dream. The professor asks the students to dream about the course, finds that from 60 to 70 per cent actually can dream to order -- or at least nearly. The dreams are analyzed by the group.

Anderson: If we don't act fast, we won't get a chance to act at all. This technique can sweep the country like a plague, put us all out of business. No schools of social work, no casework agencies, no conferences, no meetings (Pause to regain control) no committees.

Wittman: If this does catch on, farewell to professional training. Our schools will wither and perish on the vine; our students, like soured and shrunken grapes, blowing off in the breeze. With no stipends to hold them down.

Witte: Come on, colleagues, and show some imagination. Perhaps this isn't the end. There's always something our schools can do. Somewhere they can go. (CUE FOR SIXTY-TWO SCHOOLS)

(Tune: Seventy-six Trombones - Music Man)

Sixty-two schools have we now, and I'm the boss
With a hundred and ten emergencies a day!
Nonetheless for an answer I'm seldom at a loss
As to all the field we show the way.
But there is one great problem quite serious
To which we must produce an answer and soon.
Oh the worry and woe leaves me quite delirious
Will we have more graduates this June?

Twelve thousand new recruits in every single year
This is the minimum number we require
If our field's to serve the people and not fear
Future years with consequences dire!
This is but one problem great and oh so serious
Which we must find a solution for and soon.
Oh the worry and the woe leaves me determined I should go
Yes go into orbit 'round the moon!!

Sixty-two schools have we now, but not for long--
For if everyone does his own social work
All the worries I've told you of in this little song
Will be worries that I soon can shirk!!
Sixty-two schools we'll put in a satellite
We'll be lighter than air and ready by June.
If you don't need us here, we know where to raise our sights
And a new school we'll open on the moon!!!

Wittman: You know what's the matter with him? He's full of euphoria. And that's not what we should be full of now. I feel low, friends, awful low, like (SOB) when I lost my last client.
(CUE FOR THE STREETS OF BETHESDA)

(Tune: The Streets of Laredo)

As I was walking the streets of Bethesda
As I was walking Bethesda one day
I learned to my sorrow and I found to my horror
That need for more workers had withered away.

Not only in New York but also in Newark
The story flowed in with a terrible guise.
All clients are healthy, all clients are wealthy
And some of them even revoltingly wise.

Since clients have vanished, we need no more workers
And I can't find any students to pay.
The money I've fancied will soon turn so rancid
That I'll end my struggle to give it away.

I'm just like a shepherd who has lost his sheep
And I'm so lonesome, I've nothing to do
We've lost all our clients to the self-treatment science.
No clients, no students, you can see why I'm blue.

A man of lesser and lazier nature
Would happily, easily fade right away.
But though I get older, I'm not an old soldier
And I'll fight on to brighten the day.

For there still are the workers with only their Master's
I'll give half of them money for doctor's degrees.
With that half made giants, the rest can be clients.
And each half can languish in subsidized ease.

Oh, then I shall walk down the streets of Bethesda
I'll walk down the streets of Bethesda all day.
Surpassingly happy, as social work's Pappy
Slinging out shekels to all on the way.

Ryan: Come on, man, keep your chin up. There'll be happy, happy times ahead yet. I'm with Witte. There's always a way out if we use our know-how and our know-who and our no-nonsense approach. If we can take off at Cape Canaveral we can take off here. Remember, we are doers, not thinkers. Action research is the answer. Find this self-treatment psychologist. Bring him here and we'll have a show-down.

ALL: YES! YES! THAT'S THE ANSWER. GET THE THERAPIST. (WITTE STANDS UP AND EXCITEDLY POINTS IN THE DIRECTION OF KATZ, SHOUTING "There he is!")

Katz: (KATZ SAUNTERS SUPERCILIOUSLY DOWN THE AISLE AND BEFORE HE REACHES THE STAGE, BURSTS INTO THE CHORUS OF "MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME.")

(Tune: A More Humane Mikado, Mikado)

My object all sublime, I shall achieve in time
Make social workers two for-a dime,
Yes social work two for-a dime.
A healthy world t'will be, chock full of therapy.
And it will all--be due to me, will all-- be due to me!

(WHEN HE COMES ON STAGE, HE BOWS HAUGHTILY AND INTRODUCES HIMSELF WITH THE FIRST VERSE OF HIS SONG.)

A more humane P H D never did in this world exist.
To nobody second, I'm certainly reckoned a true philanthro-
It is my very humane endeavor to make to some extent ^{dist.}
Each evil liver a running river of harmless merriment.

(KATZ GIVES THE DIABOLICAL LAUGH OF THE MIKADO. THE PROFESSION, ANGRY AND DISTURBED, ANSWERS HIM WITH THEIR VERSION OF THE CHORUS. THEY DIRECT THE SONG TO HIM, SOME STANDING, SOME GESTICULATING.)

ALL PRO-
FESSION:

YOUR OBJECT ALL SUBLIME, YOU WON'T ACHIEVE IN TIME.
MAKE SOCIAL WORK--ERS TWO FOR-A DIME
NO NEV--ER TWO FOR-A DIME!!
A SICKLY WORLD 'TWOULD BE, WITH YOUR POOR THERAPY.
WE NEVER NEVER CAN LET THIS BE, WE NEVER CAN LET THIS BE!!

(KATZ REPLIES WITH SECOND VERSE AND A CHORUS AND THEN ARRANGES HIMSELF ON THE COUCH.)

Katz:

My philanthropic aim will surely turn casework to a game.
If you are unhappy, just listen to pappy
You've but yourself to blame!
It is my very humane endeavor the whole wide world to please
By quickly training, and with no straining,
For one of those old degrees! (HEH - HEH - HEH!!)
My object all sublime, I shall achieve in time
Make social workers two for-a dime,
Yes social work two for-a dime.
A healthy world t'will be, chock full of therapy.
And it will all-- be due to me, will all-- be due to me!!

(THE PROFESSION SINGS TO THE AUDIENCE THE SECOND VERSION OF THEIR CHORUS)

ALL PRO-
FESSION:

HIS OBJECT ALL SUBLIME, HE WON'T ACHIEVE IN TIME,
MAKE SOCIAL WORK--ERS TWO FOR-A DIME
NO NEV--ER TWO FOR-A DIME!!
A SICKLY WORLD 'TWOULD BE, WITH HIS POOR THERAPY!
WE NEVER NEVER CAN LET THIS BE, WE NEVER CAN LET THIS BE!!

Anderson: (LIGHTLY) You know what I have just realized? (EUPHATIC) This
guy could ruin me!! All these years of toil and striving -
(SLOWLY) gone to hell! (CUE FOR THE DIRECTOR'S DOWNFALL)

(Tune: When I Was a Lad, Pinafore)

When I was a lad I vowed I'd be
A faithful servant of humanity.
I joined Boy Scouts and I tied knots well
And when it came to character, I rang the bell.

ALL: AND WHEN IT CAME TO CHARACTER, HE RANG THE BELL.

So loud was the bell that I did ring
That now I am director of most everything!

ALL: SO LOUD WAS THE BELL THAT HE DID RING
THAT NOW HE IS DIRECTOR OF MOST EVERYTHING.

The New York School then cried, Yoo Hoo
My boy we've got a scholarship for you.
Of education I partook
And I copied every lecture in a big notebook!

ALL: HE COPIED EVERY LECTURE IN A BIG NOTEBOOK!

So full were my notes, so bewildering,
That now I am director of most everything!

ALL: SO FULL WERE HIS NOTES, SO BEWILDERING
THAT NOW HE IS DIRECTOR OF MOST EVERYTHING!

Once out of school with my degree
I served my agency devotedly.
When problems rose to nag and press
I'd suggest a social study of the whole darn mess!

ALL: HE'D SUGGEST A SOCIAL STUDY OF THE WHOLE DARN MESS!

My studies stretched to such a string
That now I am director of most everything!

ALL: HIS STUDIES STRETCHED TO SUCH A STRING
THAT NOW HE IS DIRECTOR OF MOST EVERYTHING!

The Chest board sought me, to a man
And made me chairman of a Budget Plan.
The Agencies made dirty cracks
But I reviewed their budgets with a short, sharp axe!

ALL: BUT HE REVIEWED THEIR BUDGETS WITH A SHORT, SHARP AXE!

So sharp was the axe that I did swing
That now I am director of most everything!

ALL: SO SHARP WAS THE AXE THAT HE DID SWING
THAT NOW HE IS DIRECTOR OF MOST EVERYTHING!

Anderson: By striving hard to serve and please
(con't) My reputation sped across the seas.
Around the world my way I made
Last year I flew to Tokyo with expenses paid.

ALL: LAST YEAR HE FLEW TO TOKYO WITH EXPENSES PAID.

You, too, can see the world by wing
As soon as you're director of most everything.

ALL: WE, TOO, CAN SEE THE WORLD BY WING
AS SOON AS WE'RE DIRECTORS OF MOST EVERYTHING!

(TURNING TO KATZ) Now you would step into my shoes
My job usurp and with it all my cues.
I'll feel just like a falling star
But I'll no longer wonder what my duties are.

ALL: BUT HE'LL NO LONGER WONDER WHAT HIS DUTIES ARE.

I'll change my tune and sadly sing
That now I'm not director of a single thing!

ALL: HE'LL CHANGE HIS SONG AND SADLY SING
THAT NOW HE'S NOT DIRECTOR OF A SINGLE THING!

Witte: (SLIGHTLY PETULANT, DOWNCAST) Now I'm not happy any more.
My bubbly nature just ain't bubbling any more. (IN SUDDEN
SHOCKED REMEMBRANCE) The list! The Council's list of ac-
credited schools -- what will happen to it? (HE WHIPS THE
LIST OUT OF HIS POCKET AND LOOKS AT IT REVERENTLY)

Ryan: (TAKES THE LIST FROM WITTE AND MOVES INTO HIS SONG,
THE COUNCIL HAS A LIST)

(Tune: I've Got a Little List - The Mikado)
When every person in this land has learned to treat himself
The Council has a list, the Council has a list,
Of the schools of social service to be put upon the shelf
And they'd none of them be missed, they'd none of them be missed.
Close Texas and the New York School, there is no need to wait.
Nebraska, Fordham, Georgia, include Ohio State,
Chicago's School of SSA and the one at Chapel Hill,
Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Puerto Rico and McGill,
Missouri, Minnesota, all will cease, stop and desist,
And they'll none of them be missed,
They'll none of them be missed!

CHORUS THE COUNCIL HAS A LIST
ALL: THE COUNCIL HAS A LIST
BUT THEY'LL NONE OF THEM BE MISSED
THEY'LL NONE OF THEM BE MISSED!

Ryan:
(con't) When problem-solving has been taught to every Jack and Jill
The Council has a list, the Council has a list,
Of graduate schools of social work whose purpose will be nil
And who never will be missed, who never will be missed.
There's the University of Cal., both Berkeley and L A
And those great schools of social work in Penn-syl-van-i-a
The Boston School and Florida, and also Toronto
There's Kansas and Smith College, too, they all will have to go.
We'll throw in Indiana, and Utah if you insist
For they'll none of them be missed
They'll none of them be missed.

CHORUS THE COUNCIL HAS A LIST
ALL: THE COUNCIL HAS A LIST
BUT THEY'LL NONE OF THEM BE MISSED
THEY'LL NONE OF THEM BE MISSED!

When therapeutic skills are known by every one alive
The Council has a list, the Council has a list
Of the many schools of social work that cannot then survive
And they'd none of them be missed, they'd none of them be missed.
There is Howard University, Kentucky and Tulane,
Hawaii, U. of Washington and one that is named Wayne.
Close Rutgers, finish Buffalo, away with I-o-way
For Tennessee and Ottawa, no role for them to play.
For Denver and Connecticut, no reason to exist.
And they'd none of them be missed
They'd none of them be missed.

CHORUS THE COUNCIL HAS A LIST
ALL: THE COUNCIL HAS A LIST
BUT THEY'LL NONE OF THEM BE MISSED
THEY'LL NONE OF THEM BE MISSED!!

Blackburn: At this moment of critical crisis, I propose to be sober,
level-headed, objective and statesmanlike.

Katz: Ha!

Blackburn: (LOUDLY). Who says I can't be statesmanlike! (REGAINS COM-
POSURE). I propose a demonstration of this method. Let's
evaluate it, measure it, inspect it, reflect on it -- then we
can kill it, but scientifically, of course. I'm not only
willing to take a chance, but if the professor here (POINTS AT
KATZ) will undertake this demonstration, I offer a whole agency
-- The Community Service Society of New York -- well-stocked
with happy, nicely motivated clients who want nothing more than
to participate in research.

Katz: I agree (HEH, HEH), but on one condition -- that all you
fine-feathered social work professionals join in my little
experiment.

Anderson: Well, I don't know about that.

Wittman: Not me!

Witte: I'll have to consult my consultants before I decide.

Blackburn: Now let's not be hasty. Won't you agree if we have a well qualified researcher measuring our movement, so there's no hanky-panky? The C.S.S. will give us Ann Shyne to measure movement.

ALL: IN THAT CASE, OK; ALL RIGHT!!

Blackburn: There you are, Professor, take it away!!

Katz: I shall, bretheren, I shall (HEH, HEH). (MOVES OFFSTAGE, SINGING HIS VERSION OF THE CHORUS -- MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME)

My object all sublime, I shall achieve in time
Make social workers two for-a dime,
Yes social work two for-a dime.

A healthy world t'will be, chock full of therapy
And it will all-- be due to me, will all-- be due to me!

(THE PROFESSIONALS COUNTER IN PANTOMIME AMONG THEMSELVES WHILE KATZ IS SINGING, AND WHEN HE IS FINISHED, THEY RISE AND GO OFF STAGE SINGING THEIR VERSION OF THE CHORUS.)

HIS OBJECT ALL SUBLIME, HE WON'T ACHIEVE IN TIME
MAKE SOCIAL WORK--ERS TWO FOR-A-DIME
NO NEV--ER TWO FOR-A-DIME!!

A SICKLY WORLD 'TWOULD BE, WITH HIS POOR THERAPY!
WE NEVER NEVER CAN LET THIS BE, WE NEVER CAN LET THIS BE!!

ACT II

THE CURTAIN RISES TO REVEAL THE ROOM AT C.S.S. WHERE THE THERAPY SESSION WILL TAKE PLACE. THE CLIENTS ARE GROUPED ON ONE SIDE (on camp stools, if they are available). THE PROFESSION IS ON THE OTHER SIDE, SITTING BEHIND SMALL TABLES. KATZ IS IN THE CENTER ON THE COUCH. THROUGHOUT THE ACT, ANN SHYNE DILIGENTLY MEASURES MOVEMENT.

Katz: Remember what I've taught you. This is a do-it-yourself technique. We've had Drive-it-Yourself, Build-it-Yourself, Haul-it-Yourself, Paint-it-Yourself, Frame-it-Yourself. Now we have: Treat-it-Yourself.

Sikkema: (PORTRAYING EXTREME NARCISSISM AND CARESSING A BALLOON, SINGS HER ONE LINE) -- Getting to know me.

Katz: (TURNS TO SIKKEMA) I didn't say Eat-it-Yourself! Treat-it-Yourself will sweep the country. Remember the technique: You Do-it-Yourself (BREAKS INTO A DANCE STEP WHILE CHANTING SEVERAL TIMES, DO-IT-YOURSELF, DO-IT-YOURSELF). First, you Free-Associate-With Yourself. You feel that old conflict emerging in your mind -- you concentrate on it -- it opens up, crumbles, disappears, and you have a new burst of energy. (SLOWLY). I know whereof I speak. (CUE FOR SONG, I GREW UP TO BE A THERAPIST)

(Tune: When I Was a Lad, Pinafore)

When I was a babe, my mother said
Aw, let him yell a while before he's fed.
I wasn't cuddled and I wasn't kissed
The milk of loving kindness I sorely missed.

ALL: THE MILK OF LOVING KIND--NESS HE SORELY MISSED.

In the oral phase, my psyche got a twist
So I grew up to be a therapist.

ALL: IN THE ORAL PHASE, HIS PSYCHE GOT A TWIST
SO HE GREW UP TO BE A PSYCHO-THERAPIST.

When much too young, I was put on the pot
I didn't like it and I cried a lot.
To train me I was cuffed on the head
Every single time I wet my bed!

ALL: EVERY SINGLE TIME HE WET HIS BED!

In anal phase I got such a twist
That I grew up to be a therapist.

ALL: IN ANAL PHASE HE GOT SUCH A TWIST
THAT HE GREW UP TO BE A PSYCHO-THERAPIST.

Katz: Big problem to face at the age of four
(cont) Was I gonna love my mom or poppa more?
My parents solved this easily,
Neither one could stand the very sight of me!

ALL: NEITHER ONE COULD STAND THE VERY SIGHT OF HE!

In genital stage, I really got a twist,
And that's why I became a therapist!

ALL: IN GENITAL STAGE, HE REALLY GOT A TWIST
AND THAT'S WHY HE BECAME A PSYCHO-THERAPIST!

When I became a man full grown
I found that I was surely not alone.
The world is full of mixed-up kids
With thwarted egos and messed up ids.

ALL: WITH THWARTED E--GOS AND MESSED UP IDS.

My own personality got such a twist
That I grew up to be a therapist!

ALL: HIS OWN PERSONALITY GOT SUCH A TWIST
THAT HE GREW UP TO BE A PSYCHO-THERAPIST!!

Katz: Now -- let's go! You can all be just like me. Where are your balloons?

(TWO VERY PROMINENT PEOPLE WILL DASH ON THE STAGE, CARRYING A BUSHEL BASKET OF BALLOONS, LEAVE THEM, AND DASH OFF AGAIN.)

(NEELY AND KIDNEIGH FISH THEIR OWN BALLOONS OUT OF THEIR POCKETS AND START BLOWING THEM UP.)

(SIKKEMA BREAKS INTO HER LINE AGAIN -- Getting to know me.)

(CHERNIN AND MAXWELL START PICKING OUT BALLOONS FROM THE BASKET, DISCARDING SOME IN FAVOR OF OTHERS. CHERNIN AND MAXWELL BUMP HEADS AND CHERNIN SUDDENLY FEELS A GREAT ATTRACTION FOR MAXWELL, AND SINGS "THE LONG LONG ROAD.")

Chernin: (Tune: Loch Lomond)

Oh, you tell me your dreams, and I'll tell you my dreams,
And I'll be adjusted before you.
For me and my ego are moving right ahead
On the long, long road to self-improvement.

Oh, you tell me your woes, and I'll tell you my woes,
And I'll be unburdened before you.
'Cause I can talk faster and lou--der than you
On the long, long road to self-adjustment.

Maxwell: (PLAYING WITH ONE OR MORE BALLOONS - TOSSING IT OR THEM BACK AND FORTH, ANSWERS WITH, "THERAPY SELF-TAUGHT, BABY.")

(Tune: I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby)

I can't give you any time or thought, baby,
I'm involved in therapy, self-taught, baby.
'Way down deep, like in sleep
I'll find the truth.
You don't see the re-al me.
I don't know my id from my elbow!
Store-bought therapy, you know, would bust me,
But this group will show how to adjust me.
'Til that happy day you'll have to trust me
'Cause I can't give you any time at all.

Anderson: I can't put my finger on it, but there's something not quite professional about this.

Wittman: I'm not sure it would go in Bethesda.

Ryan: Do you really think they're resolving inner conflicts?

Sikkema: Getting to know me!

Witte: I wonder if it's quite scientific.

Katz: Are we making progress? Do you feel those old conflicts dissolve? (CUE FOR SONG, "SAVE YOUR OWN PSYCHE.")

(Tune: Du, du Liegst Mir im Herzen)

Katz: Save, save, save your own psyche
Save, save, save your own soul.
Do, do, do your own healing
Never relinquish control!

PROFESSION: NO, NO, NO, NO!
THIS YOU CAN'T DO BY YOURSELF!!

Kidneigh: Soothe, soothe, soothe all your troubles
End all mental travail.
Groom your favorite neuroses
By happily chasing your tail!

PROFESSION: NO, NO, NO, NO!
THIS YOU CAN'T DO TO YOURSELF!!

Neely: Do, do, do what you can do
Calm, calm, calm your distress.
Don't, don't, don't you be anxious
Enjoy yourself as a mess!

PROFESSION: NO, NO, NO, NO!
THIS YOU CAN'T DO FOR YOURSELF!!

Maxwell: Try, try, try to be manly
Don't be a manic baboon.
If a breath is left in you
You can blow up a balloon!

PROFESSION: NO, NO, NO, NO!
THIS YOU CAN'T DO WITH YOURSELF!!

Chernin: Then, then, you won't seek treatment
You won't fall for that fad!
Burst your image of Mother
And thumb your nose at your Dad!

PROFESSION: NO, NO, NO, NO!
THIS YOU CAN'T DO BY YOURSELF!!

Chernin: You know what I think? These professionals are just worried.
But I'm not worried. (TO NEELY, WHO LOOKS MOURNFUL) - You worried?

Neely: (FORLORN. SHAKES HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE, THEN NODS) Well --
a little worried. (CUE FOR SONG, "A MAIDEN'S LAMENT.")

(Tune: I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls)

I dreamt. that I stood in my Maidenform bra
But nobody turned to look twice!
I guess all my friends would undoubtedly say
I'm badly in need of advice!

(NEELY TURNS TOWARDS THE PROFESSION)

It's easy to see I'm at sixes and sevens
And I don't know which way to go.
I hope you can solve this confusion of mine
My pathway to me clearly show!

Kidneigh: (TO NEELY) Don't let it get you down, sister. This is great stuff! We don't have to show up every week for fifty minutes any more. No slow, hard way for me with those old-fashioned caseworkers. I'm for this! After all, who analyzed Freud? (CUE FOR "WHO ANALYZED FREUD?" KIDNEIGH SINGS THE WHOLE THING THROUGH FIRST AND THEN THE CLIENTS DO A ROUND.)

(Tune: Three Blind Mice)

Kidneigh: Who analyzed Freud, who analyzed Freud?
Freud analyzed Freud, that's who analyzed Freud!
He wanted to find out what makes folks tick
He tried many methods that didn't stick
Then found that dreams really turned the trick.
Freud analyzed Freud!

CLIENTS: REPEAT ABOVE, AS A ROUND.

Wittman: There's something some people don't seem to realize. Not everybody is Freud.

Witte: Everyone can't dream so good, either. Except at staff meetings.

Sikkema: Getting to know me!

Ryan: No one can tell me everyone can be his own Freud.

Blackburn: In the last analysis, people need other people for professional people-helping. (TO ALL OF ABOVE, CLIENTS -- ALL EXCEPT NEELY WHO SLOWLY NODS HER HEAD IN AGREEMENT WITH BLACKBURN -- REACT WITH DISDAINFUL GESTURES AND EXPRESSIONS.)

Katz: (DISDAINFULLY) That's what they think! (CUE FOR "WHOSE BUSINESS." KATZ SINGS SONG THROUGH FIRST, AND THE PROFESSION AS A GROUP RETORTS WITH ITS VERSION OF THE SONG.)

(Tune: There's No Business Like Show Business)

Katz: There's no business like your business
Which now must include me.
You can see I've done a lot of dreaming
Analyzed my pshcye in the air.
Problem solving leaves me really beaming
And I adore meeting each new care.

Yes, your business is my business
Now move over for me!
In-ci-den-tal-ly you might as well retire
For you can see that I've lots more fire!
I expect that soon I will your job acquire
So let be what must be!!

(THE PROFESSION RETORTS)

ALL
PROFESSION: NOW THIS BUSINESS IS OUR BUSINESS
AND NO BUSINESS OF YOURS.
YOU MAY THINK A SOCIAL WORKER'S KNOWLEDGE
CAN BE LEARNED IN HALF AN HOUR'S DREAM.
YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO GO TO COLLEGE
TO REALIZE YOUR FINE LITTLE SCHEME!

BUT THIS BUSINESS IS OUR BUSINESS
YOUR DREAMS AREN'T WHAT THEY SEEM!
SOCIAL WORK WILL NOT GIVE UP ITS PLACE OF YORE!
YOU'VE GOT TO STUDY TO KNOW THE SCORE!
BACK TO SCHOOL YOU'D BETTER GO AND LEARN SOME MORE
AND STOP BEING A BORE----, AND STOP BEING A BORE!!

Blackburn: (POINTING TO CLIENTS AND KATZ). They don't seem to understand what social work can do. (CUE FOR "GENUINE SOCIAL WORK")

(Tune: The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Wittman: (Cho.) For personal problems, insist on the best
Gen-u-ine social work tops all the rest.
There's no substitute for a Master's degree
There's no other firm guarantee.

(Vs.) Oh-- blowing balloons may be fun--,
But true therapy's still one to one.
To alter the basis of love and of hate
You need someone to whom to relate--

ALL PROF:
(CHORUS) OH, FOR PERSONAL PROBLEMS, INSIST ON THE BEST,
GEN-U-INE SOCIAL WORK TOPS ALL THE REST.
THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A MASTER'S DEGREE
THERE'S NO OTHER FIRM GUARANTEE!

Blackburn:(Vs.) Oh many need help, but so few--
Have the patience to work hard and slow,
And the will to resist all the shortcuts so new
For which so many characters go--

ALL (CHORUS) OH, FOR PERSONAL PROBLEMS, INSIST ON THE BEST,
GEN-U-INE SOCIAL WORK TOPS ALL THE REST.
THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A MASTER'S DEGREE
THERE'S NO OTHER FIRM GUARANTEE!

Ryan: (Vs.) Panaceas like Doctor Reich's boxes
Or a new kind of happiness pill
Are presented as cures for the troubles and woes
Of each Jack and each poor mixed-up Jill--

ALL (CHORUS) OH, FOR PERSONAL PROBLEMS, INSIST ON THE BEST,
GEN-U-INE SOCIAL WORK TOPS ALL THE REST.
THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A MASTER'S DEGREE
THERE'S NO OTHER FIRM GUARANTEE!!

(THE CLIENTS, ALL EXCEPT NEELY, IGNORE THIS OUTBURST BY
THE PROFESSION AND CONTINUE PLAYING WITH THEIR BALLOONS.
KIDNEIGH, CHERNIN AND MAXWELL START OFFERING BALLOONS
--from the basket -- TO THE PROFESSIONALS SO THAT THEY CAN
GET IN ON IT, TOO. THE PROFESSION TURNS UP ITS NOSE.)

Witte: (BANGING HIS FIST ON HIS DESK). All right, I've had enough
of this! Gentlemen, we need to review our position. I
suggest that we hold a private conference with our researcher.
(THE OTHER PROFESSIONALS NOD IN HEARTY AGREEMENT.)

Katz: (GLOATING) All right. All right. OK. So you're licked.
But come back tomorrow. We'll try it again.

THE PROFESSION GOES OFF THE STAGE ON ONE SIDE, SHOUTING THE CHORUS OF "GEN-U-INE SOCIAL WORK" IN A FRENZIED ATTEMPT TO AT LEAST CONVINCE THEMSELVES AND THE AUDIENCE.

SHYNE GOES OFF WITH THE PROFESSION.

KATZ GATHERS UP THE CLIENTS AND IN PIED PIPER FASHION LEADS THEM IN EXAGGERATED TIP-TOE STEPS OFF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE. AS THEY GO OFF, THEY ALL MOUTH (BUT WITH NO SOUND) DISTINCTLY AND IN UNISON:

WHO ANALYZED FREUD, WHO ANALYZED FREUD?
FREUD ANALYZED FREUD, FREUD ANALYZED FREUD!

BETTY NEELY BRINGS UP THE REAR, AFTER LOOKING LONGINGLY AT THE PROFESSION, OBVIOUSLY WANTING TO BE ON THEIR SIDE.

ACT III

THE CURTAIN RISES TO REVEAL THE SAME SCENE AS BEFORE. ON THE DESK OF EACH PROFESSIONAL, HOWEVER, THERE IS NOW A DESK CALENDAR. THE PROFESSIONALS HAVE AN AIR OF NEW-BORN CONFIDENCE. THE CLIENTS, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE MUCH LESS EBULLIENT. THEY CONTINUE TO BLOW UP THE BALLOONS AND PLAY WITH THEM, BUT THE EFFORT SEEMS HALF-HEARTED.

Kidneigh: I had a dream last night. I know exactly what it means.
(PAUSE) Now I feel terrible!

Neely: (CONFIDENTIALLY) I'll tell you the truth. I need a sympathetic listener.

Sikkema: (STARTS TO SING HER LINE -- THEN STOPS)

Maxwell: Fifty minutes a week isn't so bad. I take longer to get my hair done.

Chernin: To tell the truth, my caseworker never bothered with dreams. She was satisfied with boosting egos. She figured I didn't need insight. (RUEFULLY) I think she was right all the time!

Maxwell: Talking to yourself professionally ain't what it's cracked up to be, especially when you have to listen to yourself. (CUE FOR SONG, "TO EACH HIS OWN")

(Tune: Can't Help Lovin' That Man O' Mine)

Bakers bake bread. Ships go to sea.

Why must I try to analyze me?

Can't stop blowing this big balloon!

Doctors can give me all sorts of pills

But must I treat my own psychic ills?

Can't stop blowing this big balloon!

Is self-therapy--- All that it should be---?

I would like some sympathetic soul to counsel me!!

Maxwell: Why must we change things to the unknown?
(cont.) Let's keep the same ways -- to each his own!
Must stop blowing this big balloon!!!

Witte: I now call on our researcher.

Shyne: Are you ready for my report on movement?

ALL: (EAGER) READY! WHAT IS IT? etc.

Shyne: (RUSTLES THROUGH SHEAFS OF PAPER. PICKS UP ONE, SHAKES
HEAD, SADLY, TURNS IT UPSIDE DOWN, FINDS IT INTERESTING.
FACES GROUP SQUARELY AND SOBERLY. THEN, LOUDLY) --

No movement!

MOMENT'S SILENCE. THEN, PROFESSIONALS JUMP UP AND DOWN AND CLAP HANDS.
CLIENTS SHRUG SHOULDERS, LIVEN UP, SHAKE HANDS WITH PROFESSIONALS,
LEAVING KATZ ISOLATED. HE HAS MOVED TO SIDE OF STAGE. CLIENTS EACH
MOVE THEIR STOOL OR CHAIR TO SIT FACING A PROFESSIONAL, WHO LISTENS
WITH WARM PROFESSIONAL UNDERSTANDING WHILE CLIENT TALKS RAPIDLY IN
PANTOMIME. AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND, KATZ SINGS, "ALL ALONE."

(Tune: All Alone by the Telephone)

All alone, I'm so all alone
With my last balloon of blue.
No more clients surround me
And the phone won't ring for anything!
My theories they've all flown now
Leaving me in a stew!
Yes I'm all alone, so all alone.
I must admit, I'm about through!!

TOWARDS END OF SONG, TO WHICH NO ONE IS REACTING, IT IS OBVIOUS THAT
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO MILDRED SIKKEMA WHO IS SEATED FACING MILTON
WITTMAN. ANN SHYNE HAS NOTED THIS DEVELOPMENT AND IS FRANTICALLY
MEASURING WHAT SEEMS TO BE FANTASTIC MOVEMENT. SIKKEMA JUMPS UP,
BREAKS HER BALLOON, FACES THE AUDIENCE WITH HER ARMS WIDE OPEN AND
SINGS, "GETTING TO KNOW YOU."

THIS IS CUE FOR FINALE, WHERE EVERYONE - WITH CLIENTS AND PROFESSIONALS
ALTERNATING - JOINS HANDS AND SINGS "SOCIAL WORK IS HERE TO STAY."

KATZ IS CURLED UP ON HIS COUCH UNTIL THE ENCORE, WHEN THE PROFESSIONALS
BRING HIM BACK INTO THE FOLD TO SING THE LAST FOUR LINES.

FINALE

(Tune: Oklahoma)

So----- cial work is here to stay!
Of that you may be sure!
Now it's history, this victory!
And we've proved once more we shall endure!
No ----- more doubts about our status
And integrity.
Self-analysis, a thin spoof is
As we social workers all could see.

We've survived - and with great dignity
A depression and pros-per-ity. And so our
So ----- cial work will go to
Hei -----ghts unknown before.

Yes we're doing fine, yes indeed-y!
Social work, you're O K, O K,
Yes so-cial work is--
O---K-----!



23-280

4780 SI

Colored Tabs

23-281

4781 SI

Clear Tabs

NATIONAL INSERTABLE-TAB INDEXES ENABLE YOU TO
MAKE YOUR OWN SUBJECT ARRANGEMENT, USING PLAIN
INSERTS ON WHICH TO WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTIONS.

Uplift or Bust

THE COUNCIL ON SOCIAL WORK EDUCATION

presents

UPIFT OR BUST
or
How Firm a Foundation?

A detergent opera in three acts

Return to:
NCSW
22 W. Gay St.
Columbus 15 Ohio

Dramatis Personae

Finance Committee

Chairman - a prominent dean	- Fred DelliQuadri
Prominent faculty member	- Juanita Luck Cogan
Prominent Community Fund and Council character	- Robert Fenley
Prominent television celebrity	- William Kirk
Prominent agency executive	- Philip Ryan
Prominent lady board member	- Mrs. Thelma Shaw

CSWE Executive

Ernest F. Witte

The Uplift Executive

Eugene Dupin

Faculty

The Dean	- Arthur Katz
Faculty member	- Jean Maxwell
Faculty member	- Wayne Vasey

Authors

Book

Katherine A. Kendall
Herman D. Stein

Lyrics

✓ Beverly Diamond
✓ Betty Jo Dupin
✓ Arthur Katz
William McGlothlin
Dean Prosser

Production Assistants

Beverly Diamond
Ann Elizabeth Neely
Lili Sweat
Grace White

Musical Director

Betty Jo Dupin

Pianist

Betty Jo Dupin

Producer and Director

Katherine A. Kendall

10:00 p.m., Thursday
June 9, 1960

Ritz-Carlton Hotel
Atlantic City

ACT I

THE CURTAIN OPENS TO REVEAL THE USUAL CONFERENCE ROOM. AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE OF THE CSWE HAS BEEN CALLED TO SAVE THE COUNCIL AND THE GRADUATE SCHOOLS FROM FINANCIAL DISASTER. THE COMMITTEE MEMBERS ARE BROUGHT ON, ONE BY ONE, WITH REMARKS IDENTIFYING THEIR PROBABLE VESTED INTERESTS AND POINTS OF VIEW. WITTE IS AT A DESK IN THE BACKGROUND, PROSTRATE IN MOTIONLESS DESPAIR, WITH HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND IN AN EMPTY CASHBOX.

DELLIQUADRI, THE CHAIRMAN, EXPLAINS THAT EMERGENCY ACTION IS NEEDED TO RESCUE THE COUNCIL AND SOCIAL WORK EDUCATION. THE COUNCIL IS BROKE AND MOST OF THE SCHOOLS ARE OPERATING ON BORROWED MONEY AND BORROWED TIME. THE COMMITTEE HAS TO PRODUCE MONEY FAST AND LOTS OF IT.

Shaw: Money! To think - after all these years of the inspiring co-operation of lay leadership - that social work education would still need money.

Ryan: Quite disgraceful. If the schools run out of money, they won't run at all, and then who do the agencies blame for poor personnel?

Delli: Now complaining will get us nowhere. I used to think public Child Welfare had its problems. (Pause) Those were the good old days. (Pause) But the fact is we've got a crisis on our hands now. The Council on Social Work Education is broke, the schools are broke, and we've got to raise some money - whether we beg, borrow, or indulge in deviant behavior.

Kirk: Not that - until we try a little borrowing.

Cogan: Fenley, you're the one who brought us the bad news. How'd you find out?

Fenley: Well, it was this way. (CUE for THE STEPS OF CARNEGIE)

Fenley: (Tune: The Streets of Laredo)

As I was ascending the steps of Carnegie,
As I walked in the Council office one day,
I met Ernest Witte all dressed up in mourning,
Who wore on his visage a look of dismay.

I said to him, Brother, oh why are you grieving?
How come the sad face underneath all the grime?
He replied, I am going to leap in the river,
The budget of the Council is down to a dime.

No money for anything this year or next one,
No help with the typing, and none for research;
I spend all my time doing menial labor,
I'm just a poor sucker who's left in the lurch.

Fenley:
(cont.) Oh bang the drum slowly and blow the fife lowly,
 And play the dead march as you carry me along,
 Out to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me--
 I'm just a poor sucker, and I've been done wrong.

 So we banged the drum slowly and blew the fife lowly,
 And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
 We all loved our colleague, so keen, wise and weeping,
 We all loved our colleague, though he'd been done wrong.

Shaw: That's a nasty situation, and not only for colleague Witte.

Delli: What does one do in cases like this, Wilber, old dean?

Cogan: Well, there are ways (thinks) and there - are - ways.

Ryan: Now listen, you academic types. Once you get into a school you
lose all touch with the facts of life. I'll tell you how to raise
a buck or two! (CUE for OUR LITTLE TIN BOX)

(Tune: The Little Tin Box - Fiorello)

Ryan: I can see that this committee
Lacks a positive approach
You are easily bewildered
And would rather sit and mope
Like a ball team without a coach

When in trouble you have got to pull no punches
As the staff of my own agency has done
So for two whole weeks we all gave up our lunches
And put our extra dollars
One by one

Chorus-Ryan: Into our little tin box, a little tin box
That a little tin key unlocks
There is nothing unorthodox about
A little tin box, about a little tin,
A little tin box

CHORUS-ALL: OH OUR LITTLE TIN BOX, OUR LITTLE TIN BOX
THAT A LITTLE TIN KEY UNLOCKS
THERE IS HONOR AND PURITY
LOTS OF SECURITY
IN OUR LITTLE TIN BOX

Ryan: Here's another bold suggestion
That I think we all should try
If you look around a conference room
Where social workers are
The blue smoke -- could make you cry.

Ryan:
(Continued)

But this smoke screen tells a tale
and I'm not joking
Think of all the scholarships we could provide
If each social worker simply gave up smoking
And the money saved was
Safely put aside

Chorus-Ryan:

Into our little tin box, a little tin box
That a little tin key unlocks
There is nothing unorthodox about
A little tin box, about a little tin,
A little tin box

CHORUS-ALL:

OH OUR LITTLE TIN BOX, OUR LITTLE TIN BOX
THAT A LITTLE TIN KEY UNLOCKS
THERE IS HONOR AND PURITY
LOTS OF SECURITY
IN OUR LITTLE TIN BOX

Fenley: We'll get our money, one way or another. But how much do we need?

Cogan: \$50,000?

Delli: \$100,000?

Kirk: Let's be big about it - half a million.

Delli: What do you think, Mrs. Shaw?

Shaw: I think a million is a nice round number.

Ryan: Two million is rounder.

Shaw: Two million! Why, that reminds me. There's a foundation - the Uplift Foundation - that's ready to give two million to the improvement of the underdeveloped professions.

All: Great - wonderful - etc.

Delli: Please, everybody, let's not get so excited - yet. Does social work education qualify as underdeveloped and needing improvement?

Kirk: Of course we need improvement.

Cogan: In some ways we're primitive

Kirk: And confused

Ryan: And ignorant

Fenley: We must qualify for the two million.

Witte: (SPRINGS TO LIFE) Did you say two million? Of course we qualify!
We're an absolutely impossible profession, in need of absolutely
everything. That's why we love it so. (CUE for SOCIAL WORK,
OUR DEAR DELIGHT)

(Tune: Oh Maryland)

Chorus-Witte: Oh, social work, our dear delight
We sing thy praises day and night
We love thee well but we confess
That social work can be a mess

Witte: Our status rating
- almost nil
We scrimp and save to pay each bill
We've but a dime left in the till
But Social Work Forever!

CHORUS-ALL: OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

Witte: Among ourselves
We scrap and fight
And can't agree who's wrong or right
Oh, could it be we're not so bright
But Social Work Forever!

CHORUS-ALL: OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

Witte: The public cries
That it is bled
Supporting mothers quite unwed
And all their offspring underfed
But Social Work Forever!

CHORUS-ALL: OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

Witte: The papers say
That social work
Can be performed by any jerk
No wonder that I've gone berserk
But Social Work Forever!

Kirk: Now let's see how we approach the Foundation. Strategy is the thing!

Delli: What about it, Mrs. Shaw?

Shaw: Well, I think I can safely say that I have some influence with the executive of the Uplift Foundation. We serve on 49 committees together, and on 48 I'm the chairman, and on the other I represent the layman's point of view. What I would need, of course, is something to show that social work needs improvement more than other professions.

Ryan: Just have him take a look!

Cogan: Send him to my school.

Delli: Or to mine.

Kirk: We'll have no worry with proof.

Fenley: Two million is not too easy to spend.

Witte: Now just let me wrestle with that problem after we get the money.

Kirk: We'll all help you wrestle.

Ryan: This calls for some cheers and hosannahs. (CUE for THE LORD ABOVE HAS BLESSED A NEW FOUNDATION)

(Tune: With a Little Bit of Luck - My Fair Lady)

Ryan: The Lord has blessed a new foundation,
Which has a million dollar dividend;
The Lord above has blessed a new foundation - And,
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
We're the guys who'll gladly help them spend.
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck we'll help them spend.

Cogan: The Lord above made money for temptation,
To see if man could shun the Devil's din;
But when it's tendered by a firm foundation--Well,
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
We're the ones who'll weakly yield to sin.
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck we'll yield to sin.

We're tired of endless Finance meetings
And with a little bit of luck we'll run amuck.

-6-

Delli: As social workers we've shown determination,
From thankless tasks we never, never shirk;
But with a handsome grant from this foundation-Wow!
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
Some one else will do the dreary work.

ALL: WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK WE'LL NEVER WORK.
WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF BLOOMIN' LUCK.

Kirk: Oh we are mudstuck static social workers
For lack of funds we never get away;
But if we get a couple million dollars--Boy,
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
We will tour the whole damn Milky Way.
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck the Milky Way.

We're tired of sitting on our desk chairs
And with a little bit of luck we'll run amuck.

Shaw: As social workers we are very quiet,
And rather stuffy, every one agrees,
If we can make this new foundation buy us--Wow!
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
We'll emerge from out of our deep freeze.

ALL: WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK WE'LL ALL UNFREEZE.
WITH A LITTLE LUCK, JUST A LITTLE LUCK,
WE'LL UNLOCK OURSELVES WITH UPLIFT'S KEYS.

Delli: You know, two million is great. But the Council is getting the
money, so why are we all so excited - especially me?

Cogan: Or me? Hey, Witte, what's our school's share to be?

Delli: You know us - little old "oldest and largest," and I did say
largest?

Witte: Now gentlemen, I agreed to wrestle with the problem myself.
This takes objective statesmanship and I have to get in the
mood before I can say who gets what, after the Council gets its!

Cogan: Well, blast my intergroup, if Witte isn't turning right cagey.

-7-

Delli: (TO WITTE) Sir, do you know what it means to be withholding?
That means stingy and it isn't nice. (CUE for OH JOYFUL!)

(Tune: To be furnished)

Delli: The man who has plenty of funds at hand
And giveth constituents none
He shan't have any of our greenbacks
When all of his funds are done

CHORUS-ALL: OH, THAT WILL BE JOYFUL, JOYFUL, JOYFUL
OH, THAT WILL BE JOYFUL
WHEN ALL HIS FUNDS ARE DONE!

Witte: OK, fellows, get off my back. You'll all get your cut - I mean
your equitable share. But we still have to get this money. You
know, you don't get Foundation grants just by spelling their name
right.

Kirk: The best way to approach the problem is to dramatize it. Get
that Uplift executive to see a social work school, with the
faculty in action. Then he'll see what we mean by our great
need for improvement.

Shaw: I'll get the executive.

Witte: I'll get the school.

Kirk: And we'll get the dough. (CUE for ACT I FINALE - WHEN THE GOLD
IS DOLED OUT YONDER)

(Tune: When the Roll is Called up Yonder)

Kirk: When the wealthy big foundations and their money come to town,
And each poor deserving calling gets its share,
And the horn of plenty opens and the riches shower down,
And the gold is doled out yonder, we'll be there.

ALL: WHEN THE GOLD IS DOLED OUT YONDER,
WHEN THE GOLD IS DOLED OUT YONDER,
WHEN THE GOLD IS DOLED OUT YONDER,
WHEN THE GOLD IS DOLED OUT YONDER, WE'LL BE THERE.

Cogan: When the jingle of the dollar heals the hurt of penury,
And the clink of coin disperses every care,
And the faculties are living in the lap of luxury,
And the Lincoln cars are rolling, we'll be there,

ALL: WHEN THE LINCOLN CARS ARE ROLLING,
WHEN THE LINCOLN CARS ARE ROLLING,
WHEN THE LINCOLN CARS ARE ROLLING,
WHEN THE LINCOLN CARS ARE ROLLING, WE'LL BE THERE.

Fenley: When the beneficiaries all have squandered every dime,
And the clamor of their projects fills the air,
And the grateful joyful donees come around a second time,
And the line is formed up yonder, we'll be there.

ALL: WHEN THE LINE IS FORMED UP YONDER,
WHEN THE LINE IS FORMED UP YONDER,
WHEN THE LINE IS FORMED UP YONDER
WHEN THE LINE IS FORMED UP YONDER, WE'LL BE THERE.

(Repeat last chorus on exit.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

THE CURTAIN OPENS ON A FACULTY MEETING IN PROGRESS AT A SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK. WITTE IS PRESENT TO PREPARE THE FACULTY FOR THE VISIT FROM THE EXECUTIVE OF THE UPLIFT FOUNDATION.

Witte: Now listen. I'd like to brief the faculty about this visit from the executive of the Uplift Foundation.

Katz: (LOOKS AT LIST) It's not on our agenda.

Witte: But you know all about it and how important it is.

Katz: Our agenda has been authorized by my Agenda Committee. I can't change it.

Witte: Oh, no!

Katz: But I can include it under "Other Business."

Witte: I'll wait.

Katz: (RAPS FOR ORDER) (LOOKS AT LIST). First item on the agenda is New Business. Anybody got any?

Maxwell: I'd like to talk about teaching loads. The present situation -

Katz: That item is referred to our Committee on Teaching Load.

Maxwell: That Committee has tried to report for the last five years.

Katz: Referred to the Agenda Committee.

Maxwell: Not again!

Vasey: How about more privacy in offices. It's uncomfortable with three other teachers sitting at the desk with me.

Katz: Get a deck of cards.

Vasey: But there's practically no room to get a student into the office.

Katz: Makes for closer teacher-student contact.

Vasey: How about sabbaticals?

Katz: Now that's a good question. The answer is NO.

Faculty: Impossible. We must have improved conditions. Can't go on this way.

Katz: Impossible? Who's impossible? (CUE for WHY CAN'T PROFESSORS?)

(Tune: Why Can't a Woman be like a Man - My Fair Lady)

Katz: Professors are irrational, that's all there is to that,
They're a pack of silly feeble-minded fools;
They're nothing but exasperating, irritating, vacillating,
Calculating, agitating, maddening and infuriating mules.

(SPOKEN TO WITTE) Witte!

Why can't professors be more like their deans?

Yes, (SINGS) why can't professors be more like their deans?

Deans are so honest, so thoroughly square,
Eternally hoble, historically fair,
Who day by day will always give your back a pat--
Why can't professors be like that?

Why does every one do what the others do?

Can't professors learn to use their head?

Why do they do everything their brothers do?

Why don't they act with common sense instead?

Why can't professors take after their deans?

Deans are so pleasant, so easy to please,
Whenever you're with them, you're always at ease.

(SPOKEN TO WITTE) Would you be slighted if I didn't raise
your salary?

Witte: Of course not.

Katz: Would you be angry at an extra course or two?

Witte: Nonsense.

Katz: Would you be al-ways playing to the gallery?

Witte: Never.

Katz: Why can't professors be like you?

(SINGS) One dean in a million may shout a bit,
Now and then there's one that's not so hot,
One perhaps whose intellect you doubt a bit,
But by and large, we are a marvelous lot.
Why can't professors behave like a dean?
Deans are so friendly, good-natured and kind,
And better companions you never will find.

(SPOKEN TO WITTE) Would you be furious if I couldn't get
resources?

Witte: Of course not.

Katz: If-I-put your office in the basement, would you fuss?

Witte: Nonsense.

Katz: Would you get sore if I abolished all your courses?

Witte: Never.

Katz: Why can't professors be like us?

(SINGS) Why can't professors be more like their deans?

Deans are so decent, such regular guys,

Ready to help you, whatever your size,

Ready to buck you up whenever you are glum--

Why can't professors be a chum?

Why is thinking something that they never do?

Why is logic never even tried?

Sagely nodding their heads is all they ever do.

Why don't they straighten up the mess that's inside?

Why can't professors be more like their deans?

Were I a professor, just handed a job,

Would I begin yelling like a one-man mob?

Would I start weeping like a bathtub overflowing?

And carry on as if my home were in a tree?

Would I start spouting like a big blue whale that's blowing?

Why can't professors be like me?

Witte: Now can I talk?

Katz: Yes, you've old business.

Witte: Dean and faculty, let me say that I understand. Your administration isn't hard-hearted. There just isn't the money. But we've got the chance to raise the money now. The Uplift Foundation is sending its executive to look you over to see if the Council and the schools deserve two million dollars - here they come now!

EUGENE DUPIN COMES DOWN THE AISLE ON THE ARM OF MRS. SHAW. TO THE TUNE OF THE COLONEL BOGEY MARCH, HE CHANTS "MONEY!" AND THEN WHISTLES. WITH EACH CHANT, HE STREWS DOLLAR BILLS. THE FINANCE COMMITTEE, FOLLOWING IN RESPECTFUL HUMILITY, JOINS IN THE WHISTLING. WHEN HE REACHES THE STAGE, DUPIN EXPLAINS WHO HE IS. (CUE for I'M THE UPLIFT FOUNDATION)

(Tune: Poor Little Buttercup - Pinafore)

Dupin: I'm the Uplift Foundation. I expose all the nation
To gluttony, envy, and lust.
I distribute my money to make people sunny,
My motto is "uplift or bust."

-12-

Dupin:
(cont'd.)

I know large foundations whose ministrations
Spread money around like the dust;
But I have a purpose instead of a surplus
I damn well will "uplift or bust."

The Fords have their trillions, the Feds have their
billions,
And I have but millions in trust;
But I pledge a subvention for each new ascension,
My sole aim is "uplift or bust."

So don't go to the others (like Rocky's dear brothers)
I love every cause that is just.
If you will report it, I want to support it;
Forever, I'll "uplift or bust."

I'm the Uplift Foundation. I seek admiration
From all those who for my funds lust
I distribute my money to make people sunny,
My motto is "uplift or bust."

Dupin: Now friends, let me say that I'm completely objective about this.
I've never heard of social work education, but if you're a pro-
fession and you're unimproved you are eligible.

Ryan: We're a profession, all right. We say so 10,000 times a year.

Cogan: And no profession could be so downright unimproved - maybe even
unimprovable. (TO SHAW) That's what he wants to hear, isn't
it?

Shaw: That's the highest priority.

Faculty member: Let's tell him what social work is all about. (CUE for A NOBLE
PROFESSION)

(Tune: "Officer Krupke" - West Side Story)

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift it's not very hard
To prove to you that social work is not a canard
A noble profession, distinguished and grand
And we offer all a helping hand.

CHORUS-ALL: OH WE HELP, OH WE HELP
YES WE HELP, HELP, HELP
AND WE OFFER ALL A HELPING HAND.

Dupin: But how is it done?

Katz: How? - Well let's see, take the case of Delli Q

-13-

Delli: My father hits the bottle
My sister walks the streets
My mother is a junkie
My brother's just too sweet
My grandpa runs a crap game
And it's a great success
Golly, Moses, aren't we a mess.

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift I'm sure you'll agree
The makings of a problem are in this family
Intervention is called for and we mustn't shirk
This innocent child needs social work.

CHORUS-ALL: SOCIAL WORK, SOCIAL WORK
SOCIAL WORK WORK WORK
THIS INNOCENT NEEDS SOCIAL WORK

Kirk: This kid needs to be case worked

Vasey: So - take him to a case worker

Ryan: Dear Miss Social Service
Give me what's in store
Case work makes me nervous
But you've got good rapport
My ego needs supporting
And that's the latest trend
But here's my problem
I ain't got a friend.

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift it's easy to see
Case work service given individually
This kid's interpersonal problems are such
That only a group can really touch.

CHORUS-ALL: REALLY TOUCH, REALLY TOUCH
REALLY TOUCH TOUCH TOUCH
THAT JUST A GROUP CAN REALLY TOUCH

Shaw: This kid don't need a case worker

Cogan: He needs to be group worked

Vasey: I'm now at last connecting
The group makes me secure
My image is correcting
My friends will now endure
I'm showing social movement
But what a dirty bump
Holy Moses, they're closing up this dump

-14-

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift a great tragedy
To interfere so cruelly with this group therapy
The mortgage has fallen
The service is canned
Communally speaking, poorly planned.

CHORUS-ALL: POORLY PLANNED, POORLY PLANNED
POORLY PLANNED, POORLY PLANNED
COMMUNALLY SO POORLY PLANNED

Maxwell: This kid don't need a group worker

Witte: He needs to be community organized

Fenley: So Mr. C. O. Planner
Now tell me what to do
I'll get a big bright banner
With feathers red or blue
I'll organize committees
And get them all involved
Planning, planning
That's how it's resolved.

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift I know you'll agree
The only service worth a darn is voluntary
Private funds are receding while government's hot
Well after all, my friends, why not.

CHORUS-ALL: WELL WHY NOT, WELL WHY NOT
WELL WHY NOT NOT NOT
AFTER ALL THE GOVERNMENT IS HOT

Cogan: This kid don't need a community organizer

Shaw: He needs to be social policied

Witte: Get him to a social policy worker

Kirk: Dear Social Politician
Please pardon me this turn
I guess it's an admission
Of a deep unconscious yearn
The social worker's image
Is changing end to end
Look here Uplift he's everybody's friend

Katz: So Mr. Uplift the circle's complete
We social workers have a job that just can't be beat
We're men of distinction so noble and grand
Yes Mr. Uplift - your brand.

Dupin: All right, now let's get down to business. I have a few deep, searching questions to ask. Now, let me see. Where are those questions? (HE FUMBLES IN HIS POCKETS AND DRAWS OUT A LONG SCROLL-LIKE DOCUMENT.) Do you have a curriculum?

Faculty: Oh, yes.

Dupin: Does it cover (MEANINGFULLY, LOWERING PITCH) - what it should?

Faculty: (LOOKING WARILY AT EACH OTHER) Everything.

Dupin: Do you relate social work to the world at large and to the world at small?

Faculty: Oh, yes!

Dupin: To each hemisphere and to the stratosphere?

Faculty: Well, not so much to the stratosphere.

Dupin: Aha! -- But you do think you're preparing people for the modern world?

Faculty: Oh, yes.

Dupin: How about the ancient world?

Faculty: What do you mean?

Dupin: If you can only look forward and not backward you're only half-developed.

Kirk: That's just what we are!

Maxwell: Now really, Mr. Uplift, - all we try to do is train social workers so they can practice and help people a little bit.

Fenley: Now that's a gross exaggeration.

Delli: Practice is part of it, but it's not very important.

Ryan: You see, schools prepare students to be students, mostly.
(CUE for WE WONDER WHY)

(Tune: You're not Sick, you're in Love - Calle me Madam)

Ryan: You think practice is your bailiwick
To - test - the o-ries and make 'em stick
But slums get bigger and the world grows sick
We wonder why, we wonder why

Ryan:
(cont'd.) Concept-tool--ing with savoir faire
 You write papers and you get that CHAIR
 Ser-vi-ces are incidental, too -
 A sentimental few still wonder why

Maxwell: We don't need analyzing
 We won't stop theorizing
 For how else can our concepts grow?
 We must deal with abstraction
 For it we feel attraction
 Each new thought really makes me glow!

 We must get bolder
 Before we grow much older
 Or end low on the totem -- oh

 From Quebec to Iowa
 This is what you'll hear them say
 All we need is dough, dough, dough

Cogan: You made Masters of us. But we share
 Worries that we may not have that flair
 Treating clients calls for science rare
 We try and try, we wonder why

 What we need is practicality
 People's woes demand reality
 Service with impartiality
 But no banality, that's what we'll buy.

Vasey: Is it not axiomatic
 In this land democratic
 That we are free to disagree!

 We won't let automation
 Control our education
 For to think, we must all be free.

 We must get bolder and bolder
 Before we grow much older
 Or end low on the totem -- oh

 From Quebec to Iowa
 This is what you'll hear them say
 All we need is dough, dough, dough.

Witte: You see, sir, there are many points of view about social work
 education. Some like it conceptual and some like it practical.
 This is our strength, but it is also our weakness - and sir,
 two million dollars would take care of everything. We're young,
 immature, that's our trouble, but it would do your heart good
 if you could see how nicely we'll mature after we have that
 money. We'll be an old profession in no time.

Dupin: One more point, and the most basic. How broad are you in your approach? Do you teach Confucian social work? Do you have cases written up in Beatnik Style? Is there at least one professor with a chair in Yogi? Are such specialties available?

Maxwell: Well, we have gone along with a generic approach - but we were talked into it. If we could have the two million I'm sure we could specialize at least a little.

Katz: No, no, no! No specialization. It's generic or nothing.

Shaw: Oh, don't get stuffy about it.

Vasey: Generic it must be - it's the only way. Besides, it's the party line.

Fenley: Be reasonable, a little specialization won't hurt, etc.

Faculty: No! Never! (CUE for GENERIC DO OR DIE)

(Tune: Farmer in the Dell)

Vasey: Generic we will be
 Generic we will be
 Give up all specialty
 Generic we will be

Shaw: Generic you can't be
 Generic you can't be
 Money calls for specialty
 Generic you can't be

Maxwell: Generic, do or die
 'Til in our graves we lie
 This is a principle
 That money cannot buy

Fenley: Generic, we won't buy
 Your blindness we decry
 Money always calls the tune
 And this you can't deny

Faculty: (IN UNISON, SLOWLY AND WITH EMPHASIS)
 Generic - - do - - or - - die.

Dupin: That does it. If this school is typical in its personnel, attitudes and approach, we can do nothing except help cart you away and plant a rose garden where you now stand.

-18-

KATZ AND THE FACULTY LEAVE IN HIGH DUDGEON, POOR BUT PROUD AND SINGING REBELLIOUSLY:

Generic, do or die
'Til in our graves we lie
This is a principle
That money cannot buy

WHILE THE DEAN AND FACULTY ARE MARCHING OFF THE STAGE, THE FINANCE COMMITTEE MEMBERS ARE WRINGING THEIR HANDS. MRS. SHAW IS WHISPERING TO DUPIN WHO IS PICKING UP HIS BRIEFCASE. SHE IS TRYING TO PERSUADE HIM TO OVERLOOK THE INSURRECTION.

Dupin: No! I see no place for social work in our program of Uplift. I'm leaving. There are many other professions just begging to be improved.

Witte: (HOLDING DUPIN TO KEEP HIM FROM LEAVING): Wait! This has been a hard day for you, but harder for us. After all, you wouldn't want to uplift a profession that had no pride. For the sake of all the committees you and Mrs. Shaw have served on together, give me one night to talk to this faculty and then come back tomorrow.

Dupin: (RELUCTANTLY) Well, all right. I'm examining the legal profession during dinner tonight anyway, so I'll be staying on. You know those lawyers. They'll talk all night. (HE LEAVES)

Fenley: (SADLY) It doesn't look good. (ALL EXIT, SINGING)

WHEN THE LINE IS FORMED UP YONDER
WHEN THE LINE IS FORMED UP YONDER
WHEN THE LINE IS FORMED UP YONDER
WHEN THE LINE IS FORMED UP YONDER
WILL WE BE THERE?

CURTAIN

-19-

ACT III

THE CURTAIN OPENS TO REVEAL THE WHOLE GROUP REASSEMBLED.

Witte: So, after keeping you up all night and trying to convince you with individual, group and community process, I haven't made a dent.

Katz: You've made a dent. I'd gladly be your client for life. I have a positive transference to you. But I just can't agree with you. And here's why. (CUE for DON'T LET FOUNDATIONS IN YOUR LIFE)

(Tune: I'm an Ordinary Man - My Fair Lady)

Katz: I'm an ordinary dean,
 Who follows nothing more than just the cozy little rule,
 That lets me vegetate in grandeur at my ordinary school.
 An average dean am I, toward no ambition bent,
 Who wants to live his life, free from strife,
 Shunning the queers with radical views to vent.
 --Just an ordinary dean.

But let foundations in your life
 And your academic peace is through.
 They will rant about new sources and reorganize your courses,
 Then go on to the surprising fun of organizing you.
 Oh let foundations in your life
 And you are up against a wall!
 Make a plan and you will find they have something else in
 mind,
 And so rather than do either you do something else that
 neither likes at all.

You want to teach just plain old casework,
 They only want a course in Peace;
 You want to plan a course on group work
 They want the books of ancient Greece.
 Oh let foundations in your life
 And you invite internal strife.
 Let them keep their new found jewels
 At those great big eastern schools;
 I'm quite happy to be rated as extremely antiquated
 And I'll never let foundations in my life.

I'm a very gentle dean,
 Even-tempered and good-natured, whom you never hear
 complain,
 Who has the milk of human kindness by the quart in every
 vein.

A patient dean am I, down to my fingertips,
 The sort who never could, never would
 Let an insulting remark escape his lips.
 --Just a very patient dean.

Katz:
(cont'd) But let foundations in your life
And patience hasn't got a chance.
They will take your best young men, and inspire in them a yen,
Like a schizophrenic hen, to go vacationing again in
southern France.
You were a dean of grace and polish,
Who never spoke above a hush;
Now all at once you're using language
That would make a sailor blush.
Oh let foundations in your life
And you are plunging in a knife!
Let the others of my craft
Go so crazy, wild and daft--
I'd prefer a new edition of the Spanish inquisition,
And I'll never let foundations in my life.

Dupin: That does it. Mrs. Shaw, forgive me, but this is the end.
(CUE for GONE ARE THE DAYS)

(Tune: Old Black Joe)

Dupin: Gone are the days
When tuition fees would pay
All of your bills
And let you put some away

Gone are the days
When without me you could thrive
Alas, with no foundation funds
You won't survive

I'm going, I'm going
For my help's unwanted here
I hear a million voices calling
For Up--lift

Finance

Committee: Don't go yet! Wait!

Vasey: You can't go. Witte has convinced us. You're our only hope for
better salaries, sick leave, privacy, lighter loads, fringe
benefits, and expenses paid to National Conference. Without
you, we're doomed.

Maxwell: (TO KATZ) You and your big mouth! We can do without you.
(CUE for WITHOUT YOU)

(Tune: I Can Do Without You - My Fair Lady)

Maxwell: There'll be grads every year, without you,
Our school still will be here, without you,
There will be notes and bills,
And the same empty tills
And memos galore, without you.
Education will thrive, without you,

-21-

Maxwell: Social work will survive, without you,
(Cont'd) And there will be meetings of the total faculty
Even they will remain, without you.
We can do-o-o-o without you.

You, dear dean, who talk so well,
You can go to Bryn Mawr, Columbia or Denver
We can still teach a class, without you,
And the students won't pass, without you,
And without much ado we can all muddle through
Without you.

Witte: Without your guidance we can man the decks,
Without your helping they can draw their checks,
Without your pushing them the clouds roll by;
If they can do without you, deanie, so can I.
We shall not feel alone, without you,
We can stand on our own, without you,
So you go plumb to hell,
We can do very well
Without you.

Witte: (TURNING TO DUPIN) Don't judge by the evidence you have seen
here. The profession as a whole is not just interested in
branching out, it is crazy to branch out. (ENTHUSED) We are
like a young tree, ready to erupt with new vigor. And all we
need is your rain, your fertilizer.

Dupin: Get back to your branches.

Witte: Yes, you see we're branching in all directions. Take our
Curriculum Study - now there's a project for you. You mentioned
the stratosphere yesterday. The study is in thirteen volumes,
and it's all in the stratosphere.

Dupin: Now, you're talking. Let me hear more.

Vasey: I'll tell him. (CUE for IST DAS NICHT)

(AS VASEY SINGS, EVERYONE EXCEPT DUPIN WHIPS OUT A VOLUME OF THE
CURRICULUM STUDY AND HOLDS IT HIGH)

(Tune: Die Schnitzelbank)

Vasey: Ist das nicht der Werner Boehm
Yah, das ist der Werner Boehm
Did he write this weighty tome
Yah, he wrote this weighty tome

Fin. Committee: Werner Boehm
Faculty: Weighty tome

-22-

ALL: OH, DER LEARNED
OH, DER LEARNED
OH, DER LEARNED TOME AND BOEHM

Vasey: Ist das nicht ein practicum
Yah, das ist ein practicum
If we buy the practicum
Then, "Bye-Bye" curriculum

Fin. Committee: Practicum
Faculty: Curriculum

ALL: NOT SO LEARNED
NOT SO LEARNED
NOT SO LEARNED PRACTICUM

Vasey: (PRODUCING A COPY OF THE SOCIAL SERVICE REVIEW)

Ist das nicht die Charlotte Towle
Yah, das ist die Charlotte Towle
Does she like die social role
RAUS - mit der social role

Fin. Committee: Social role
Faculty: Charlotte Towle

ALL: OH, THE LEARNED
OH, THE LEARNED
OH, THE LEARNER ROLE AND TOWLE

Vasey: Was ist dies continuum
No-one digs continuum
Why does it make people glum
Thinking of continuum

Fin. Committee: People glum
Faculty: Continuum

ALL: NOT SO LEARNED
NOT SO LEARNED
NOT SO LEARNED CONTINUUM

Vasey: Ist das nicht der status quo
Yah, das ist der status quo
Do we like der status quo

Faculty: Yes, yes, yes, yes
Fin. Committee: No, no, no

Vasey: Status quo
Yes, yes, no

-23-

(FACULTY SINGS "Yes, yes" AND WITTE AND FINANCE COMMITTEE COME IN LOUD AND CLEAR ON THE "no")

ALL: OH, DER LEARNED
NOT SO LEARNED
OH, DER LEARNED STATUS QUO

Dupin: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sold. You are sufficiently confused, sufficiently under-developed, sufficiently hungry for affection and understanding - and for money - to warrant support. You will have the entire two million - here's \$50,000 now. (HE HANDS CHECK TO WITTE, WHO PIROUETTES) But there's one condition. Not one cent is to be spent on preparation for practice singly, in groups, or in large collectivities. Just keep branching out towards (POINTS UP) you know where.

Katz: It's a lot of generic money. I give up. Let's throw a party
(GENERAL JUBILATION - CUE for GET ME TO MY CLASS ON TIME)

(Tune: Get Me to the Church on Time - My Fair Lady)

Katz: I'm teaching case work in the morning
Ding, dong, the chapel bell will chime,
Let's throw a hearty,
Rip-roarin' party,
But get me to my class on time.

Ryan: My Board's meeting in the morning,
I must be looking in my prime
Pull out the stopper,
Let's have a whopper
But get me to my desk on time.

If I am dancing, roll up the floor,
If I am drinking, pour me out the door.

Maxwell: Oh I'm teaching group work in the morning,
Ding, dong, the chapel bell will chime,
Kick up a rumpus
But don't lose the compass,
And get me to my class,
Get me to my class,
Be sure and get me to my class on time.

Witte: I gotta sign checks in the morning,
Ding, dong, the chapel bell will chime,
Find me and bail me,
Stamp me and mail me,
But get me to my desk on time.

-24-

Delli: Oh, I'm back to deaning in the morning,
Spruced up and looking in my prime,
Some guy who's able,
Lift up the table,
And get me to my desk on time.

If I am flying, then shoot me down,
If I am wooing, get her out of town.

Vasey: Oh, I'm teaching c.o. in the morning,
Ding, dong, the chapel bell will chime;
Feather and tar me,
Call out the army,
But get me to my class,
Get me to my class,
For God's sake get me to my class on time.

Witte: Let's give a cheer for Uplift. We're in the money now and we
can recruit and train and spend and serve and show the world
what social work can do.
(CUE for finale - UPLIFT OR BUST)

(Tune: Anchors Aweigh)

ALL: UPLIFT OR BUST, MY BOYS
UPLIFT OR BUST
FAREWELL TO POVERTY
WE'RE IN THE CHIPS AT LA-A-A-AST
NOW WE'LL RECRUIT FROM SMITH
HARVARD AND YALE
SINK THE MEDICS AND THE LAWYERS
AND PUT THE GOOD SHIP
SOCIAL WORK TO SAIL

GIVE A CHEER FOR UPLIFT
HE'S THE ONE WHO GAVE US THIS GREAT DAY
HIP, HOORAY FOR UPLIFT
AS WE GO ALONG OUR SUNNY WAY
HIP HOORAY, HIP HOORAY
LET US NOW GET UNDERWAY

UPLIFT OR BUST, MY BOYS
UPLIFT OR BUST
RAISE SALARIES TO THE ROOF
PAID HOLIDAYS FOR HALF A YE-E-E-AR
AGENCIES WILL GET PAID
FABULOUS FEES
TO TRAIN OUR STUDENTS HOW
TO HANDLE THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES

-25-

ALL:
(cont'd)

GIVE A CHEER FOR UPLIFT
HE'S THE ONE WHO GAVE US THIS GREAT DAY
HIP, HOORAY FOR UPLIFT
AS WE GO ALONG OUR SUNNY WAY
HIP HOORAY, HIP HOORAY
LET US NOW GET UNDERWAY

UPLIFT OR BUST, MY BOYS
UPLIFT OR BUST
TEN THOUSAND SCHOLARSHIPS
NEW RESEARCH, CLASSES, FACULTY-Y-Y-Y
LET'S BUILD FOR SOCIAL WORK
FOUNDATIONS FIRM
WE HAVE TWO MILLION NOW
SO NOW'S THE TIME
TO MAKE THAT OLD WORM TURN.

1954 Annual Mtg
CSWE

One Only Copy

Annual Meeting
Council on Social Work Education
January 27-30, 1954
Washington, D. C.

Soc. Work - Plays & Skits
CSWE - Prior to 1957

(GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH)

Social Work Education has a Council all its own
A very fancy Council with a most progressive tone.
Only two years old, but it has grown and grown and grown
Forsooth we're marching on!

Refrain: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Education will improve ya
Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Forsooth we're marching on.

Committees and Commissions deal with every little thing
All the Schools are going crazy with their "Hollis Tayloring".
Revising the curriculum - oh, death where is thy sting?
Gadzooks, we're marching on.

Refrain: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Education, what's it to ya
Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Gadzooks, we're marching on.

Ye agencies participate! Come on, cough up the dough
Support the little monster cuz the budget's gotta grow.
Ye citizens, get in the act and be in on the know
In groups we're marching on.

Refrain: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Education will pursue ya
Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Marhh on, March on, March on.

The Council is determined that with e'er increasing speed
We shall reap a mighty harvest, and in time improve the bread.
The Schools will all grow fat as students storm the gates indeed
Dream on, Dream on, Dream on.

Refrain: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Optimism should run through ya
Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Great days are coming on.

Washington is honored that this meeting's come to pass
We locals sit and gawk at all the Social Worker brass.
You intrigue us individually - overwhelm us in the mass.
But come back soon, Come On!

Refrain: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
We've been proud to howdy do ya.
All our hats we're doffing to ya
Go On and On and On.

COUNCIL ON SOCIAL WORK EDUCATION
345 EAST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

FILE COPY
DO NOT REMOVE

COUNCIL ON SOCIAL WORK EDUCATION
345 EAST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

FILE COPY
DO NOT REMOVE

(MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE)

I'm just a young graduate
As you can see
Fresh out of School
With my Master's degree.
Will anyone offer employment to me
I'm ready to start my career.

Oh, they taught me to curb my emotions
Diagnostically I'm up to par
And I'm hep to the jive about function
I never push clients too far, O

I'm just a young graduate
As you can see
Fresh out of School
With my Master's degree.
Will anyone offer employment to me
I'm ready to start my career.

I'm not psychiatric
That wasn't for me.
Not medical either
I guess I should be.
My teachers have made a generic of me
But I wish I could start my career.

Oh I know how to draw up a budget
I can figure on OAA grant.
Can I help it if I can't do treatment
I would if I could, but I can't. O

I'm just a young graduate
As you can see
Fresh out of School
With my Master's degree.
Will anyone offer employment to me
I'm ready to start my career.

I must have a job
At \$4000 a year
With good supervision
Let me make that clear.
Freedom to grow and freedom from fear
I'm ready to start right away.

All my teachers they called me precocious
Said they knew that I'd be a success
But I'm starting to get a bit hungry
I'm sure in one helluva of a mess. O,

I'm just a young graduate
As you can see
Fresh out of School
With my Master's degree.
Will anyone offer employment to me
I'm ready to start my career.

(HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM)

How ya gonna keep 'em doing casework
Instead of "therapee"
No one wants to offer that corny service
Giving relief
Or comforting grief
How ya gonna hold 'em to Social Work
That's a mysteree.
They like to dig the id and ego build
Poor Mary Richmond's voice is almost stilled.
How ya gonna keep 'em doing casework
They all like "therapee."

Clients take a beating, they bare their souls
And even pay a fee.
Workers sit and ponder in treatment chambers
They never roam
To visit a home
No one wants to feed 'em or place their kids
That's a certaintee.
We used to plan their lives and give out shoes
But now they concentrate on inner stews.
How ya gonna keep 'em doing casework
Viva la therapee!

(YOU'RE THE TOP)

We're the Deans
We're the boyish wonders
We're the Deans
Never make no blunders.
We are heads of Schools and we make the rules, by heck.
We hire casework teachers and other creatures by the peck.
We're Supreme
We're the big hold leaders
We're Supreme
We're the fields best feeders
Brave, ambitious boys with poise and all that means
Oi Gewalt! Have we got troubles.
We're the Deans.

We're the Deans
We keep things a popping
Desperate Deans
Our enrollments dropping.
We need faculty and some do-re-mi right bad
And that pesky devil our salary level's sorta sad.
Unsurpassed
Academic aces
We're harassed
On a reg'lar basis.
Tho we're tired and worn, we adorn our local scenes
What a way to make a living
We're the Deans.

We're the Deans
Who teach several classes
We inspire
All the lads and lasses.
From our lofty perch we conduct research and stuff
We are bored to pieces by student theses and other guff.
We supply
Fodder for Committees
And we cry
Damn the Ernest Wittes.
Though we tear our hair, we have "welfare" in our genes
All we need is an endowment
We're the Deans.



23-280

4780 SI

Colored Tabs

23-281

4781 SI

Clear Tabs

NATIONAL INSERTABLE-TAB INDEXES ENABLE YOU TO
MAKE YOUR OWN SUBJECT ARRANGEMENT, USING PLAIN
INSERTS ON WHICH TO WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTIONS.

Curtain of
Silence

1360

CURTAIN OF SILENCE

by

Ruth S. Moore

Presented at the 85th Annual Forum

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON SOCIAL WELFARE

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON SOCIAL WELFARE
22 West Gay Street - Columbus 15, Ohio

CURTAIN OF SILENCE

THE CAST

THE WOMEN

THE MEN

THE SINGER

THE EPISODES

PROLOGUE

THE FIRST EXPLOSION

MAN AND WOMAN

THE SECOND EXPLOSION

THE INFANT AND THE WORLD

THE CITY

THE JUNIOR WORLD

THE WORLD IN THE MIDDLE

THE SENIOR WORLD

THE THIRD EXPLOSION . . . A RATIONAL VISION

WRITTEN BY.....Ruth S. Moore

CURTAIN OF SILENCE

IN PREPARATION FOR THE PROGRAM THE STAGE IS EMPTIED AND NOTHING BUT A FEW WORKING LIGHTS ARE LEFT ON. STOOLS AND ORDINARY MUSIC STANDS FOR THE ACTOR'S SCRIPTS ARE PLACED IN A WIDE SHALLOW SEMI-CIRCLE WHICH SPANS THE STAGE. WHEN ALL IS READY THE TWO WOMEN ENTER QUICKLY AND SETTLE THEMSELVES UPON STOOLS. THE THREE MEN FOLLOW AND TAKE THEIR PLACES, MAN III, THE SINGER, TAKING THE STOOL FARTHEST TO ONE SIDE. THEY ALL OPEN THEIR SCRIPTS, PLACE THEM ON MUSIC STANDS AND TURN THE READING LIGHT ON WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE STAND. THE LIGHTING REMAINS THE SAME. UNTIL THE END OF THIS FIRST SCENE.

THERE IS A PLATFORM, THREE STEPS HIGH BEHIND THE SEMI-CIRCLE OF PERFORMERS. IT IS USED TWICE DURING THE PERFORMANCE; ONCE DURING THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY AND AGAIN IN THE LAST EPISODE.

WOMAN I (WARM AND FOLKSY) You just get comfortable.

MAN I Loosen your ties.

Loosen your ties with everyone. . . .

MAN III Political, professional, social, personal

And just be yourself for now.

WOMAN II For inside your shoes and behind your ties

And beyond your silences

Is the person we love

WOMAN I To love is an act of faith

And whoever is of little faith is also of little love

MAN II We take a leap, an act of faith tonight

To you. . . to each one here.

WOMAN II For we know certain things about you which we love. . .

We have between us a bond of ignorance. . .

We know neither how it feels to be born nor to die,

This we have in common.

WOMAN I And, in between, we share other common knowledge;

We know, you and I, what it feels like to cry...

MAN I To break bread and silence with a friend...

MAN II To cheat a little, brag a little, worry a lot...

MAN III We know what it feels like to open a telegram

And to miss a train, a bus, a streetcar,

MAN I Or even worse,.... to miss the boat.

WOMAN I Let us indulge in a rational vision tonight;

Let us create a family, a human family, inside these walls

And practice from this moment on

Our rational vision.

WOMAN II Loosen your ties for a little.

Your ties with your business, your blood ties,

Even your committee ties.

And come with us behind the curtain of silence....

Where language is only half true

In the dark wisdom of emotion..

And the other half... comes from you...

From your leap of faith...

From your understanding...

LIGHTS OUT. NOTHING BUT THE READING LIGHTS ON.

SOUND OF ROLLING THUNDER.... OR EXPLOSION FLASHES

OF LIGHT. FROM THIS POINT ON, SPOTLIGHTS COME UP

ON THE INDIVIDUAL PERFORMER AS INDICATED.

MAN I

It was a time of explosions.

And space was the only frontier.

Man's wit had cracked open the atom

And the power released had scared him out of his wits.

And there was no ordinance for a safe and sane Fourth of July

That would cover this firecraker.

The old proverbs didn't seem to have the comfort they used to have....

WOMAN I

What you can't see won't hurt you!

MAN I

What with radioactivity... and satellites...

And common sense wasn't what it used to be

Because common sense used to come out of common agreement
about life....

And it was hard to come to a common agreement about suicide.

And as if that wasn't enough, and outer space a big enough problem,

Inner space was shrinking

And there wasn't enough space for all the people...

What with people living so long... and babies coming along so fast..

And people going where the jobs were... and the cities

Running out of room.

WOMAN I

(IN A SING SONG WAY) One thing at a time and that done well

Is a very good plan as any can tell.

MAN I

One thing at a time? There wasn't any time!

The centuries had got all mixed up.

Four or five centuries were running along together in the world.

There were people in the world still living in the 16th century,

While, here and there, there was some scientists working on the 21st.

And in our own country we had the 19th and 20th running
Side by side.

And nobody knew what anyone else meant when he said
"The good old days."

And what with everyone trying to save the world or his own skin
There wasn't much harmony in the world.

WOMAN I But there was one thing that everyone had in common...
In the whole world everyone had had a mother and father...
Everyone knew what a family was...
The family unit is universal.
It can be found in every society... in every culture...
Along with the three personal pronouns...
I... thou... and he.
For the anthropologist tells us...

MAN III Every society's patterns for living must provide approved and
sanctioned ways for dealing with such universal circumstances
as the existence of two sexes; the helplessness of infants;
the need for satisfaction of the elementary biological
requirements such as food, warmth and sex; and the presence
of individuals of different ages and of differing physical
and other capacities.

WOMAN I And a society can do all right... in any century
If it can pass these tests.
And the way it passes these tests well
Is to keep the family unit strong.

MAN III (STRUMS ON GUITAR WHILE HE REPEATS IN A FAR AWAY FASHION) Every society's patterns for living must provide approved and sanctioned ways for dealing with such universal circumstances as the existence of two sexes. two sexes. . . man and woman. . . Adam and Eve. . . male and female. . . boy and girl. . . careless love.

SPOTLIGHT ON MAN III, THE SINGER

(SINGS CARELESS LOVE)

MAN AND WOMAN

SPOTLIGHT GOES OFF SINGER. A SLIGHT PAUSE AND A SPOTLIGHT OF ROSY COLOR IS ON MAN AND WOMAN SEATED ON 2 STOOLS PLACED AT SIDE OF STAGE. THEY SIT UPRIGHT AND STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD AS THEY BEGIN SCENE.

WOMAN II (SPEAKS AS IN A TRANCE) I come to you with what I have. . . .

Some unfinished dreams of glamour and success. . .

Some talents I haven't tried. . .

Some desires that will not diminish

Some ideas of what it's like to be married

That I got from home.

I'd like to have some pretty curtains like Marie

And I'd like to live in a house some day

Instead of a two room apartment.

MAN II I come to you with what I want. . . .

I want to get ahead. . .

I want to have a home to come home to. . .

And a hot meal that tastes good...

(My mother was a pretty good cook.)

I'd like to make a lot of money, but I don't suppose I will...

I know some fellows that did... no brighter than I am...

I want to have fun just like I do now...

With the boys. I won't give that up.

I haven't much to give except all the things I want...

And I want you.

WOMAN I Miss Woman... meet Mr. Man.

WOMAN II (TURNS TOWARD MAN) Hello. (MAN TURNS TOWARD WOMAN)

MAN II Hello. (PAUSE) You're the prettiest girl here.

WOMAN II Oh. You're just kidding me.

MAN II Will you marry me?

WOMAN II I hardly know you.

MAN II That's all right (HALF SINGS, HALF TALKS) Some enchanted evening.. you may meet a stranger.....

WOMAN II I love that song.

MAN II So do I... now. Do you like the movies?

WOMAN II Yes I do.

MAN II I know you'd like the same things I do! I could tell!

WOMAN II Could you really?

MAN II Will you marry me?

WOMAN II I'm afraid.

MAN II Why? Why?

WOMAN I (SPOTLIGHT STAYS ON MAN AND WOMAN WHO STARE STRAIGHT AHEAD) (WHILE WOMAN I SPEAKS OUT OF THE DARKNESS)

She has always been afraid, that's why...
She cannot tell you, she does not know how.
But there is a house of fear,
A dark and gloomy house,
The throats of those who live there constrict as they approach.
The heart beats faster as the door opens.
The darkness on the inside is broken by little lights
Lighting up isolated souls.
Each soul sits in surrounding shadows,
Fearful of the words that might jump out,
Fearful of what he might say,
Of what might be said.
It is a familiar fear, a family fear,
Fear of the truth, held in silence;
Fear of the words which die as they fall out of cold mouths.
The family has said..... we will not speak of that which lies
on our hearts,
But we will only speak of that which does not matter,
And this way we will keep a roof over our heads.
(PAUSE) This was her house.... her family...
And now she lives alone.

WOMAN II (URGENTLY TURNING TOWARD MAN) I'm tired of being alone!
Yes. I will marry you!

WOMAN I Watch it, woman. Be careful...
You are marrying a man...
Not a baby sitter to keep you company

MAN II We'll get married. And we won't have any kids....

WOMAN II Why? Why? (SPOTLIGHT STAYS ON MAN I WHO SPEAKS NOW
OUT OF DARKNESS)

MAN I You know, why, old man, but you won't tell....

You won't tell how un-dear to your heart are the scenes of
your child hood....

The baleful eye of your father

Angry with dreariness and hopelessness...

(TO HIMSELF) Always taking it out on one of his kids.

You'd wait and see

And you could always tell when he was going to blow..

Always watching... waiting...

Trying not to be around when it happened.

MAN II (TURNS ANGRILY TOWARD WOMAN)

We're not going to have kids! (SOFTLY) I'm enough kid for you
to take care of. You'll have your hands full with me.

MAN I Watch it, old man. You're marrying a woman. A wife.

Not another mother to take care of you.

MAN & WOMAN: Let's get married!

(THEY TURN TOWARD EACH OTHER IN SPOTLIGHT AND HOLD THIS
THIS POSE DURING CEREMONY)

MAN II (HE HAS TAKEN A POSITION AT THE TOP OF STEPS ON PLATFORM.
SPOTLIGHT ON HIM. (STROKE ON GUITAR) All marriage is sacred..
in that it is a premise on which to practice and perfect our relation-
ships to the human family. Do you hear that?

MAN & WOMAN: I do.

MAN II (STROKE ON GUITAR) All marriages at their start begin in the Garden of Eden, promising to start a new world, to establish a world pattern based on love, harmony, cooperation, equal partnership of the only two sexes we have. . . . male and female. . . . Do you understand?

MAN & WOMAN: I do.

MAN III (STROKE ON GUITAR) All marriages let the world down, threaten our future, when they are unable to establish this pattern because they infect society with false relationships based on false assumptions; they send out of the small world of the family, blind handicapped progeny who do not recognize their relatives in the human family. Do you know what you're doing?

MAN & WOMAN: I do.

MAN II Stand and repeat with us:

(MAN AND WOMAN STAND IN SPOTLIGHT)

Family life is a preparation for life. . .

(HE STROKES HIS GUITAR)

CHORUS: A school, a church,
A place to graduate from,
A place to understand love,
A place to carry in our hearts,
A place to leave,
A place to return to,
A place, above all, to keep whole.

MAN III (IN CADENCE WITH PRECEDING) We pronounce you man and wife.
(MAN AND WIFE SIT. ARMS FOLDED. LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD)

WOMAN II I want to get a job

I can do lots of things.

MAN II No.

I wish you'd learn how to cook

Instead of unfreezing things.

WOMAN II No.

I want some pretty curtains like Marie.

MAN II No.

I want to take a second job, nights.

Make more money.

WOMAN II No.

I'd like to have a house

Instead of this dinky flat.

MAN II (STRONGER) No.

I'm going out tonight with the boys.

WOMAN II (STRONGER) No.

I'm going to have a baby.

MAN II (STRONG) NO!

SPOTLIGHT OUT ON MAN AND WOMAN.

MAN III, THE SINGER, SPEAKS IN DARK

MAN III (STRUMS A LITTLE AS HE REPEATS) Every society's patterns for living must provide approved ways for dealing with such universal circumstances as the existence of two sexes; the helplessness of infants (SPOTLIGHT COMES UP ON HIM AS HE SINGS A LULLABY)

THE INFANT AND THE WORLD

LIGHTS OUT. LIGHTS FLASH ACCOMPANIED BY RUMBLE AND CRASH

MAN II It was a time of explosions...and the child was born..
Part of a tremendous population explosion..
Fragment of the baby boom of the fifties....

WOMAN II There will be a thing that comes out whole
And it will be a human being
A whole human being
Tiny but perfect.
And in its heart is inscribed nothing.
It is for you to write in that heart.
It is not your heart; it will soon close against you,
And it will open one day to others
If you are careful what you write.
Write: beware of others...
And you will find it obeyed.
Write... love others... and the same.
Write.... love me and forget all others
And you will see a whole human being
Shrivel to fit this small demand.
Write "work" and see "play" disappear...
Write "duty" and see lovely imagination depart.

WOMAN I But what shall we write when we know so little...
Upon the heart of this small, whole, perfect human being?

CHORUS

Welcome... welcome... welcome....

MAN I

Let the whole human family write "welcome" to this child

For this is our obligation.....

So that he grows no false roots in time or place...

And loses his directions...

And runs down dead end streets...

His eyes so glazed with fear he cannot recognize

Himself... or us... his family.

MAN II

And so this child was born...

Part of the population explosion.

A restless population drawn from many parts of the world

In half a century.

Drawn through the knothole of a depression...

Drawn by war into clusters of industry

Around the big cities.

Drawn hither and thither after the war

Looking for the American Dream

Of opportunity, success, education and two cars.

MAN II

Suddenly the population exploded

And its increase poured ever more heavily into the cities...

Leaving the sparse living of the farm

For the golden hope of the city...

Leaving the gray neighborhoods of one city

For the gray neighborhoods of another city...

Neighborhoods which had held the hopes of families from every land, .

Generations of newcomers

Who came with "tomorrow" in their minds

And not too much baggage.

MAN I

And now the new explosion... sending its streams of people..

Pouring into the west...

Pouring steadily out of the south...

Coming out of the hills...

Coming up the great river valleys

Into the sprawling city clusters

Into the land of promise..

WOMAN II

And the cities rocked and rumbled

As the people tumbled in, crowded in,

And found a room and unpacked their habits and their troubles...

And their children went out to play and got tangled up in the alleys

And lost their way in the debris of the explosion.

And families packed their troubles and moved again...

A few states away, a few miles away, a few blocks away,

For a better place... a better school, a better job.

MAN II

And the cities' elders said

These neighborhoods are disorganized... unstable..

Besides which they're dirty and unsafe.

And they tore some of them down and leveled the ground

And put up big clean apartment buildings...

But the crowded neighborhoods continued to multiply,

Because the people continued to multiply....

And there were more families than ever

Looking for a place to call their own.

(SPOT OFF MAN II)

MAN III

(SINGS SOFTLY SONG OF HOME, NOSTALGIA FOR A PLACE)

The city is a great stone god lying on his back,

So big no one can see him all at once.

Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum... he'll grind your bones to make his bread.

He has riches to give and he can kill

Flat on his back. He is strong.

You cannot slay this giant as Jack the Giantkiller did...

And steal the goose that lays the golden eggs.

You cannot slay him because you cannot find his heart.

His beautiful head is adorned with emerald parks,

Diamond-studded entertainment, priceless treasures for your use...

The libraries, museums, all are there for you to use.

Enter. He will not bite.

His long arms and legs stretch out and out

And the children play among his fat suburban fingers.

And never know what he looks like.

But in the crevice of his arms and neck there are dark shadows...

Where light comes seldom through the dirty air...

He lies there uncaring and uncared for.

Too big to see his head and feet at once...

Swarming with people he lies there... in the sun and rain...

Generous with his smoke, his filth, his treasures...

Drawing more and more people to him like a magnet...

Uncaring and uncared for.

MAN II

(SPOT OFF MAN I MAN III HUMS BRIEF REPRISE OF SONG HE
JUST SANG)

SPOT ON MAN II

MAN II

And this was the city the child was born into...

A city of many worlds....

There was the Junior World and the Senior World

Running on different clocks...

Not synchronized with the world in the middle.

The clock ticks fast in the world in the middle

And everyone runs to keep up with it.

The clock ticks slow in the Senior World

And everyone follows the rule...

Walk, don't run, to the nearest exit...

But in the Junior World the clock doesn't run...

Time stands still.

(SPOT ON MAN I)

MAN I

The Junior World notices the nervousness...

They don't like nervousness, they don't like nervous adults...

They don't know why the adults watch the clock...

Because their clocks don't run.

They look at these silly, scampering, harried adults

Who run by the clock,

And they say... not for us.... play it cool,.. not for us....

They act so worried, so anxious,

But they aren't worried about us....

They're worried about themselves, whether they'll be on time.

They're worried about the explosions...

They're just jumpy, that's all.... Not for us.

They got a strange world, man, for us to jump into..

A strange world, man. Not for us.

A rumble in the dark, a few guys get hurt...

But the world they want us to join...

Boom! Everybody gets hurt! Your mother... a baby kid, even...

Nuts, that's no rumble! No rules!

Crazy adults. They want to blow up half the world

And poison the other half.

And then they say...

You come here, you pre-delinquent kids.

You gotta be constructive, good citizens, participate with the group.

They say...

"We gotta reach out to those street corners."

(PAUSE REBELLIOUSLY)

What are we doin' on the street corner that's as bad as what

They're doin' to the world?

They got another word for us...

"Non-conforming."

Everything we do is something they do

But when we do it, it's "non-conforming."

Of course, they say, "what about the cars?"

And they got us there... we can't afford cars always..

So we steal them.

They don't steal cars; they'd rather cheat the government.

They're too smart to steal a car.

When we get to be adults, we'll be too smart, too.

Then we'll know how to work a swindle sheet.

(FALSE. TRYING TO GET SYMPATHY) But we're just kids, now...

Standing on the corner,.... watching all the girls go by.

Too bad we can't vote.

Boy! Would we have the power!

Between 1950 and 1965 the teen age population will increase 70%....

and the total population will increase only 25%.

SEVENTY PERCENT! How does that grab you?

It doesn't worry us because we aren't teens long enough to care.

But you're an adult a long time, boy!

(BRIEF PAUSE DOUBLE TAKE) Hey! We'll be adults in 1965!

What are we gonna do with all those kids?

Lousy delinquents beating up on people!

Man!

I'm leavin! I'm findin' a small island with banana trees.

CHORUS SHUT UP! You're drafted.

MAN I (LIGHT FADES OUT ON HIM AS HE SAYS)

Are there any banana trees on Okinawa? Sayonara?

WOMAN I (PRATTING) Don't worry. The army will make a man of him.

MAN II (LIGHT FADES UP ON HIM. HE TAKES HIS TIME, HE'S WEARY)

Well, pardon us for living.

We're that tired world in the middle...

The jumpy ones, the clock-watchers, train-catchers, committee-goers.

Pardon us for living.

What we lived was wrong, it looks like,

But it was the best thing we knew at the time...

And we put everything we had in it.
We fought it out with the depression.
Organized, gave it all we had, got over that,
Got into the war, fought the Japanese and the Germans
With a passionate hatred which we now have forgotten.
We weren't making the world safe for democracy....
But dangerous for dictatorship, totalitarianism.
We thought once that was out of the way
There would be a world of good will; no race nor creed
Would matter.
Anyone who could fight this way
Could win against discrimination... we thought.
We thought the white heat of urgency and passion
Would make us all brothers... forever.
And then when all the urgency was over we turned and said...
It will never happen again. Now, peace...
And housing... education.... kids.... security....
And then when we had said "security", we said,
Toasters, electric blankets, automatic dryers,
Houses on two levels, higher wages, vacations to Europe.
And the government said taxes.
And we said it's all for the kids. And we went to church
and temple....
Because it's good for family life. And family life is the thing.
And we got off the team with the government. It was a friend
in the war....

It was now like a cop lurking to catch a speeder...

And we learned where the speed traps were.

And we bought a second car, a blender, a powered lawn mower,

And a 22 inch set to take the place of the old 17.

And important things began to cloud our minds...

Batting averages of the Yankees and what Milton Berle said...

(PAUSE) Peace was all we wanted till we had it...

Then it was prosperity...

And progress.....

And we got them all in a pretty package wrapped up in smiles.

And the headlines mounted about the kids, our kids,

And family life was not all beer and skittles,

Although we tried everything that came along.

We played with the kids.... we prayed....

The family that prays together stays together.

We built a barbecue in the back yard for hamburgers and

Togetherness.

We read the Reader's Digest and discovered how it felt

To be an alcoholic, an atheist who found God, a criminal.

We read Spock, went to the P. T. A., the League of Women Voters,

The business clubs and back to church.

(VERY WEARY)

And so... pardon us for living...

We're tired, and we take it easy nights in front of the TV set

And watch the westerns now. We watch the hero

He's all the things we aren't.

He always kills the villain, never in doubt.

He takes law and order into his own hands. Boom!

He punctuates our evenings with explosions;

He is calm, judicious, deadly.

He doesn't need an education in law, human behavior, community
organization. . .

He knows what is good and what is bad.

Things are simple for him out there on the frontier. Real simple.

Thank God somebody has the drop on these vicious cattle stealers,
bank robbers and saloon monopolizers!

Because that's what worries us today!

We're afraid we'll lose our cattle before round-up time!

We worry about those bank robbers holding Wells Fargo up
at Lone River Pass!

It's a big help to know that one man with a fast gun hand
can keep the peace.

(PAUSE. THEN A DEFEATED WEARINESS)

We've got to believe that the fastest one to draw and shoot

is the only strength. I guess. (SPOT FADES OUT ON MAN II)

(SPOTLIGHT COMES UP ON SINGER, MAN III)

(SETTLES BACK AND SINGS A REAL WESTERN WESTERN SONG)

WOMEN I (SHE HAS THE SPRIGHTLY VOICE OF AGE) (SPOT FADES UP ON HER)

Well, I watch the westerns, too,

But not because I like them so much. . . .

It's just that I don't have anything to do nights

To speak of.

Of course, I fill my time. I'm not idle. By any means

(OUT OF THE DARKNESS THE OTHER VOICES COME TO HER)

WOMAN II Mrs. Grandmother, would you mind a table at our rummage sale next month?

WOMAN I I'd love to. Is there something I should do or know ahead of time?

WOMAN II No. Not a thing. Just come on the day of the sale.

WOMAN I Oh. All right. I'll be there. You can count on me.

MAN I Mrs. G., we've been given your name as one of the ladies of the community who sets the pace. Would you let me tell you about our plan to completely renew your draperies and rugs?

WOMAN I I don't need any of those things. I don't need anything.

MAN II Mrs. G., would you like to join our Sunshine Club. We Senior Citizens have a really good time, and---

WOMAN I No! I'm too busy! I can hardly find time now for all the things I have to do!

WOMAN II Mrs. G., what say I drop the children off for a couple of hours. I'd like to take in a cocktail party. Okay? Could you give them supper?

WOMAN I I hope I have food....

WOMAN II Oh, anything. Eggs... toast...

WOMAN I All right, Mrs. Busy.

WOMAN II Oh, and Mrs. G. ----don't tell them any more of those stories about when you were a girl. You had Mary Jean very upset last time. She worried about you. Couldn't get you off her mind.

WOMAN I (TOUCHED) She shouldn't have worried!

WOMAN II Just let them watch television. They don't take that so seriously.

WOMAN I (SLOWLY... TO HERSELF) No... I should think not. She worried about me! Bless her heart!

(PAUSE)

Between the mailman's ring and the next day...

There is a lot of silence in my life.

Of course, there's the telephone, radio, tv,

And church and Ladies Wednesday Club.

The noisy din of a busy house

I think I miss.

But when I'm around a lot of people I get nervous.

I suppose being alone is a kind of time...

Just as much a part of life

As the other times.

I'm not used to it yet, that's all.

I find myself wondering if I'm really here at all...

And feeling aimless.

The man I loved all my life is gone.

The energy I once had is gone, too.

My children are not gone, but far away...

And I live, I'm ashamed to say, from the mailman's ring

To the next day.

MAN II And this was the world the infant was born into...

The churning, changing city...

City of many worlds...

The Junior World, the Senior World,

The World in the Middle

This is the world he came into. . . .

This baby, this fragment of the population explosion.

(SPOT OFF MAN II)

MAN III

(IN THE DARKNESS, SINGS. . . . "Lonesome Road")

WHEN HE FINISHES, THERE IS A CRASHING EXPLOSION
WHICH DIES AWAY SLOWLY.

SPOT COMES UP ON WOMAN II (SHE STANDS ON PLATFORM
BEHIND THE OTHER PERFORMERS)

WOMAN II It was a time of explosions...

MAN I The people had got used to explosions...

WOMAN I It was a nervous time..

MAN II There were new things created and old things destroyed....

WOMAN II (SHE SPEAKS AS A SEERESS) And then it happened. An explosion.
And this was the one that split the time itself.
Time itself lay in a heap of rubble
All about.

The people had no shelter
And at their feet were broken fragments of the past
And there was none among them who could separate
The pieces of the present from the pieces of the future.
It was all there in one big heap.

And so the people
(Because they were creative, even the least of them)

The people said... let us build a universal palace.
We will choose among these fragments of the past
The strongest and the best...

And they said... we have learned something from this heap of rubble
And that is this: we cannot separate the present from the future....
We cannot distinguish any difference...

So we will treat these pieces of the present and the future
As the same, and use the ones which fit our plan
For a universal palace.

WOMAN I And they said... we have learned something else;
There is no shelter for the human family except that which we create;
Choose we must to live as a family;
Withdrawal is impossible;
The family exists.
It is the universal pattern that every being knows....
(I... thou.... he....)
It is the beginning of universal peace.

MAN II In the architecture of our palace there will be the arch
 of understanding
Enscribed and decorated
With the curving scrolls of differences...
Unique, elaborate, proiferate, these differences....
Revered symbols of our humanity.

MAN I And in our palace we will put language in its place,
We will not bow down before the phrase we utter,
We will not be regimented by columns of print
Nor wear the uniform offered by liquid tongues
Who would command and marshall us by categories and types.

WOMAN II We will not confue description with reality....
Language can serve to tell us what we are....

MAN II Upper class, middle class, lower middle class...

WOMAN I Mature, anti-social, other-directed....

MAN I We are a multi-channeled servo-system modulated by a computer
 system....

MAN II An animal with free will, . . . a behavioristic robot . . . a tool user.

WOMAN II Language can publish the passenger list,
The arrival time and departure of each voyager . . .
But it cannot tell us who we are.
Upon arrival we do not know who we are . . .
And if we do not know when we depart . . .
It is because language has drowned us out . . .
Robbed us of our uniqueness, taken away
The consciousness of individual value or dignity.

MAN I In our universal palace we will put language in its place . . .
For if we don't . . .
We will not listen to the silences . . .
The unspoken appeal
The tentative, experimental demonstration of the self.
For if we don't . . .
We will not listen,
We will not hear
Whole personalities behind the curtain of silence
Crying to be known
In all uniqueness.

WOMAN II No, we will not bow down before the phrase we utter . .
But if we bow it will be in reverence
To the inexpressible depths of each human being . .

And our bow will be a token of our recognition

Of his dignity and value.

And this... the inexpressible.. is our common bond..

Our family tie.

SPOT FADES OUT

(There is a single final slow stroke of the guitar)

STAGE LIGHTS ON

That's Man



THAT'S MAN

Written & Produced by: Ruth Moore, Community Program Counsellors
Chicago, Illinois

Presented at: 87th Annual Forum of the
National Conference on Social Welfare
in Atlantic City, N. J., June 8, 1960

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON SOCIAL WELFARE
22 West Gay Street - Columbus 15, Ohio

THAT'S MAN

PROLOGUE

OLD MAN ENTERS

STANDS CENTER

SPEAKS

Man is an imperfect instrument

But the best instrument maker that ever came
over the fence

Tool maker; that's Man.

Detector of secrets; that's Man.

Prier into the Universe; that's Man.

Not satisfied with what he's been told,

Suspecting that Mother doesn't know best; that's Man.

Scaring himself half to death

With what he's able to find out; that's man.

Unable to go back and scared to go forward; that's Man.

THAT'S MAN

STORYTELLER

(SINGS AN ANCIENT FOLK SONG)

Once upon a time a child was born
To the King and his Queen.
And everyone brought gifts
And the gifts were all beautiful and drew everyone's
admiration,
When, suddenly, an old woman walked into the gathering
And in a manner of benediction
Hung her words above the child:

WOMAN

(IN DARKNESS)

There will come a day when you will curse these gifts
And they will be ashes to you;
You will look into the shadows
And these toys will not lighten up the dark places.
You will be lost in a great darkness
Your feet will falter
And you will not be able to warm yourself at any fire.
Nothing will be asked of you that you cannot do,
But you will ask much of yourself
That you cannot answer.

STORYTELLER

And the everyone was furious and banished the
unbidden guest.

And as the child grew he was sheltered from the
darkness.

He was the young prince of his household
And the king and the queen lifted him from day to day
With their love,
And looked forward to the day when he would rule
his kingdom.

They supplied him with food for his body
And food for his mind
And gentle companions with whom he tussled and
tried his strength
And the day came when there was another celebration
For he had come of age.
There were lights, and dancing and play,
And philosophers came to test his understanding
And were well satisfied.

(TREATED AS A SONG)

For he had seen suffering and knew it must
be relieved
And he had seen the lesser animals bring forth
their young
And live out their lives and die.
And he had seen fear and knew it was a form
of suffering
And he knew no way of relieving it
And he knew he did not know.
And the philosophers were satisfied
And praised his attainments and his modesty.
When all the celebration was over
The king called him in.

KING

It is our custom now
Although your mother and I should like to keep you here
For you to spend a year in pursuit of your new manhood,
A year and a day of ruling, not others, but yourself.
And you may choose to do it anywhere you wish,
In the forest, by the sea, alone, or with others.

Wherever you go, be it down the road a few miles
Or to the other side of the world
You will be expected.

No one will know you as we do
But they will look into your face
And they will know they were expecting you.

MAN I do not understand this. I am comfortable here.
(GROWING ANGRY)

Why must I leave?
How can I pursue my manhood any better elsewhere?
How can I choose to leave?
Where am I to choose to go?

KING It is our custom.

MAN I am angry and I don't know why.
How do you know when I go that I will come back?
There are other customs, perhaps, than this one.

KING The earth is round and man travels in circles.
You cannot go so far away that you will not return.

MAN My thoughts have left already.
I will follow my thoughts.

STORYTELLER On the other side of the world
They were inclined to laugh when he walked in
And said he had come to stay with them.
They denied that they were expecting him,
And they laughed again when he said he was a king's son.
If he would stay he must work as all the others do.

The young man worked and they gave him money
And told him he had earned it.
And others came to take it away from him

Telling him they had earned it.
And he learned to imitate this way of doing things
While never understanding it.
He knew it was their custom and courteously he
followed it.

And so the year passed in following customs
Customs so meaningless to him
That the year was like a long dream
And when he awoke at year's end
He asked himself what it had meant
And if he had now found his manhood.

On a sunlit spring day he sat and asked himself the
question
And the question came back to him bigger than ever
And it blotted out the sun
And he sat there in the dark.

The question sat there with him
And when he finally roused his aching bones
And tried to follow custom,
To eat and sleep and work,
The question went with him and got in his way.

WOMAN

(IN DARKNESS)
You will be lost in a great darkness,
Your feet will falter
And you will not be able to warm yourself at any fire.
Nothing will be asked of you that you cannot do
But you will ask much of yourself
That you cannot answer.

STORYTELLER

(HUMMING A LITTLE OF "GOING HOME")

And it wasn't long before he was on his way home
Remembering that his father said
The world was round and men travel in circles.
And the question went along with him.
And as he made his way along the road
He came upon an old man sitting under a tree
Facing the road.

OLD MAN

Hello, there, young man.
I've been expecting you.

MAN

I'm on my way home.

OLD MAN

I know. Sit down and visit a while.
I'm a very gregarious old man
And I like to talk.

MAN

I'll sit down a while
But I don't know how gregarious I am
Or how much I like to talk.

OLD MAN

That's all right with me, feller,
I'll do the talking for both of us.
I suppose you want to know
Why I sit here under a tree?
Well, it's something I always wanted to do,
And now that I'm in the third third of my life
That's what I'm going to do,
Because now is the time I can do just about what
I want to do.
I like to think and I like to talk,
And enough people come down the road
And sit a while with me and let me talk

And enough time passes in between to let me think.
Now, looking at you, I'd say you were just coming
to the end

Of the first third of your life.

That's right, isn't it?

MAN

I wouldn't know.

OLD MAN

You wouldn't be walking down this road

If you were in the second third;

You wouldn't be acting so listless

You wouldn't be saying "I wouldn't know"

If you were in the second third;

You might feel that way, but you wouldn't act that way,

You might not know--but you'd say you did know,

You'd be brisk, you'd be decisive,

If you were in the second third of your life;

And you wouldn't be sitting

With an old man under a tree. You wouldn't have time.

MAN

How will I know when I'm in the second third of my life?

OLD MAN

You'll know.

That's the jostling and bustling part,

A free-for-all contest with a bunch of prizes...

Free tickets...gadgets...worthless toys,

Full of fierce struggles, bruises, wounds

Full of green stamps and coupons,

Full of elation and despair;

Full of opportunities to take sides, join up with others,

Full of danger for those who stand alone;

Full of choices for unimportant things

And no time for anything else.

Big projects...grave danger...no time

MAN I'm not sure I'd care for that.

OLD MAN You'll like it! Once you get in the swing of it.
Married?

MAN No.

OLD MAN You'll like that, too. Once you get in the swing of it.

MAN I don't know anything about women.

OLD MAN They don't know much about themselves.
They don't make much sense.
But they're steady,
And they can live with good and evil
Better than a man.

MAN I am on my way home
And it may be a long way from here
So I think I'd better go.
I don't think it's like what you said,
Where I come from.
I don't remember any jostling or bustling part.
My home is very different.

OLD MAN What you are remembering is your childhood.
That was a princely time
With high walls protecting you
From the second third of your life
Don't seek it now. You won't find it.

MAN I must be going, but before I go
I have an important question...

OLD MAN If it is an important question
Hang it on the wall of your room
And look at it every day.
For your question is the tip on the arrow
Of your answer.

If it is an important question
Do not ask others for the answer
For they can only give you the answer
To their own question.

STORYTELLER (PUNCTUATES A PAUSE WITH A STROKE ON THE GUITAR_

And as the young man continued his journey
His hunger led him to an orchard which looked promising
So he climbed the fence.

WOMAN Hello.

MAN Oh! I'm sorry. I just thought I'd--

WOMAN Come in. This is the Garden of Eden.
I'm Eve. I've been waiting for you.

MAN I realize I'm trespassing,
But I was so hungry.

WOMAN Here. Have an apple.

MAN Thanks.

WOMAN Good?

MAN Very good.

WOMAN Want another?

MAN I--I don't think I should.

WOMAN Don't be frightened.
You have to have a knowledge of good and evil.

MAN Well, all right.
Where's the snake?

WOMAN Who needs him?

MAN Well, I certainly thank you.
The apples were delicious.

WOMAN We'll take some with us.

MAN We will?

WOMAN We might get hungry.

MAN We might?

Look--I'm going home.

WOMAN I'm going with you.

We can get married when we get there.

MAN Why don't you stay in the Garden of Eden?

WOMAN Nobody ever does.

STORYTELLER And they took up the journey together

Eating apples along the way.

And all at once he was standing on a hilltop

And there below was his home.

Home..he had never wanted to leave it,

Home..he had found his way back to it.

And he left Eve on the hilltop waiting

While he walked, and then ran,

To the door of his palace and cried, "I am home."

(SONG)

Everyone was glad to see him.

But something had happened to the palace

While he was gone. It had lost its imposing appearance

And it seemed much smaller. Still it was home.

Everyone was glad to see him.

But there was a hustle and a bustle about the place

That he didn't like.

His mother seemed very much in a hurry

And his father excused himself twice

In the first few minutes of reunion

To take care of some important business or other.

Still it was home.

It was wonderful to be home,
But just as he settled back for a long talk
He remembered Eve up on the hilltop waiting,
And he wondered how to break the news.
But when he told the king and queen
They seemed to be expecting it, and welcomed her
Gaily, and without question.
And then they dashed off to a meeting
Leaving him with Eve.

The wedding was a hastily arranged affair.
The queen had to sandwich it in
Between a meeting she was chairing and a conference
For the exchange of information.
The king was able to re-schedule a meeting on
Long range action programs based on
Comprehensive surveys of The Need
So that he could stay for the reception.

And so, for the second time, the young man left home.

MAN

Everywhere I go something seems to be required of me.
Now they tell me the time has come to make choices,
But I am concerned about something else. I am not ready.
I don't feel the urge to get into this part of my life.
Why don't we go back to the forest,
Back to the Garden of Eden?

WOMAN

We left it.
For better or for worse, for good or evil
We left it. Apple?

MAN

What kind of a partner are you?

When I need you the most you offer me an apple.

How can I make a decision, a choice,

With this kind of foolish mate?

WOMAN

You fool yourself all the time, don't you?

Your choice is made for you.

What decision? Where can you go?

Don't you realize everywhere you've gone you've
been expected?

This is the world we live in.

About the only decision you can make is whether to
live or die.

How else can you remove yourself from it?

You can't go home and you can't go back to the
Garden of Eden.

Get in and fight for the prize!

MAN

You are irrational! What prize?

Don't push me around! I must have time to think.

I am not like the others.

And I will not be told what to do.

WOMAN

Let's have a baby.

It will take your mind off your troubles.

LIGHTS OUT

MAN

That's what I mean! How can a man think.

STORYTELLER

(SONG: MOURNFUL QUALITY OF
You ain't got no father, you ain't got no mother,
You left them behind when first you did roam,
You ain't got no sister, you ain't got no brother,
You're just like a cowboy, a long way from hom.

OLD MAN

(IN DARKNESS)

You'll like it! Once you get in the swing of it.

...the jostling and bustling part,

A free-for-all contest with a bunch of prizes...

Free tickets...gadgets...worthless toys...

Fierce struggles...green stamps..

You'll like it! John Henry didn't get no green stamps!

STORYTELLER (SINGS: John Henry told his cap'n,
Said "A man ain't nothing but a man,
And before I'd let that steam drill beat me down
I'd die with this hammer in my hand.
Lawd, Lawd, I'd die with the hammer in my hand."

WOMAN (THIS SCENE IS PLAYED AT A RAPID PACE)

Did you get a job today?

MAN Why do you always press me?

Why couldn't you wait and let me tell you

In my own good time?

WOMAN I got a job.

MAN You can't.

WOMAN We can use the money with a baby coming.

MAN I won't have it! No wife of mine--

WOMAN There's an apple on the table.

Supper will be ready soon.

MAN To meet you was to love you

But to know you is to hate you.

WOMAN To hate me is to hate yourself.

I am the dark part of yourself

The part you can't see or know except through me.

You see only your own light

But for me you are the darkness

And I hate the darkness just as much as you do.

MAN I am married and bound to an irrational woman.

But there is no one else to talk to.

Yes! I have a job! And it is a good one.

We will be able to live decently.
You won't have to work. What do you say to that?

WOMAN I'll think about it.

MAN Yes. See what you can do along those lines.

STORYTELLER It was hustle and bustle all right
And no king and queen around to control the environment
To look after your welfare for you.
The king and queen were just part of the bustle,
 themselves.
But there was much that recalled the first third
 of his life:
The gentle companions of his youth were a little rougher,
The fear and suffering was more extensive,
And more was required of him than understanding;
He found he must help to alleviate fear and suffering.

And his own home was a palace,
And a young prince growing up
Leaning on a king and queen
Not quite living happily everafter.

WOMAN I can't see why you have to work so hard.

MAN You always wanted me to get ahead, didn't you?

WOMAN You're never home any more.
It isn't worth it.

MAN It's the price of the things we have,
The security we will always have.

WOMAN There are other things.

MAN I can't understand you.
But that's nothing new.

WOMAN There are other things.

MAN All right. What are they?

WOMAN Peace. Contentment with very little.

Time to know something very well...

Besides what brand to use for people who can only brush
once a day.

MAN I wish you wouldn't sit and brood.

Take each moment without yearning for some other moment.

This is the second third of our lives.

The third third will come...when there will be time.

WOMAN When we get older we'll get sick and die.

But that is nothing new.

We know that from the start.

Are you afraid of the third third of our lives?

MAN No.

WOMAN Why not?

MAN Because--of many things.

Because I had to leave my father's house

And seek my manhood,

And when a year and a day had passed

I sat in darkness because I had not found it.

I was lost in a great darkness, my feet faltered,

And I was not able to warm myself at any fire.

Nothing was asked of me that I could not do

But I asked much of myself that I could not answer.

WOMAN Were you very unhappy?

MAN Yes, I was.

I asked myself if I was a man and I did not know,

And I was lost. As I tried to find my way home

I met an old man under a tree.

There was a time when my father was my father.

Then the old man became my father.

Then a day came when I became my father,

When I realized that I should pursue my manhood...

Not seize it.

To me, that is what the old man meant

When he told me to hang my question on the wall of my room

And look at it every day.

It is the quest, the pursuit that matters,

Not the capture.

We need enough life, enough liberty,

For the pursuit of happiness.

WOMAN I didn't know you were so deep.

MAN I didn't know it myself until I heard myself.

WOMAN Life...

MAN Each man gets one precarious life

And the Three Sisters are still cutting it off

At various lengths.

WOMAN Liberty...

MAN Each man's liberty is snipped at and curtailed from birth

By the tyrants who are bigger than he is...

First his mother and his father...

Then the institutions and the mechanisms of society.

WOMAN And the pursuit of happiness...

MAN Each man must have a room within him

More furnished when he is old than when he was young

Where he can hang his questions on the wall

Where he can light a fire to warm his smiles

Where the furniture fits his oddities

And he can stretch out in comfort...

A room of acceptance.

If he cannot get in it, he cannot accept others,
Nor can he care about their lives...their liberties.

WOMAN

We must keep the fires glowing in our children
So they will always know how to warm their rooms.
The child glows with excitement when he finds a bug
And glows with contentment when he sleeps in loving arms.

MAN

Curiosity is the fire which warms our solitude
Love is the fire which warms our loneliness
The child thrives on both.

WOMAN

The third third of our lives is still a long way off
The children aren't grown up yet
And we are dreaming.
Here we are living in the Sixties
In a time our children will look back on as their past
The Sixties! To think they will some day be
"The good old days" to our children.

STORYTELLER

(SINGS: Give me that old time religion)

OLD MAN

The good old days!
With none of the pesky problems of an aging population
Because the children got sick and died
Of things they don't even get any more.

The good old days!

When there was a gulf a lifetime wide
Between hicks and the cityfolks
And nothing in common between them.
And only a few people ever knew
What a governor, or a senator or a president
Looked and sounded like.

The good old days!

When an alcoholic was a no-good drunk
And nervous breakdowns sent the rich on long sea voyages
And the poor into shabby corners to hide.

The good old days!

When humility and clean clothes
Were the mark of the deserving poor,
Deserving a basket on Christmas and Thanksgiving.

The good old days!

When anybody with a bent hairpin
Could fix a model T Ford
And that was transportation.

WOMAN

What are the good old days of the Sixties going
to be called?

The gay, the fabulous, the roaring...Sixties?
We've had that.

The age of enlightenment...the age of reason...

The age of anxiety...

That, too, we've had.

OLD MAN

How about the age of break-throughs?

That isn't bad...breakthroughs.

Stick around and see how man rebels

Against old conditions and some new ones.

Breakthroughs in medicine against disease,

Breakthroughs in the pre-condition of disease.

Pollution of the air didn't start with the H-Bomb

But with the industrial revolution.

But a breakthrough about the condition of the air

Starts now.

Breakthroughs in the pre-condition of healthy
personalities

These will be the good old days for our children.

What are the Sixties going to be like?

More regulation, more standardization?

More prevention of the worst that can happen?

More provision for the best that can happen?

STORYTELLER

Once upon a time...we ate the forbidden fruit,

Once upon a time...we opened Pandora's box,

Once upon a time...we unlocked Bluebeard's forbidden door

(Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anyone coming?)

And the old tales always said we would

And we are faced with the knowledge of good and evil

And we cannot go home.

Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anyone coming?

Do you see any human individuals

Curious, spirited, questioning beings?

Rebellious souls shouting from the hilltops

Their dissatisfaction with the present blaring of TV?

The rattling of missile pads?

The dislocation of populations of people?

Spouting their complete boredom with priorities based on

Skin color?

Big progress. Big trouble. Big breakthroughs

in the Sixties.

OLD MAN

Trouble with Man is -

He doesn't know he's expected

STORYTELLER

He's always expected!

OLD MAN But he doesn't believe it!
And he gets worried!

STORYTELLER Feels he shouldn't do it!

OLD MAN Shouldn't ask -

STORYTELLER Shouldn't try -

OLD MAN Shouldn't argue -

STORYTELLER Shouldn't challenge the status quo -

OLD MAN Shouldn't peek -

STORYTELLER Everybody's known for centuries
That if there's a locked door
He's gonna make a key and open it!

OLD MAN If it's forbidden, he's gonna try it!

STORYTELLER He'll shake like a leaf, but he'll do it!

OLD MAN He's expected on the other side of that door

STORYTELLER He's expected on the other side of the moon!

OLD MAN Darn fool doesn't believe it.

WOMAN I expected him in the Garden of Eden.
Man is an imperfect instrument
But the best instrument maker that ever came
over the fence;
Tool maker; that's Man.
Prier into the Universe; that's Man.

MAN Not satisfied with what he's been told,
Suspecting that Mother doesn't know best; that's Man.
Scaring himself half to death
With what he's able to find out; that's Man.
Unable to go back and scared to go forward; that's Man.

STORYTELLER

Inventing cradle songs and stories to keep up his
spirits,

Tinkering all the time with systems

Which will take care of everybody. Creating systems

Which he doesn't care for after he's created them

Attacking his own system constantly

Because it doesn't love him...

Loving his tools which he made; that's Man.

But forever dissatisfied with his systems.

OLD MAN

And when it's all over he didn't find out;

He didn't get the whole answer.

The imperfect instrument begins to act up;

Fires flicker low and coldness comes.

But there is a lick or two of curiosity still there...

Unable to go back and scared to go forward; that's Man.

THIS IS THE WEEK
THAT WAS

Written by Chuck Odell

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON SOCIAL WELFARE

FUN NIGHT PROGRAM - MAY 25, 1965

This Is The Week That Was
Looks at Social Welfare
or
Social Welfare Improves Its Image

SCENE I

Narrator: Good Evening, ladies and gentlemen and all you other happy people. Welcome to THIS IS THE WEEK THAT WAS. Tonight TW 3 takes a hard look at Social Welfare, and we are well aware that Social Welfare is here with us glaring back. So let us get on with this Highball to Highball confrontation.

Our skit opens with a meeting called hurriedly under the non-partisan, non-committed sponsorship of the National Conference on Social Welfare. Present are representatives of the BIG 6 in the field - HEW, APWA, NASW, NCSW, CSWE, and NSWA. As we peep in on this happy little group the representative of HEW is speaking:

HEW: Friends of Social Welfare, I have asked Joe Hoffer to convene this meeting to discuss a very important - indeed, a most urgent problem.

NASW: Like how to implement the Medicare program?

HEW: Not at all - the insurance industry and the AMA are working overtime on us for that. I meant to say the insurance companies and the AMA are working overtime for us on that.

APWA: Well, if that's not it, let me guess, (pause) I know, you want to eliminate the categories and improve the matching formulas.

HEW: Really! I wish you people would stop interrupting my train of thought.

CSWE: Train! That's it - at long last you want to adopt our recommendations that social workers should be trained! Isn't that a switch!

HEW: Well! What on earth gave you that idea. Please stop interrupting and give me a chance to explain. I asked Joe to bring us together because we in welfare have a crisis on our hands. We're being attacked from all sides. The Children's Bureau addicts want to go back to a separate Bureau. Those senior citizen nuts want an administration all their own. Sargent Shriver says he's not interested in handouts. I've concluded that we've just got to improve our image. Why look what's happening in the Poverty Program!

NSWA: Yeah - we've had a vertical monopoly on poverty all our lives.

APWA: You mean the salaries they pay our people in the field.

NSWA: Well, that's part of it, but what I really meant was that nobody wanted to work with the poor as long as there was no money in it. But now that it's called Economic Opportunity every Johnny-come-lately from the Peace Corps, Industry, Labor, Psychology and Sociology is moving in and lapping up all the gravy. Why a self-respecting Social Worker doesn't have a chance!

*Board Members - Joe Hoffer, Helmut Shain, Ned Goldberg,
Kathryn Kendall, Annie Lee Sandusky*

HEW: Now you're getting the message! But let's not confuse the socio-economic status of our profession with the condition of our clients.

APWA: What clients? The way things are going we won't have any clients - particularly if the War Against Poverty succeeds. All we'll have is a bunch of organized and articulate pressure groups conducting sit-ins, stand-ins, sleep-ins and maybe even drive-ins!

CSWE: And if that keeps up we won't even be able to get into our offices any more.

HEW: Exactly, now you're beginning to see the big picture. Now as I see it, what we have to do is go clear back to the Bill of Rights and the constitution to remind people that General Welfare was uppermost in the minds of our founding fathers. Not categorical welfare, mind you, but General Welfare. That's our big pitch and that's how we can improve our image. Now let's get specific.

NCSW: How can you get specific about general welfare?

NASW: How about some TV spots - Look what the AMA has done with Eldercare!

NSWA: That's exactly what we want to avoid - we ought to be promoting the role of social welfare in good, sound and gripping family entertainment like the "Naked City", "East Side-West Side," "Dr. Ben Casey," "The Nurses," or even "Mr. Novak."

CSWE: How about some slinging commercials, like (sings to Jingle Bells)

Social Work, Social Work
We're the ones who care
Oh what fun yo' all will have
When you get on Welfare.

HEW: These are all splendid ideas, but they need polishing, coordination, and general firming up.

APWA: They also cost money - who's going to finance this face-lifting operation?

NASW: As I said before our clients get a better deal in pay and allowances than most of us do.

NCSW: Don't look at us - we couldn't pay for time between the Late Late Show and the Early Early Show.

CSWE: As you all know very well, we had a grant from the Ford Foundation and now that that's gone, we don't really have enough money to print our letterhead - much less our final reports.

APWA: Why don't we take our problem to the grass roots?

HEW: Let's not get the Agricultural extension people involved in this.

APWA: Why not? Look what they've done for the Beatles!

HEW: That's it. Why didn't I think of that! Of course, I suppose we'll have to set up another one of those interagency Task Forces to work on this problem. After all the general welfare is a pretty big thing to be promoting, Beatles or No Beatles, and the only way I can see to get the money is to reduce the overhead on all these research and demonstration projects and use that money to promote welfare. Now I want you all to work with me on this idea - are you with it?

ALL: You bet we are. (Sing in unison to For You)

We will write you shows, commercials too
Welfare, for you
A job you will approve, our crew will do
Welfare, for you.
We'll give you some comedy
A Western, a Quiz
When you see our Nielson, you'll say we're a whiz!
Oh there's nothing on the air
We wouldn't do
Welfare, for you!

HEW: O.K. let's get going on this right away. I'll call Tony the Breeze and get his authorization. Who's going to line up the Beatles? (points to NCSW Rep) Why don't you get on the overseas phone right away. I'm sure it'll take some time to reach them on the phone with all that hair and everything.

(Scene ends with committee members scurrying off in all directions as HEW tries to call Washington and NCSW tries to reach Beatles overseas).

SCENE II

(Scene opens on Beatles arrayed in traditional style with guitars and drums on stages.
Enter M.C.)

M.C. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. The President's Interagency Task Force for the Preservation of the General Welfare proudly presents in its American premiere on commercial television, those world renowned teenage gargoyles, The Beatles, singing their newest gold platter hit "High School Drop Out" dedicated to the "Stay-in-School Movement."

Beatles: (Sing to Teenage Idol)

*John Ramey
Bush Alstead*

Some people call me a high school dropout
and how they worry over me.
But they never stop to wonder
How lonesome I can be
I need somebody to be my counselor
Someone to tell my troubles to
But I never seem to find her
So what am I to do?

They think I'm a clod
As I tool out in my hot rod
How else can I express my hostilities
They say I'm a fool 'cause I
Get shifted from school to school
I wonder how they'd feel if they
Felt like me!

Some people call me a juvenile delinquent
And how they love to study me
But, in truth I'm just a number
in the School Directory

I need somebody to be my counselor
Someone to tell my troubles too
But I guess I'll never find her
So what am I to do?

Narrator: And now the Beatles lend their incomparable virtuosity and musical style in tribute to another group of forgotten and downtrodden Americans - The Middle Aged and Older Workers.

Beatle #1: In behalf of the Middle Aged Technologically Displaced Worker -
Tune: If I Only Had A Heart from "Wizard Of Oz".

If you lose your place at fifty
Future prospects aren't nifty
Though you really need a job
But if you only have endurance
'Til you get old age insurance
You might never need a job

Other Beatles - Eli Fox, Carl Stally, Bud Brooks

Beatle #2: "In behalf of the Disabled Older Worker"

With a physical restoration
And some rehabilitation
I thought sure I'd get a job
But they show so much compunction
To preserve the placement function
That I still can't get a job

Beatle #3: "In behalf of the Prospective Pensioner"

With some adult education
And retirement preparation
I could live a useful life
But I'll need some transportation
And some group participation
For myself and for my wife

Beatle #4: "In behalf of the Senior Citizens"

Though there may be great resistance
You can get old age assistance
By mortgaging your life
And if you tend toward being nervous
You can try for family service
That will calm domestic strife

4 Beatles
(together):

Of our needs these are a sample
Welfare problems really ample
Paint the picture big and clear
So we'll launch another rocket
What's a billion out of pocket
If we reach the moon some year?

Narrator: And now the Beatles take great pleasure in introducing their lovely new find - Mrs. Ringo Starr - our Miss Alice in Welfare Land who sings of the plight of the federal employees and the doctors and the old age assistance clients - the only three groups in America not covered by the Social Security Act.

Miss Alice: (Sings to tune Over the Rainbow)

Elma P. Cole

Somewhere over the rainbow - Way up High
There's a land that I heard of once in a Lullaby
Somewhere over the Rainbow - Pay Is High
All have employment security - Why then, Oh Why, can't I?

There are no ruts. No budget cuts
And every June the Place is strewn with raises
And everyone is pacified because he's rightly classified
At union wages!

Somewhere over the Rainbow
There's O-A-S-D-I
All have Social Security
Why then, oh why can't I?

Narrator: Thank You Miss Alice. Do you have anything else to sing that would brighten the Image of Social Welfare?

Alice: Well, not I alone, but Ringo and I together have a number which suggests a partial solution to the welfare problem.

Ringo & Alice: (Sing to tune of Lost in the Fog)

Alice: Your face is just a smear
And your writing's unclear
Your skills and classy
Aptitudes too
Life is still worthwhile
Though I'm lost in the
Files next to you

Ringo: You meet the hiring specs
But they still don't select
Even if they don't, I always do!
Life can be worthwhile
Tho I'm lost in the file next to you

Alice: You collect your welfare
And I'll collect mine too!

Ringo: With 52 weeks between us
We'll make out the whole year through

Together
in

Harmony: We'll have a little one, maybe two, maybe three
Why should we worry? Why should we be blue?
Life can be worthwhile
Though we're lost in the file just we two.

Narrator: And now the Beatles build on the same theme to round out the image of what it's like to be a case record in the Welfare Department.

Beatles: (Sing to Two Lost Souls)

Two lost cards
In the Welfare office files
Somebody slipped, so payments go to others
And maybe it's good, and maybe it's bad
We have each other!
Two counts less on the caseload tally pad
The statistical clerk is having stormy weather
And maybe it's good and maybe it's bad
We're still together
Romance is burning in the Welfare office files
Let's let it simmer for a while
But nobody knows
How come? What goes?
They'll never stop us
Thousand cards atop us
Two lost cards in the Welfare office files
We'll never get out
But who says we'd rather
And maybe it's good and maybe it's bad
We have each other!

Narrator: And now Miss Alice again with a really heartfelt plea to the Dean of her School of Social Work

Alice: (To the tune of Nobody Makes A Pass At Me (Dear Beatrice Fairfax) from "Pins and Needles")

Dear Fidele Fauri
What's the real story
Why ain't I on the ball?
If you don't clue me
Those courses that threw me
Never will be of any use to me at all
Nobody knocks on my office door
What do they think I'm in casework for
Oh dear, what can the matter be
Nobody (makes a pas (I mean)
(brings a case to me

Dear Fidele Fauri
What is the story
Please won't you tell me all
If you can't save me
Those courses you gave me
Never will be of any use to me at all
Oh dear, what can the matter be
Nobody (makes a pass (I mean)
(brings (I mean)
(refers a case to me

Narrator: And now here is George - the Japanese Beatle - who has had some experience with family service and wants you to know how he feels about it:

George: (Sings to tune The Secret Service Makes Me Nervous)

Eli Foy

The family service makes us nervous
Our self-reliance here as clients
Does desert us
The Social Workers with their queries 're
Sure upsetting us
The family service makes us nervous
And we're sad
We feel that we're misunderstood
'Cause all we hear's planned parenthood!
The family service makes us nervous
So your clients show defiance
Please observe us
We need help but all we get is
Lots of free advice
The family service makes us nervous
And we're sad.

Narrator: And now, the Beatles close their program with a resounding rendition dedicated to Psychiatric Social Work.

Beatles: (Sing to Walk Right In)

Walk right in
Sit right down
Daddy let your hair right out
Walk right in
Lie right down
Daddy get your feelings out
Everybodys worried full of hostile feelings
Lose your inhibitions
While you hit the ceiling
Walk Right in
Lie right down
Daddy tear your hair right out
We really mean it!
Daddy tear your hair right out

(Black out at end of scene)

Beatle-Like character gyrates in and pantomimes client role on coach. Tears up
Bettle Wig in the process.

SCENE III (Group work sequence.)

(In front of curtain or to one side)

Narrator: The Beatles were such a success in the cause of Social Welfare that a whole new generation of teenage clients were generated for the casework agencies. In fact, the case loads were so great that casework services proved inadequate to cope with them. So it was decided that extensive use would have to be made of group work services. In order to condition the great American public to this little known aspect of social welfare services, it was decided to conduct a sort of documentary - demonstration series on group work services. Joe Hoffer of NCSW was asked to moderate the series and a group dynamics expert named Professor Dave was invited to conduct the demonstration. Here is the result which we call "Dave's Craves for Conclaves".

(Curtain opens on typical TV interview set with Joe & Professor Dave seated in soft chairs with table mike on end table in front of them).

Announcer: Case work is a costly and time consuming process. So it is only natural, as social welfare expands that it should turn increasingly to services based on the science of group inter-action. Tonight we have with us Mr. Joe Hoffer the ex-Director of the National Conference on Social Welfare, himself an expert in manipulating groups, to interview our distinguished guest, a pioneer in group dynamics and sociometrics, Professor Dave. Dave was a square who has become a round table specialist. He first achieved prominence in welfare circles when he published an article in the Journal of Social Work called "Dave's craves for conclaves." Welcome Joe and Professor Dave.

Joe:
Joe Hoffer

Thank you and good evening. Welcome Professor Dave. It's a pleasure to talk to an expert in a somewhat new field like group dynamics.

Dave:
Chuck Odell

Expert, yes. New field, no. To speak of group dynamics means that you must have a group. A group implies a meeting. And meetings have been going on for centuries. So what's new?

Joe: True. But there are some new approaches described in your articles. Perhaps you could elaborate on them.

Dave: Well, you mentioned approach. How do I approach a meeting? Very cautiously. I creep up on them.

Joe: Aren't you selective about what meeting you go to?

Dave: Not at first. I go to every meeting I can. If I like it, I stay; if not, I go.

Joe: I assume from what you say that you spend virtually all of your waking hours at meetings.

Dave: That I do--and some of my sleeping hours, too.

Joe: Tell me, Professor, if your time is completely taken up with this penchant of yours, how did you find time to write that article for Social Work.

Dave: Very simple - I wrote it while attending a meeting.

Joe: Now I see why your article had such a "live" quality about it. Do you have any special techniques for locating meetings? You don't by any chance (laughing) use sonar?

Dave: (absentmindedly) Never thought of it. It may have possibilities. No, my methods are a little more down to earth. For example, the opaque glass door.

Joe: What do you mean?

Dave: Well, I walk past such a door. You can find them all over Washington. I see only one or two shadows on the other side of the door. I pass it by. If I see several, I go in. I know its a meeting.

Joe: Do you go in without an invitation?

Dave: Sure, who knows the difference?

Joe: Have you ever been challenged?

Dave: Challenged? They're glad to see me--it gives them a quorum.

Joe: Are there any other methods you use?

Dave: Sure, every week I prepare a Meeting Menu.

Joe: Very interesting. How does that work?

Dave: Simple. You know how everyone is on a diet these days. Well, I do the same thing with meetings when I know about them in advance.

Joe: You mean you estimate the caloric content of each meeting and put them on your calendar for a balanced diet?

Dave: Something like that. Let me give you an example in song.

(Sings to tune of Chiquita Banana)

The meetings on Monday
Make you feel so blue
But Wednesday meetings
Have a different hue
Meetings for breakfast
And for luncheon, too
Throw them all together
And you have a stew.
There are meetings that are spicy
There are meetings that are hot, ay
If you aren't quite selective
You're sure to go to pot, ay.
You can hatch a million ideas
In this very, very handy incubator
So never put this incubator
In the refrigerator.

Joe: Very entertaining. I can see how you hold an audience. As a dynamicist, I suppose you're interested in other aspects of meetings than content.

Dave: Of course. I'm attracted because of format, who's there, whether they have straight-backed or leather chairs--you know those big, soft ones (giggle, giggle), the stenographers.

Joe: Did you say those big, soft ones?

Dave: Yes, the chairs.

Joe: Now to get back to the dynamics of meetings. You haven't mentioned the buzz session. What's your thought on buzz sessions?

Dave: Strictly for the bees.

Joe: Hmmm. Professor, you know it has been said that one of the important functions of meetings is to provide a medium for the cross fertilization of ideas. Do you have any comment on that?

Dave: Same thing--strictly for the bees.

Joe: Don't you ever get tired of going to meetings? Don't you ever send a substitute?

Dave: Never. From the first to the last rap of the gavel. I'm a do-it-yourself man.

Joe: What advice would you give to the young man who would enter your field of competence?

Dave: I would say: "submerge the urge to wear blue serge."

Joe: Rather cryptic, wouldn't you say?

Dave: No, rather shiny I'd say.

Joe: Realizing that meetings are here to stay, what advice would you give to a chronic indulger?

Dave: I'd say: (sings to tune of Chiquita Banana)

If you're addicted to meetings
I am here to say
You've got to sit through them
In a certain way
With your feet outstretched
And your mind nowhere
And your teeth wrapped around
A banana or a pear.
Keep the coffee pot hot
and the biscuits, too--si
And if you're so inclined
Perhaps a spot of tea--ee
Unless you want your coffee iced
In this very, very handy percolator
Never put the percolator
In the refrigerator.

It is fine to recline
take the heat from the seat
This kind of life
You can never beat
Please submerge the urge
To wear blue serge
Or you'll have a shine
You can bet by Gerge
If you equip each elbow
With a suction cup, oh
You'll be surprised how nicely
It will buoy you up, oh
We could sing about the virtues
Of suits made of hardy alligator
How can we get an alligator
In the refrigerator? (A percolator, yes!)

Joe: I know that you have a great capacity and tolerance for your specialty, but I'm not sure about the audience. What do you have to say about the fellow who goes over-board and becomes an addict?

Dave: For those dopes, I would suggest a withdrawal system.

Joe: How does that work?

Dave: You start by allowing them to go to meetings only 4 days a week; then three; and gradually taper them off.

Joe: Anything else?

Dave: Yes, most meetings are sit-down affairs. So you put the addict on a standing committee.

Joe: I see. Now for one last thought---what can one do in a preventive way to avoid falling into this trap?

Dave: My advice is: (sing to Chiquita Banana)

If meetings and you
Are quite synonymous
I suggest that you join
Meeting Tenders Anonymous
This will steady your head
Chronic meeting attender
And keep you from going
On a conclave bender
Instead of having meetings
Of all the various heads
Why can't we have a meeting
Of the minds instead?
I would give advice on matters
That relate so close to shortages of seating
Instead of going to meetings
Just send your greetings.

SCENE IV

Narrator: Next the Committee turned its attention to the Crux of the Matter - The Race for Space in the Great Society - Social Welfare's real challenge in the singing swing of the sizzling Sixties. While everyone could agree that our society could be great, it grated on Social Welfare's champions that they were being relegated to the limbo of space junk while Sargent Shriver's boys moved up to the pad in their Poverty Space Capsules. What was needed, our erstwhile champions for the General Welfare devined, was a missile engine of our own with twice the thrust of anything Shriver's thirty-day wonders could project into the wild blue yonder of the Great Society. So they decided to go way out on a limb in projecting their own version of the Crusade against Poverty. To do this, they revived an almost forgotten character from the early days of TV - Captain Video. Like the "Lone Ranger" of early radio days, Captain Video had fallen into the limbo of lost luminaries - a burned out star in the TV entertainment cosmos. But, reasoned our courageous colleagues - what could be more dramatic than sponsoring the comeback of the year for a fallen hero in the collapse of time? Our scene opens on the first in the new Captain Video series called: "When CAP INVADES THE PLANETS - CAN POVERTY BE FAR BEHIND?"

SCENE: (Two chairs sideways to audience. Enter Captain Video in Hard Hat with Antennae and his female Assistant Venus also in hard hat with antennae, preferably shorts or bathing suit.)

Venus: You say Cap that you have a mandate from the Office of Economic
Violet Sieder Opportunity to organize community action programs beyond the borders of the earth.

Captain V: Absolutely Venus - I have a letter from Sargent Shriver which reads as
Hal Weiner follows: ... "and so we propose that you undertake to establish CAP programs in order to develop all the underdeveloped bodies in the solar system."

Venus: That's a pretty broad mandate, but with so many undeveloped bodies on earth why are they exporting your talents Captain?

Captain: I can only guess but maybe Sargent Shriver is jealous because I outrank him in the hierarchy.

Venus: That could be, but you know what I always say.

Captain V: No, what do you always say?

Venus: Money talks, brother, money talks.

Captain V: Maybe so, but let's stop facing reality and get down to the crux of our mission.

Venus: Yes - Well in the first place I think our very name will create problems.

Captain V: Problems? Why so?

Venus: Well CAP - what will that mean in outer space?

Captain V: That's easy. We'll change it from Community Action Programs to Committee Against Planets.

Venus: Oh yes, the positive image. Now, Captain tell me which planet will we select? Did Sargent Shriver have any specific recommendations?

Captain V: No. That question was left up in the air.

Venus: How about the moon. It's close - and besides I like green cheese.

Captain V: Green cheese! You don't really believe that, do you?

Venus: Well, why else are those little red rats working so hard to get there?

Captain V: Silly girl! You can't live there. The moon has no atmosphere.

Venus: The moon's out then! I've got to have my atmosphere.

Captain V: What about Mercury?

Venus: I'll take Comet.

Captain V: That isn't a planet. It's a falling star.

Venus: Well? I thought you wanted to get back to reality.

Captain V: Ridiculous! How about Mars? There may be life there - and where there is life there's hope - even for CAP.

Venus: That's too far. It's 450,000,000 miles and the journey will take 292 days one way.

Captain V: Not so good. We couldn't get back for the next National Conference on Social Welfare!

Venus: But think of it! 450,000,000 miles at 10¢ a mile and all those days on a juicy \$16 per diem.

Captain V: That settles it! Mars it is!

Venus: Well let's get moving. Who's manning this ship?

Captain V: Just you and I.

Venus: Oh Captain, I can hardly wait!

Captain V: (sing to tune of My Merry Oldsmobile)
In a space ship built for two
There's just room for me and you

Venus: We can go to Mars alone
We won't need a chaperone

Captain V: We will bankrupt CAP
They'll end up in poverty

Together: Please don't rock this delicate space canoe
In this rocket built for two.

Captain V: Now we're all set. Let's get off the pad. (makes with lever)
Say, this thing won't start.

Venus: (looking around) No wonder. It's not plugged in. (plugs in)

Captain V: Now, are you sure you have everything?

Venus: Well, I've never had any complaints before. Let's turn this thing on and get off the pad.

Captain V: OK. Let's roll it. Contact 5-4-3-2-1-0 - We're off!

Venus: Whee. Look at those steeples going by - just like a steeple chase.

Captain V: Hold on Venus. We're accelerating and the force of gravitational pull will be terrific.

Venus: Yeah, just like Shriver's pull with LBJ.

Captain V: It'll go up to 3-G's. I hope you can take it.

Venus: If I could lay hands on 3-G's, I sure could take it!

Captain V: sings:

In a space ship built for two
There's just room for me and you
We don't need a husky crew
For the things we mean to do
(reaches for Venus)

Venus: (ducking away)

Don't collide with any stars
Or we'll never get to Mars

Captain V: We can go to town
Hear our rocket's sound
In our space ship
Molly Brown.

Narrator: 292 days and 450,000,000 miles later, our brave little company made a soft landing on Mars. And there, to the complete surprise of no one, they found millions and millions of people - and the one thing these people had in common was that they were poor. Seems like all the rich ones had taken off a millenium before in space ships for a planet called Earth. So the Captain and Venus had a fertile field for CAP activity. They immediately set up a CAP Committee, various task forces and began sending CAP project applications by space capsule to Earth. But, unfortunately, one of the capsules failed to develop enough thrust and it fell back on Mars and was found by a Martian leader. Immediately Captain Video and Venus were summoned before the Martian Council and this is what happened.

Martian Leader: Captain, you and your lady friend have violated a sacred trust. We like things here just the way they are, and here's one of our most seductive singers to tell you why, Miss Pussy Galore. (enter Pussy)

Pussy: (sings to Jealousy)

Barbara Nichols

Poverty - we're living in poverty
Why can't you leave us be
With your affluent society?
Oh poverty - I thought it
distinguished me
Or can this the reason be
You're teasin' me
Relievin' me
From my poverty?

Captain V: You mean you people are happy the way you are? Living on sow belly
and turnip greens and guts and all that swill?

Leader: Why not? Let me introduce some more of our fortunate citizens. Here,
for example, is a typical unreformed alcoholic.

Alcoholic: (sings to Nobody Makes A Pass At Me (Dear Beatrice Fairfax))

Bill Kicks

Dear Sargent Shriver
Lend me a fiver
Why can't I make you see?
I'm not so sappy
Really quite happy
Getting my kicks from the poverty
Oh dear, what can the matter be
Everyone makes a pass at me.

Leader: And here is one of our Aged:

Aged: (sings to Nobody Makes A Pass At Me (Dear Beatrice Fairfax))

Carl Staley

Dear President Johnson
Nothing is wrong son
Nothing is wrong with me
Why try to save me
From the fate
The Lord gave me
I've gotten quite used to my Poverty
Oh dear, what can the matter be
Everyone's got their eyes on me

Leader: And now, an unwed mother

Unwed: (sings to Nobody Makes A Pass At Me (Dear Beatrice Fairfax))

Dear Lady Ellen
What's all this yellin'
What's wrong with Husbands Three
All your assistance
Melts my resistance
Ten little ones are
Enough for me.
Oh dear, what can the matter be
Everyone's got their eyes on me.

Leader: And now they voice their general complaint.

All Three: (sing to Nobody Makes A Pass At Me (Dear Beatrice Fairfax)

Dear Papa Tony,
Stop this Baloney.
Why can't you leave us be?
We're not uneasy
So desist, Celebrezze!
Save us from
Middle class morality.
Oh dear, what started
All this fuss?
Somebody's got it in for us.

Venus: Well Captain, I guess that should put us in our place.

Captain: (Protesting) Yes, but they just don't seem to understand. Here we are offering CAP and VISTA and OAA and ADC and ADCU and OASDI and HHFA and all these other wonderful programs and these ingrates seem to be perfectly satisfied the way things are.

Venus: Gee, I don't know why you're so upset. It's just that these people got rid of all their entrepreneurs and coupon clippers. Anthropologically they may not be as culturally deprived as you think.

Captain: You sound more like Mary Poppins every minute.

Venus: Why not? She won an Academy award and so did this.

(sings to Chim-Chim Chiree)

Pov - Poverty
Pov - Poverty
Poor little me
Stranded on Mars
On a space happy spree
Pov - Poverty
Pov - Poverty
Woe unto me
Not one demand
For our CAP

Captain: Come on Venus, your getting as nutty as all the rest of these people. I long for the cosmic road. Let's fuel up and shoot for the moon.

Venus: Not me, Captain - I'll take a Mars over a Milky Way any day (pulls out candy bar unwraps it and starts to eat it - while Captain Video stalks off stage. Then she sings as curtain closes:

Pov - Poverty
Pov - Poverty
Poor Captain V
He's off his rocker
Not poor little me
Pov - Poverty
Pov - Poverty
Smart little me
I'll stay right here
Where a Queen
I can

SCENE V (Entracte)

Narrator: Recognizing that, next to the Beatles, the documentary and the soap opera, the biggest thing in TV and radio is Country Western music, our Committee to Save Our Social Welfare sponsored half hour shows from the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tennessee and here is a brief sample of what that bucolic enterprise brought forth.

Here he is, folks - Claude Cornball, the crooning cowboy.

Enter Claude: Sings to Frankie and Johnny.

Arthur + Ruth Gette

Frankie and Johnny were clients
Happy as clients could be
Swore to be true to each other
In the war against poverty
He was her man, he couldn't do no wrong.

Frankie dropped into the office
For her monthly case review
She casually asked her caseworker
Why her Johnny wasn't there too
He was her man, he wouldn't do no wrong.

Don't want to tell you no stories
Don't want to tell you no lies
But just lined up a job for John
With a dame named Nellie Blies
He is your man, and he's doing no wrong.

Frankie was deeply troubled
Frankie was quite upset
Frankie made that old green monster
Look like a domestic pet
He was her man, he might be doin' her wrong.

She tore down to Nellie's beer joint
And there to her surprise
Was Johnny perched on a piano stool
Makin' love to Nellie Blies
He was her man, and he was doin' her wrong.

Frankie dug down in her hand bag
And whipped out a big 44
And bam-de-bam-bam she dropped him
Right on that bar room floor
He was her man, and he was doin' her wrong.

Johnny was mortally wounded
As Frankie could plainly see
But his final gasp as he passed out
Was "She didn't want to hire me."
I was your man, I wouldn't do you no wrong.

Frankie was terribly sorry
Frankie was awfully sad
For confusing Johnny's honest efforts
With the shennanigans of a cad
He was her man, he wouldn't do no wrong.

Close out his cumulative record and
Tell the appointment clerk
To put his case in the dead file
'Cause he aint actively seeking work
He was her man, he wouldn't do no wrong.

This story has a moral
This story has an end
This story only goes to show
That you can't reverse a trend.
He was her man, he wouldn't do no wrong.

SCENE VI

Community Organization Sequence

BIG BROTHER

1984

Narrator: We all believed in community organizations, but we still have many lessons to learn about the power structure. As one sleepy bat said to the others--"let's all hang together, or we'll all hang separately." Looking into the future is a hazardous business, but to emphasize the importance of community organization, let's see what happens to social welfare without it.

Not long ago George Orwell sketched out in his book, "1984", a fanciful tale of a highly automated society that was moving along full swing under the watchful eye of a character called Big Brother. Whereas, in 1965, there was one social worker for every 4,000 persons, in Orwell's "1984" there is only one social worker, and that's Big Brother. Social work has now reached a high point of efficiency. The old arguments between the permissive and the directive schools have been settled. Social work is now a one-way street. Everybody has a connection, because every television set in every living room, during every waking hour, is beamed on the menacing, all-pervasive countenance of Big Brother. Yes, indeed, Big Brother has a big case load; but he has a big network, too. Big Brother sees all, hears all, knows all. The poor client tells all, knows nothing. Now let's twist the dials of our time machine and see how the pioneering spirits of social welfare finally put the "B" on Mr. B. B.

Scene: Client is lying on divan in his living room. Close by is his television set (table model). A sign reading "Big Brother" is visible on the screen. The sign moves away and the leering face of Big Brother appears.)

Big Brother: (sings to tune of You Ought to be in Pictures.
Mill Witten

I've gotta hog this picture
So me you'll only see
I've gotta hog this picture
As you watch me--in 3D
You'll never get a breather
I'll tell you what's your goal
While I am on this ether
It's thought control.

Client: *Frank Belliquadro* Hi yah, B. B.

B. B.: Silence! Listen to what I say. You have problems. Tell them to me. My big ears are listening.

Client: I went to school today. I studied physics, chemistry, descriptive geometry, trigonometry and biology just like you told me to do.

B. B.: Yesh.

Client: But I hate those subjects, especially trigonometry and biology.

B. B.: Uh huh.

Client: When I was in trigonometry class I couldn't concentrate on problems.
Funny little rhymes kept skipping through my head, like:

I have no real compunction
About attending a trigonometric function.

B. B.: Mm Huh.

Client: And when I was in biology, cute couplets like this danced through
my noggin:

Mary looked quite enticin'
After a few shots of aurecmycin
Later she got very neurotic
From too much antibiotic

B. B.: Uh huh (very guttural) -- but you owe it to me to concentrate on
your studies. How else can you break the cycle of poverty?

Client: Who wants to concentrate? You're not a brother, you're a stepfather.

I'm disgusted.

(Sing to tune of You, you, you.)

You, you, you
I'm sick'n tired of you, you, you
Everything I do, do, do
Is supervised by you, you, you.

B. B.: (singing)

I, I, I
Am keeping my cold eye, eye, eye
Out for a good guy, guy, guy
And that guy ain't you, you, you.

We weren't meant for each other
I need a guy with ambition.

Client: (singing)

You can say that again, Brother
I would much rather go fishin'

B. B.: (singing)

You, you, you
Make my face turn blue, blue, blue
From this interview, view, view
I'm exhausted, whew! whew! whew!

(Picture fades out on television screen. Announcer's voice comes on.)

Announcer: I regret to announce that, due to conditions beyond our control, the program originally scheduled for the next several years will not be seen or heard from. Big Brother's services are indefinitely suspended, and this may well be the end of all his counseling.

Client: That's what you think. I happen to know that there's a social work underground movement afoot, and you can't stop it. No sir. There's a pent-up demand and people are taking all sorts of chances to get it. It's going on in tunnels, caves, on mountain tops, and in the darkness of the night.

(sings to tune of Dancing in the Dark.)

Counseling in the dark
That's how they do it
Counseling in the dark
There's nothing to it
The worker slips her client a ration
Of red hot community resource information
Counseling that is stark
Up on the mountain
We never knew whether counseling hits the mark, the mark
Because it's done in the dark

(Enter large group of social workers speaking in excited and jubilant tones.)

Leader: Have you heard the wonderful news? Big Brother is gone.
He was eradicated.

Client: Wonderful! How did it happen?

Leader: He was chasing us through the caverns. One of us decoyed him through the records department. He tripped on a tub file and fell into a tank of ink eradicator.

Client: Oh, goody. Now we can come out of our caves. Now we can be on the level. Now we can have two social workers on every case.

Leader: Yes, everybody, but everybody, can do and get all the case work counseling he wants.

Entire Group: (sing to tune of Everybody loves Saturday night)

Everybody needs counseling now
Everybody needs counseling now
Some need it more
And some need it less
Some say, "we know"
Some say, "we guess"
But everybody needs counseling now.

Everybody loves counseling now
Everybody loves counseling now
Counseling agrees
With guys with degrees
Counseling appeals
To dolls with ideals
Everybody loves counseling now.

Everybody does counseling now
Everybody does counseling now
All think they can
Many cannot
Intentions are good
Techniques not so hot
Everybody does counseling now.

Everybody gets counseling now
Everybody gets counseling now
Hacker, Packer
Undertaker
Barber, Butcher
Number taker
Everybody gets counseling now.

Everybody has the know-how
Everybody has the know-how
They have the tools
The counseling kind
For opening up
The counselee's mind
Everybody has couns'ling know-how

Everybody has the show-how
Everybody has the show-how
They're very few "do's"
And a million "don'ts"
The counselors are willing
But the counselees won't
Everybody has couns'ling show-how



23-280

4780 SI

Colored Tabs

23-281

4781 SI

Clear Tabs

NATIONAL INSERTABLE TAB INDEXES ENABLE YOU TO
MAKE YOUR OWN SUBJECT ARRANGEMENT, USING PLAIN
INSERTS ON WHICH TO WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTIONS.

Careers in
Arrears

Return to: NCSW
22 W. Gay St.
Columbus 22, Ohio

CAREERS IN ABREAS

Social Work Recruitment, in words and music

By Barbara Abel

Return to
Joe Hoffer

Committee on Social
Work Eds
8000
1360

Cast of Characters: Mr. X, a prominent social worker
Mrs. Z, Chairman of the Committee on Recruitment
Four committee members
First Student - girl
Second Student - girl
Third Student - girl
Fourth Student - man
Student A, girl
Student B, girl
Student C, man
1st Old Timer
2nd Old Timer

* * * * *

SCENE I: A committee meeting. Chairman, Mrs. Z; Speaker, Mr. X, and four committee members around table. Mr. X is standing, making a speech. (Note: he should be a social worker known to many in the audience, preferably active in the National Association of Social Workers. The Chairman, Mrs. Z should also be known to the audience. They should be addressed by their real names.)

Mr. X: (very earnestly) And in conclusion, I should like to say to this committee that social work recruitment is the social worker's problem. We can't expect the doctors and the lawyers and the engineers to worry about it. It is up to us, as responsible social workers, to see that the thinning ranks of our profession are filled. I have given you the frightening statistics: the jobs unfilled for lack of trained workers; the enrollments in schools of social work at a low ebb. Whose fault is this? Our fault! We have not demonstrated by our actions our faith in social work as



Mr. X:
(continued)

The Program Comy

a profession. I tell you, we must go out into the highways and byways, into the campuses and assembly halls, and preach the gospel of social service as a career. We must recruit the most outstanding, the most attractive, the most brilliant young men and women. We must find 'em and bind 'em. Tell 'em and sell 'em. Pet 'em and GET 'EM! Then, and then only, shall we be worthy to be called leaders in our glorious profession. I thank you.

(He sits down. The committee applauds. He rises again)
Are there any questions? If so, I'll be glad to try to answer them.

Mrs. Z:

NC.S.M.
Note Confusion Social Welfare
* Yes, I have a question.

Mr. X:

(very pleased) And knowing your reputation as chairman of this committee, Mrs. Z, I'm sure it will be a good question.

Mrs. Z:

It's a lulu. This is it: When are you going to stop talking and start working?

(Everybody registers surprise and shock)

Mr. X:

Why--why, Mrs. Z.-- what do you mean -- start working?

Mrs. Z:

I mean working. I mean recruiting. (to committee) And that goes for all of you. We've been meeting for months, and all I hear is yackety-yack.

1st Committee member: (looking at her watch and rising hurriedly) Oh, Mrs. Z, I'm so sorry, but I find that I'm due at another meeting and I --

✓ 2nd Committee member: Me too, *Miss* Janet, I'll just run along with you.

(they gather their papers together and hurry off)

3rd Committee member: (scrambling into her coat) Oh, Mrs. Z, I'm so sorry, but I didn 't realize it was so late and I simply must catch the 5:33 train. If you'll just excuse me --

(she hurries out)

4th Committee member: My baby sitter! I have to get home before she leaves!
(she hurries out)

Mrs. Z: (bitterly, to Mr. X) And what's your trouble?

Mr. X: Well, it is rather late, and I'm afraid that I must --

(nervously gets his notes together, starts to rise. Mrs. Z pushes him violently back into his chair)

Mrs. Z: No you don't! You and your fine speeches! "We must find 'em and bind 'em. We must tell 'em and sell 'em." Well, why don't you do it?

Mr. X: (flustered) Now Mrs. Z, be reasonable. You know that I work in an executive capacity. And I really must get back to the office and -- er -- start executing. There's a staff conference going on, and I promised to look in on it. (He starts to leave, pausing in doorway) How about writing me a letter about it?

(Mrs. Z pursues him, grabs his coattails)

Mrs. Z: Nothing doing. Now you listen to me. You told us that recruitment is the job of all social workers. Well, you're a social worker. Or are you?

Mr. X: I am -- but I can explain everything. You see, at heart I'm just a simple barefoot boy from the country, and I ---

Mrs. Z: (holding on to his arm) Well, come along with me, barefaced boy!

Mr. X: But -- but -- where?

Mrs. Z: To the zone of action! This is Career Day at Kerplunk College. I've arranged to set up a recruiting booth on the campus, with volunteers working in shifts. This is your shift. Forward! To the front line of battle! (to audience) Don't go away anybody.

(she pushes the reluctant Mr. X ahead of her)

SCENE II: The Recruiting Booth

Screens at rear of stage are pulled back to reveal the Social Work Recruiting Booth on the campus of Kerplunk College. Two tables covered with pamphlets. Six chairs. Posters in background: "SOCIAL WORK WANTS YOU!" - "IT'S MILDEN -- IT'S DRYER" - "IT TASTES GOOD -- LIKE A CAREER SHOULD"

(Enter Mrs. Z, dragging a reluctant Mr. X)

Mrs. Z: Well, here we are. Right on the campus. The students will start coming by any minute. Then you do your stuff.

Mr. X: My -- my stuff?

Mrs. Z: Certainly. Do some tooting for recruiting. Tell 'em and sell 'em. Enrapture 'em. Capture 'em. Pet 'em and GET 'EM!

Mr. X: W ---who ---ME? All by myself?

Mrs. Z: You're not all by yourself. You've got a prominent member of the National Association of Social Workers right by your side. Well, I'll be running along.

Mr. X: Where are you going?

Mrs. Z: Oh, I'll go over and run your staff meeting. Bye, now. Good recruiting!

(Exit Mrs. Z. Mr. X slumps in chair, head in hands)

Mr. X: Trouble with me is, I talk too much.

(1st and 2nd Students (man and girl) stroll by. Mr. X, sunk in gloom, doesn't see them)

1st student: Oh, what's this? Social work. Wasn't there a famous woman social worker?

2nd Student: Sure, Maud Adams. But that's not for you, baby. I had an old maid aunt once who was a social worker. What a sketch she was!

1st Student: I might at least speak to the man --

2nd Student: Aw, you can see he's a dead one. Come on, baby, let's look up the engineering booth.

(As they start off, Mr. X comes to, jumps up, grabs a leaflet and starts after them)

Mr. X: Hey, wait! (students go off) Darn! Mrs. Z won't like that one little bit.

(enter students 3 and 4 (girls) conversing)

Mr. X: (timidly) Er -- Miss -- Are you interested in a career in social work?

(Girls ignore him)

3rd Student: I've made up my mind. Personnel work is for me. It's so glamorous. Just think, hiring and firing everybody!

Mr. X: Pardon me, young ladies, but --

4th Student: Oh, Personnel is o.k., I guess. But as for me, I'm going in for modeling. That's real George.

Mr. X: (louder) Hey, juvenile delinquents!

(Girls ignore him, start off)

Mr. X: Hey, Alligators!

(Girls turn around, stop)

3rd Student: What's that bit again?

Mr. X: I see that you are thinking of your future careers. May I offer for your consideration the challenging vocation of social work?

3rd Student: Social work? (to 4th girl) Do you dig him?

4th Student: No. He's real wild. Let's drift.

(they go off)

Mr. X: Mrs. Z won't like this. Well, here I am, standin' on the corner

(Sings a snatch of song: "Standin' on the Corner, Watchin' All the Girls Go By.")

Mr. X: What's wrong with me? Why don't they talk to me?

(Enter Student A)

Student A: Oh, Sir, may I speak to you?

Mr. X: (disbelieving his ears) Who -- me? You must be mistaken.

Student A: No, my adviser said to go to the Social Work Booth and talk to somebody about social work.

Mr. X: Social Work? Oh, I couldn't possibly -- (wakes up) What are you saying -- SOCIAL WORK!

(Grabs girl's wrist, pushes her into chair, holds her down)

I got one at last!

Student A: You see, I think I'd like to go into social work.

Mr. X: You would? For God's sake, why?

Student A: (rising, enthusiastic) Because I love people!

Mr. X: (sinking into chair) Well, what do you know!

Student A: (very dramatic) And I want to serve them. Especially the under-privileged. I want to share their lives, solve their problems. I want to give. I want to suffer!

Mr. X: (aside) A natural for public welfare! (to girl) Well, if that's the way you feel, let's sit over here and do a little orientation.

(they sit. Enter Student B)

Student B: May I speak to you, please?

Mr. X: What, another? Certainly, certainly. (to Student A) You just sit there a minute, and read that nice pamphlet. (to Student B) What can I do for you?

Student B: (vaguely) Somebody told me to come here and talk to somebody about something -- (sees poster). Oh, yes, a social work career. Is that a table?

Mr. X: (examining it) It's a table, all right.

Student B: How marvelous! A table gives me such a sense of security. You see, I'm a very insecure person. I have no self-confidence. But caseworkers have self-confidence, don't they?

Mr. X: I'll say they do.

Student B: That's what my supervisor said.

Mr. X: Your supervisor? Then you've had experience?

Student B: Yes, last summer vacation. In family service. I reinvestigated things.

Mr. X: What kind of things?

Student B: Oh, drunken fathers, maladjusted mothers, wayward children --

Mr. X: And I bet you brought happiness to them!

Student B: I didn't have to. You see, that's the terrible thing -- They were happy!! They liked themselves! They just didn't like me.

Mr. X: That's too bad, but it can happen --

Student B: It gave me such an inferiority complex. Oh, sir, if I go on in social work will I ever feel superior again?

Mr. X. Oh, certainly. You'll be a supervisor yet. What do you say we sit down over here and discuss this situation.

(Leads her to a chair. Enter Student C)

Student C: (briskly) Who's the head man around here?

Mr. X: I am (to girl B) Excuse me. A customer. Here, you read this nice pamphlet, and I'll be with you in a minute. (To Student C) Yes, Miss, what can I -- My God, it's a mister! Yes, sir, the engineering booth is thataway. (points)

Student C: I've seen engineering. I've seen them all. Now I want to take a look at social work. (Sits down, takes out notebook. Very businesslike). O.K. What can social work offer me?

Mr. X: Social work can offer you one of the most challenging professions in the world. Its opportunities are boundless. Its rewards are--

Student C: O. K. Rewards. How much?

Mr. X: (Shocked) You mean -- money?

Student C: Sure I mean money -- what else?

Mr. X: But in this preliminary interview, I hesitate to enter into the commercial aspects of --

Student C: That's the bunk. The others didn't hesitate.

Mr. X: What others?

Student C: The other professions I've been talking to. A lot of people up there sure like me. (Pulls paper from pocket) Look here. Here's a contract from Jupiter Super-Products, Incorporated. They'll pay me \$8,000 as soon as I graduate, plus carfare and a Christmas bonus. How about bonuses in your outfit?

Mr. X: (with dignity) My boy, we offer you the greatest bonus in the world -- happiness and satisfaction through service to humanity.

Student C: Oh, sure, sure. And here's one from Inter-Planetary Sound Barriers: \$8,200 to start, plus expense account. How are you on expense accounts?

Mr. X: Well, if you'd care to double up in one of the smaller hotels --

Student C: I couldn't care less. Oh, well, I guess social work is washed out. But it's only fair to give every profession a chance at me. How about an application blank for me to fill out?

Mr. X: Application blank -- now let me see. I must have something. Oh, yes (pulls a blank out of his pocket). Here's an application for membership in the National Association of Social Workers. Obviously we'll have to start you at the top.

(Student C goes to table and starts reading)

Mr. X: (aside) I hope the army gets him -- Well, I'd better pull myself together and give 'em a little pep talk. (Goes over to students) May I introduce myself. I am (gives his name and title)

(Enter two Old-Timers. They are chatting and having a good time. Number 1 glances at booth, stops, giggles, calls her companion back)

1st Old Timer: Look, Betty, get a load of this. Social work wants us!

(They laugh hilariously)

Mr. X: The more they come, the worse they look! Well, this is no time to be choosy. Ladies, are you interested in a social work career?

1st Old-Timer: Will it enable me to live constructively?

2nd Old-Timer: Will it give me an opportunity to build an integrated community? To make a positive contribution to our American way of life?

Mr. X: My God, you are social workers?

1st Old-Timer: We were social workers. We've been through the mill.

2nd Old-Timer: And we've dropped the millstone.

Mr. X: You mean -- you've retired?

1st Old-Timer: Yep. From social work to social security.

Mr. X: But you can't live on social security.

1st Old-Timer: Was social work living?

CAREERS IN ARREARS

Barbara Abel

Mr. X: But Madam. You look like a smart, active woman. You shouldn't be retired. Don't you feel useless? Isolated? Out of the main stream of life's struggle?

1st Old-Timer: I sure do. And it's wonderful! I take life a lot easier, now.

(SONG: (by 1st Old-Timer) I Take Life Easier Now)

2nd Old-Timer: Come on, Clarice. We'll be late to the wrestling match --

1st Old-Timer: All right, Betty. (to Mr. X) Bye-bye, now. It was nice meeting you. And it'll be nicer never seeing you again.

Mr. X: Hey, don't go. Stay and help me work on these students.

1st Old-Timer: Oh, you don't need little old us.

Mr. X: Yes I do. These are tough ones.

2nd Old-Timer: Oh, we couldn't. We're through with social work, thank the Lord. And besides, we have a date.

Mr. X: These students are very nasty about social work. They insult it.

1st Old-Timer: (With a quick change of attitude) Insult social Work!
Why, the rats!

2nd Old-Timer: Insulting to our noble profession? Why, the monsters!

1st Old-Timer: Nobody can insult social work but us. Lead us to 'em.

Mr. X: Now wait. I'll speak to them first. You can be resources. With my personality and your -- er -- maturity, we may get somewhere.

(They approach students, who look up from pamphlets)

Mr. X: Well, now, students -- here we are, in a little workshop group. You are here to learn about the profession of social work, and I am here to tell you.

Student C: Who are these dames?

Mr. X: They are experienced social workers who will serve as resources. Now first, I will sketch in simply some of the ABC's of social work. I will present it in the framework of perspective, so to speak. Social welfare, of course, is an integral part of the larger social and cultural setting, at the local, the national and the international levels. The social worker, therefore, must examine with total self-objectification, the social urgencies of our civilization, and preponderantly, mark you, preponderantly the social work structure, function in the social fabric, and the body of knowledge required to perform that function.

(Students begin to doze)

And as a concomitant we must re-examine the professional status essential to maintaining high priorities of performance standards and practices. We must scrutinize the relationships, the inter-relationships, the intra-relationships, and even more significantly, the inter-intra-relationships of any projected course of action.

(2nd Old-Timer begins to doze)

We must seek, per facto, continued advancement within the framework of self-objectification and critical scrutiny, We must --

(1st Old-Timer pulls his sleeve)

1st Old-Timer: Hey, hey.

Mr. X: What's the matter?

1st Old-Timer: Give a critical scrutiny.

Mr. X: Oh, good heavens. I've killed 'em!

1st Old-Timer: Not them -- just social work. Look here, I don't think you're going at this the right way. Why don't you relax, take life easier. Let us handle this.

Mr. X: Well -- (he sits down)

1st Old-Timer: (briskly) Hey, kids. (They wake up) Thanks for listening so attentively. I'll just sum up what Mr. X said. He said social work is a fabulous profession for you to get into. It's a good living, a good life, and when you die you won't be any deader than anybody else. He said it's the most secure job in the world. Even if an H-bomb hits us, they'll still need social workers.

Student A: What for?

2nd Old-Timer: To pick up what's left of the doctors, the lawyers, the engineers and the laboratory technicians, Social work wants you, and needs you. The future is calling!

Student A: Yes, but what is it saying? May I ask you a question or two?

2nd Old-Timer: Fire ahead.

(SONG: Que Sera Sera (Student A and 2nd Old-Timer))

1st Old-Timer: Don't worry about the future. You'll go nuts. Just stick to the present. You can start with a practice job, maybe get a scholarship, work your way up, and some day you'll be as rich and famous as Mr. X himself. Now are there any questions?

Student C: Yes. Is Mr. X really rich and famous?

1st Old-Timer: Why, certainly. Don't you realize that there sits a man who is Director of Most Everything?

Student C: That guy? I'd sure like to know how he got that way.

1st Old-Timer: Your question, then, is one on the basic preparation and training requirements of a successful social worker.

Student C: Yes, that's it.

1st Old-Timer: I'm sure he'll be glad to tell you.

(SONG: Now I Am Director of Most Everything (Mr. X))

1st Old-Timer: See, it's perfectly simple.

Student C: Gosh, director of most everything! That's for me. But, say, there's a problem. Y'see, I've kinda had my eye on science. I want to ~~exp~~lore things, experiment, come up with some big scientific gadget. What can social work offer me?

2nd Old-Timer: I'll answer that. So you want to get into science. Well, young man, there's no bigger scientific gadget than a human being. Social work is the science of human beings. Why, right now it's doing some scientific research that may rock the world.

Student C: What's that?

2nd Old-Timer: Well, you know social work has learned a lot about what to do about unmarried mothers. And right now it's starting a scientific study of what in the world to do about unmarried fathers!

1st Old-Timer: Any other questions?

Student B: Yes, It's about my inferiority complex. Will it be a handicap to a social work career?

1st Old-Timer: Now, listen, dear. I've been observing you, and I can tell you now that you haven't a thing to worry about. You have no inferiority complex. You're just inferior. (Pats her head) And you'll do all right. Any other questions?

Student A: Yes, I'd like to know what personal qualifications you need most to make a good social worker?

1st Old-Timer: Well, personal qualifications do help, if you have any. Now let me see (turns to other Old-Timer) Betty, what would you say?

2nd Old-Timer: I'd say the best qualifications of all is a little bit of luck.

(SONG: With a Little Bit of Luck (1st and 2nd Old-Timers))

1st Old-Timer: Well, now, I hope we've convinced you.

Student A: Oh, yes! With a little bit of luck, I'll have a PhD!

Student B: With a little bit of luck, I'll have a Superiority Complex!

Student C: (aside) With a little bit of luck, I'll have his job!

Mr. X: (very happy) It's all fixed. All we need now is scholar-
ships, education, training --

2nd Old-Timer: Supervision, experience --

1st Old-Timer: And a little bit of luck.

Closing chorus: A Little Bit of Luck (everybody)

With a little bit of luck, with a little bit of luck

With a little bit of luck, it would appear,

With a little bit of luck, with a little bit of luck

We are headed for a great career!

SOCIAL WORK RECRUITING COMMITTEE

I TAKE LIFE EASIER NOW

When I was younger
To serve all the world I'd hunger
I take life easier now.

When young and nervous
I lived and I breathed for service
I breathe easier now.

When young and foolish
My dreams were so New York Schoolish
I dream easier now.

In the olden days at 9 a.m.
To the district office I sped
But to-morrow morn at 9 a.m.
I'll be having breakfast in bed.

When young and tender
All life was a casework bender
I bend easier now.

At every junction
I strove to fulfill my function
I function easier now.

When life was vernal
I slept with the casework journal
I rest easier now.

In the olden days at 10 p.m.
I'd be called on a crisis case,
But this very night at 10 p.m.
I'll be smearing cream on my face.

When I was eagerer
My love life was so much meagerer
I love easier now.

When love was nectar
When love was nectar
I dated a Chest director
I sleep easier now -
I sleep easier now!

FOLLOW THE
LEADERSHIP

P.R.

-AD- Play: -NOTE

- FOLLOW THE LEADERSHIP - BARBARA ABEL - 1960-1

Scene: Registration Desk. Long Table. Registrar enters, puts up signs that read: "Register Here" "Round Table" "Dinner" "Luncheon" "Bi-Carb". He turns to audience.

Registrar: Hear ye, hear ye! The Conference of Council Leadership is about to take off. Step this way for the Togetherness Sweepstakes. (Pause) Say, where is everybody? Where are the Greeters? (Calls) Hey, Greeters!

Enter 4 Greeters

1st Greeter: Here we are!

Registrar: Now, are you sure you know what you're supposed to do?

1st Greeter: Yes. We're supposed to tell everybody the scope and purpose of the conference, outline the program content, and bid them welcome.

Registrar: OK. Then start bidding.

SONG: (by Greeters) EE-YI-EE-YI-O (attached)
(They alternate singing verses, with all joining in "EE-YI-EE-YI-O")

Registrar: Now that's over, let's go. Step this way for the ---
Wait a minute--where's the Credentials Committee? Yoo hoo--
Credentials! Credentials!

Enter

2 Committee Members They wear big tags marked "Credentials"

Registrar: Very well. Now, I want to make sure you understand your assignment. What is it you're supposed to do?

1st Credential: First we're supposed to look 'em over.

2nd Credential: Then we'll size 'em up.

1st Credential: Then we'll screen 'em out!

Registrar: That's the idea. We gotta remember, this is a very high echelon conference. No riff-raff, please. Everybody who gets in here must be somebody. Absolutely no nobodies.
This conference must present a Council image that is clear and sharp. And snooty.

1st Credential: What if some nobodies try to sneak in?
Registrar: Tell 'em to go home and wait for the Dayton Conference.
Now get busy. Ah, this looks like our first applicant.
You handle him.

(Enter Harvey J. Hillhold)
(He looks like a successful business man)

1st. Credential: Good morning, sir. You want to register for the Council
Leaders Conference?

Hillhold: I don't want to, but they tell me I have to.

1st Credential: Your name please, and Council affiliation.

Hillhold: I am Harvey J. Hillhold. I'm president of the Council of
Greater Megalopolis and Vicinity.

1st Credential: Ah, yes. And your business affiliation?

Hillhold: I'm with Packillac Motors. Vice President. In charge of
body squeaks.

1st Credential: Very good. Now, Mr. Hillhold, may I ask what motivated
you to become a Council volunteer?

Hillhold: Well, they were in bad trouble. It seemed their Council
structure was squeaking, so they called me in as an expert.

1st. Credential: And did you remove the squeaks?

Hillhold: Well, I removed the agencies. The squeaks stopped.

1st Credential: Oh, -- I see. In short, you adopted the Pittsburgh plan.
Well, Mr Hillhold, your credentials are quite good. Of
course, it is too bad you're only a vice-president at
Packillac. Try to work on it, won't you? In the mean-
time, we are happy to accept you on probation. Please
sit here. (leads him to chair. Hillhold sits.)

1st Credential: (to 2nd) He'll do, till we get something better. Ah,
here comes another.

(Enter Mrs. Mortimer) She is the talkative,
agressive type)

1st Credential: Gosh, it's a woman! (to 2nd) Do we take women?

2nd Credential: We do when they're that good looking. I'll take her on.
Good morning, Madam. You wish to register for the Council Leaders Conference?

Mrs. Mortimer: I wish to register for all the conferences! I am Mrs. Cuthbert T. Mortimer, and I am president of the Council of Hard Core City and Surrounding Slums.

2nd Credentials: I see. Then may I assume that slum clearance is the central focus of your Council?

Mrs. Mortimer: Oh, no! Slum research. We're simply nuts on research. You see, we have been tentatively offered a provisional grant by the Upsie-Daisy Foundation, for an experimental research project. Right now, it's in the exploratory stage. We are about to conduct a pre-pilot project, which will eventually point to a pilot project. That's the first phase. The second phase will begin with a post evaluation of the pre-pilot project. After that, we can proceed with the pilot project. The third phase envisages research into the researchers. You see, we're using Mr. Krughoff, so we have to be very careful. The final phase is when we really start searching. And if we find anything, we get to keep the Upsy-Daisy money. Isn't it wonderful?

2nd Credential: Wonderful. You obviously know a great deal about research.

1st. Credential: (to 2nd) She knows too damn much. The men at her Round Table won't like it a bit.

2nd Credential: er - a -- Mrs. Mortimer, your credentials are very nice. You may consider yourself provisionally accepted. Now, will you just sit here please? And don't bother the gentleman. (Mrs. Mortimer sits next to Mr. Hillhold.)

(Enter a Stray Woman)

1st Credential: Here comes somebody else. Damn, another woman! Madam, I'm afraid that registrations for this conference are closed. But if you--

Woman: Who wants a conference? Where's the Ladies Room?

1st Credential: That-a-way. (Sighs in relief) Thank God.

(Enter Mr. Corpus)
(He is dignified, rather melancholy)

1st Credential: Good morning, sir. You wish to register for the Council Leaders Conference?

Mr. Corpus: Yes, let's get it over with.

1st Credential: Your name sir?

Mr. Corpus: Harold C. Corpus, attorney. Of the Firm of Habeas, Writ, Summons and Corpus. I am Chariman of the Budget Committee of the Council of Sprawl City and Outlying Shopping Centers, Incorporated.

1st. Credential: Good for you. Do you mind answering a few questions?

Mr. Corpus: If they're not immaterial and irrelevant.

1st Credential: Then, how do you feel about relations between governmental and voluntary agencies?

Mr. Corpus: I just wish we had their dough, and they had our agencies!

1st Credential: What are your plans for relations with government in the future?

Mr. Corpus: Sir, that question is immaterial and irrelevant. I am convinced that we can safely trust to the wisdom of that great and glorious President of the United States -- Richard M. Nixon.

1st Credential: But--er-a-- but-- Mr. Corpus --- I hate to tell you, but Mr. Nixon lost!

Mr. Corpus: (Sighing) I know--but since I've been in Council work I've learned that you always have to keep hoping!

1st Credential: Ain't it the truth. Well, Mr. Corpus, I can see that you are a splendid citizen leader. But do you mind sitting here? and just keep hoping.

1st Credential: (Mr. Corpus sits with Hillhold and Mortimer)
(to 2nd) How are we doing?

2nd Credential: Not so hot. A vice president, a woman, and a sick Republican. We gotta do better. Well, here comes another chance.

(Enter John Smallguy) - He is rumped, shy, vague in manner)

2nd Credential: Good morning, sir. What can I do for you?

Smallguy: (produces a letter) Well, we got a letter from somebody in New York, telling us to send somebody to Pittsburgh. This is Pittsburgh?

2nd Credential: It is indeed. Home of Health, Welfare and Heinz. You might remove your hat and bow slightly.

Smallguy: (does so) Yes, sir. And is this the Council Leaders Conference?

2nd Credential: It is for some people -- not for all people.

Smallguy: Well, my name is Smallguy -- Homer Smallguy. I represent the Council of Seedy Core Township. The Council of Social Agencies, that is.

2nd Credential: Council of Social Agencies! Isn't that a rather backward name for a modern Council?

Smallguy: Oh, yes, we're a very backward community.

2nd Credential: You mean, you haven't even had any population explosions?

Smallguy: Oh, no, we're a very quiet community.

2nd Credential: And you are the Council president?

Smallguy: Oh, no, I'm his brother-in-law. He's got new dentures, so he sent me to speak for him.

2nd Credential: May I ask your business affiliation?

Smallguy: Well, you see, the Republicans named me their candidate for Mayor, and since we were a Republican stronghold, it was a sure thing.

2nd Credential: Congratulations! Welcome to the Conference, Mr. Mayor! We need more leadership from the public field. Especially winners, like you.

Smallguy: But you see, I lost!

2nd Credential: You lost?

Smallguy: You know how those dirty Democrats are!

2nd Credential: But this is awful--then you're a nobody.

Smallguy: Yes but that's allright. In my community, everybody is.

2nd Credential: But don't you realize the importance of key citizen leadership? Look at the problems that face Councils today: urban renewal, medical research, juvenile delinquency, unmarried mothers --- how do you expect to solve these problems?

Smallguy: Oh, we don't... Does anybody?

2nd Credential: Well, at least they dream. They set priorities. Don't you set priorities?

Smallguy: Oh, yes, we did set up a committee on priorities, Our splendid Boy Scout executive was chairman. They did a wonderful job. And guess what happened? We got seven new Boy Scout troops!

2nd Credential: This is terrible! Don't you know that a modern Council should be doing long term planning aimed at prevention?

Smallguy: Oh, Mister -- you can't prevent Boy Scouts!

2nd Credential: I give up. Oh, well, go and sit down until I can think what to do with you

(Smallguy sits, with others)

2nd Credential: Any more of this and we're sunk.

1st Credential: Oh, God, send us a real rip-roaring Somebody!

(Off stage, sound of music, "Jubilation T. Cornpone.")

1st Credential: Maybe this is somebody -- no -- it's everybody! It's a parade!

(Enter Kingpin retinue of five, with banners: "Follow Our Leader" "Win with Kingpin" "Fund Raisers Go Home" etc. They march around stage and pause before Credentials Committee)

1st Marcher: Is everything ready?

1st Credential: Ready for what?

1st Marcher: For Mr. Kingpin, naturally. Mr. Alexander J. Kingpin.

1st Credential: Is he really somebody?

2nd Marcher: He is EVERYBODY!

1st Credential: Is he president of a corporation board?

3rd Marcher: He is president of ALL corporation boards!

1st Credential: Is he a key man in the community?

4th Marcher: He is the Master Key !

1st Credential: Then bring him in ! We sure need him!

(Music resumes. Marchers line up. Enter Mr. Kingpin. He is genial and smiling.)

2nd Credential: Welcome, Mr. Kingpin! Here is the registration desk!

Kingpin: Yes, yes, I know. Now - where's the bar?

1st Credential: Er - a - Mr. Kingpin -- would you mind registering first?

Kingpin: Sure - sure - Say, would you fellows like to see some snapshots of my grandchildren? I've got seven of the little monsters and are they ever cute!

(He takes out billfold and starts showing pictures)

1st Credential: Yes, but first, may I ask you a few questions? I mean, about some of the high points of your career as a Council Leader?

1st Marcher: Don't ask Mr. Kingpin, He's terribly modest. We'll speak for him. We'll tell you all he's done for our Council. Mr. Kingpin, you just relax.

(Kingpin sits down, looks at pictures of his grandchildren)

SONG: (By Marchers) "ALEXANDER J. KINGPIN," (attached)

(They alternate singing verses, with everybody joining in the chorus)

Kingpin: It was nothing, really. Now gather around, folks, let me tell you what my little granddaughter Shirley said when she watched me shaving -- No, I got a better idea. Come along with me, and I'll tell you all about it at the bar. Come on, everybody, be my guests!

1st Marcher: Follow the Leadership!
(Kingpin starts off. Everybody on stage follows him, except Smallguy, who hangs back.)

Kingpin: Come along, brother.

Smallguy: (sadly) I can't. I didn't qualify.

Kingpin: Nonsense! Come along!

1st Credential: He's right, sir -- he didn't qualify. Confidentially, he's a squarehead.

Kingpin: So what? Every Round Table needs a few squareheads.

2nd Credential: But sir -- he really is a Nobody.

Kingpin: Fine! If everybody was Somebody, nobody would be Anybody!

1st Credential: But sir -- we questioned him carefully. He simply is not of leadership stature.

Kingpin: Nonsense! You just didn't ask the right questions. Let me try. Now, brother, think carefully. How are your Council's relations with public agencies?

Smallguy: They hate us.

Kingpin: Well, so what? How are your relations with the United Fund?

Smallguy: We hate them!

Kingpin: Well, that's natural. But I bet you have a Committee on Cooperation?

Smallguy: Oh, yes

Kingpin: And what have they accomplished?

Smallguy: Absolutely nothing.

Kingpin: (Scratching his head.) I must be slipping. There must be a right question! Let me think -- Ah, I've got it. Listen, pal, What do you think of those Pittsburgh Pirates?

Smallguy: Whoopee! Oh boy -- that Mazerosky!

(They fall in each others arms and dance around stage.
Music - "Take Me Out to The Ballgame.")

Kingpin: I knew it. You see, my friends, this man has all the elements of an outstanding Council leader. You just have to touch the right chord.

1st Credential: Well - maybe - but I could count up a lot of weaknesses.

Kingpin: In togetherness, who's counting? Now, boys and girls, let's follow the leadership -- Side by Side!

FINALE (By entire cast) SIDE BY SIDE (attached)

This song could be assigned to the two people who can do it best! Or it could be divided among several people. In either case the entire cast should join in the line "Side by Side."

Turn: Old Mac Donald had a Farm

EE-YI-EE-Y-O

Councils called a conference - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

They dragged the laymen from their tents, and told 'em where to go,

With a president here and a V P there,

Big board chairmen everywhere,

Councils called a conference - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

① Oh, the program will be grand - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

The planning experts planned and planned, on how it ought to go,

② With a round table here and a round table there,

A-Groups, B-Groups everywhere,

Oh the program will be grand - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

③ Speakers will be laymen chaps - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

The pro's will kindly shut their traps, when the speeches flow,

With an illustrator here, and a moderator there,

Sum-mar-i-zers everywhere

Speakers will be laymen chaps - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

What's the program all about - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

Just stick around and you'll find out, things you ought to know,

With a health fight here, and a Fund fight there,

Urban renewal everywhere,

What's the program all about - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

Thursday, Friday have your thrills - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !
On Saturday pay Hilton bills - boy, you'll get a blow,
With a room service here, and a room service there,
Bar checks, bar checks everywhere,
Thursday, Friday have your thrills, ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

Council leaders, step this way - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !
And welcome to the Council fray, shout a hi-de-ho,
With togetherness here, and togetherness there
Just togetherness everywhere,
Council leaders, step this way - ee-yi-ee-yi-o !

ALEXANDER J. KINGPIN

When our Chest began to sag, and the drive went into reverse,
Who brought in United Fund, which went from bad into worse?
Why, it was Alexander J. Kingpin, old ringa-ding-ding pin,
Alexander J. Kingpin, the leader we adore.

When the budget session boiled, and the laymen started to burn,
Who rose up and saved the day by shouting, "Let us adjourn!"?
Why, it was Alexander J. Kingpin, old ring-a-ding-ding pin
Alexander J. Kingpin, the leader we adore.

When the structure battle raged and the Pittsburgh bombers drew near,
Who protected agencies, and led them safe to the rear?
Why, it was Alexander J. Kingpin, old lets-have-a-fling pin,
Alexander J. Kingpin, the leader we adore.

When the Y's agreed to merge, and we set the nuptial day,
Who performed the marriage rites, and gave the bridegroom away?
Why it was Alexander J. Kingpin, old let's have pin,
Alexander J. Kingpin, the leader we adore.

When a Council image shines, and never never grows dim,
Who's the guy in every eye, now don't be silly, it's HIM,
Why, it is Alexander J. Kingpin, old jing-a-ling-ling pin,
Alexander J. Kingpin, the leader we adore.

When we longed for partnership, but the public welfare said NO,
Who stuck out his private gun, said "Partner, hand us the dough",
Why it was Alexander J. Kingpin, old ring-a-ding-ding pin,
Alexander J. Kingpin, the leader we adore.

① - Oh the Forum will be grand -
ee-yi-ee-yi-o

② - with a section here and a
section there,
hundreds of meetings everywhere

③ - whole name out

④ - whole chorus out + solo

"We'll see you all in sixty seven
Ee-yi-ee-yi-o

In Dallas which they say is heaven;
You just gotta go.

with a 10-gallon hat, a six gun there,
Democrats, democrats everywhere

we'll see you all in '67,
Ee-yi-ee-yi-o

National Committee for the Day Care of Children

- 2 -

When from every walk of life we follow leadership's star,
Who leads all the walkers in his shiny Cadillac car,
Why it is Alexander J. Kingpin, old ring-a-ding-ding pin
Alexander J. Kingpin, the leader we adore!

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh, they say that a Council is screwy,
All social planning is hoey,
But we'll travel along,
Righter than wrong, side by side,
So go to your round table session,
Sing out your name and profession,
Then just try to get clear
Why we are here, side by side.
If your Council's sickly, don't feel depressed or blue,
You'll discover very quickly, that we are sicker than you!
If your problems are murky and muddy,
Just say you're planning a study,
Every delegate's jaw, will open with awe,
Side by side..

Oh, we know there's a prevalent feeling,
Councils are not sex-appealing,
but as likely as not,
We could get hot, side by side.
If Council problems get rougher,
Think of the Congo--that's tougher,
So we'll travel along
Singing a song, side by side.
Say you've lost supporters, say that your structures fall,
You can damn New York headquarters, for they're to blame for it
all

Say that national agencies vex us,

Funds have a plot to annex us,

Come Saturday's lunch,

We'll lick the bunch,

Side by side..



23-280

4780 SI

Colored Tabs

23-281

4781 SI

Clear Tabs

NATIONAL INSERTABLE-TAB INDEXES ENABLE YOU TO
MAKE YOUR OWN SUBJECT ARRANGEMENT, USING PLAIN
INSERTS ON WHICH TO WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTIONS.

GATES OF PARADISE

1360
Return to:

NCSW

22 W. Gay St.

Columbus 15, Ohio

Cast of Characters: (10)

1st Guard

2nd Guard

1st Social Worker

2nd Social Worker

3rd Social Worker (pan)

4th Social Worker

1st Volunteer

2nd Volunteer

3rd Volunteer

4th Volunteer

Properties Needed:

Table; 4 chairs

Sign, "Gates of Paradise -- Social Workers Annex"

Sign on table: "Credentials Committee"

4 "V" Pins, of cardboard

8 "Haloes" of cardboard

Music: 1) "That's What Uncle Remus Said"; 2) "Doin' What Comes Naturally"

4 Volunteers sing "Uncle Remus" (Note: 4th Volunteer should

sing verse #1). 4th Volunteer sings "Doin' What Comes Natuarlly"

"The Gates of Paradise"

SCENE: Before the gates. Signs above: "Gates of Paradise Social Workers Annex". At right center, table and two chairs, at which sit 2 guards. Sign on table: "Credentials Committee". 4 chairs at left. Guards have papers on table, among which they can conceal lines.

- 1st Guard: (yawning) No Hum? Business is sort of dull today, isn't it?
- 2nd Guard: Yes it is, sort of. We haven't had an applicant for half an hour.
- 1st G: Wonder what's keeping 'em. Is anything special happening on earth?
- 2nd G: Nothing much except the San Francisco conference.
- 1st G: Oh, of course! That explains it. The poor old social workers are too busy to be thinking about heaven. But we're sure to get a lot of 'em the minute it's over. It simply kills 'em! Be prepared for a mob.
- 2nd G: I hope we do get a mob. You know, this is a darn dull job, sitting on the Celestial Credentials committee. I wish we could brighten it up a little. I wish we could at least wear some nice robes or draperies or something. I feel silly guarding the gates of paradise in this old rag.
- 1st G: Now, my dear, remember this isn't regular paradise -- it's just the social workers annex. It's bound to be drab.
- 2ndG: Well, at least they could give us some Red Feather wings. It would make the Chest people feel more at home.
- 1st G: Shh --- I think we've got a customer. Let's give her the works.

(ENTER 1st SOCIAL WORKER)

1st Social Worker: Is this the Social Workers Paradise?

1st G: Madam, it is.

1st S.W. Well, open the door, Richard.

1st G: May I see your credentials, please?

1st S.W.: Credentials? Oh yes, just a minute. (FUMBLES IN BRIEFCASE AND BRINGS OUT ASSORTED PAPERS, WHICH SHE HANDS ONE BY ONE TO GUARD). Well, here's a transcription of my credits from Columbia -- and from the New York School. Here are my personal papers from the year one. Here's a paper I gave at Buffalo in '46. Here's an article in the March 1939 Survey Midmonthly.

1st G: Is that all?

1st S.W. Oh yes, and here's my AASW card.

1st G: Splendid. Enter, Madam, the place is yours!

1st S.W.: I'm glad I'M getting some good out of that card.

1st SOCIAL WORKER ENTERS GATE)

2nd G: Well, that was a simple case. And look, here comes another.

(2nd SOCIAL WORKER ENTERS. SHE STOPS, LOOKS AROUND, RUBS HER FOREHEAD AS THOUGH BEWILDERED).

1st G: This way, please. Can we help you?

2nd S.W.: Where am I? Where's the meeting? They said in Parlor A of the St. Francis. Is this the St. Francis?

1st G: No, my dear. This is heaven.

2nd S.W.: Heaven? Good heavens! You mean I'm dead?

1st G: Obviously.

2nd S.W.- Can you beat it? . . . Well, it serves me right. I said to myself on Thursday, if I go to one more meeting, I'll drop dead. But I did. And I did! (SMILING) Well, anyhow, now I won't have to revise my paper for the annual Proceedings. Oh death, where is thy sting! Lead me to it!

(SHE DASHES INTO THE GATES)

2nd G: She's gone in, and we didn't get her credentials!

1st G: Oh, never mind, let her go. Anybody just out of San Francisco has suffered enough . . . Look, here's another . . . You take him,

(ENTER A MAN)

Man: My board told me if I just kept going I'd get to heaven. Is this it?

2nd G: Yes, it is, sir. May I see your credentials, please?

Man: (SURPRISED) Credentials? Why, I don't need any credentials. I'm from the Y. M. C. A.

2nd G: (SCANNING A LIST) Y. M. C. A.? . . . Y. M. C. A.? I don't see it listed in the accredited agencies. Are you sure it's social work?

Man: (INCENSED) My good woman! Is it social work? Listen -- do you know why I just dropped dead? I just got \$100,000 out of our Community Chest for repairs and equipment. If that isn't social work, what is it?

1st G: Well, it's work, all right. Brother, there's no argument. Enter into Paradise -- you've earned it!

(YMCA MAN ENTERS THE GATE)

2nd G: Aren't we ever supposed to argue with the Y. M. C. A.?

1st G: No. We usually just leave 'em to the higher ups.

(ENTER Y. W. C. A. SHE IS BEAMING AND SELF-ASSURED).

YWCA: So this is Heaven! It's lovely!

1st G: Why, yes it is. But you're the first one to recognise it right off. How does that happen?

YWCA: Oh, mercy, I'm from the Y. W. C. A. I've had a reservation here for years!

1st G: Indeed!

YWCA: Yes, and I think I'll go right in and get settled.

(SHE STARTS IN)

1st G: May . . . just a minute, please. May I see your credentials?

YWCA: Credentials? Why, my earthly works are my credentials. Surely, you've heard about the way I've always worked to build heaven on earth? Think of my social action program . . . The way I've stuck out my neck for the labor movement . . . And my interracial practices. Why, I've annoyed Community Chests for years! Credentials, indeed! I'm going in. (SHE STARTS IN AGAIN).

1st G: (TO 2nd G) There's very little use arguing with these darn Christians! (TO YWCA) Well, we just let the Y. M. C. A. in, so I suppose we may as well let you in, too. Go on!

YWCA: (STOPPING AND TURNING AROUND) You mean to tell me the Y. M. C. A. got into Paradise?

1st G: Yes, right that way. (POINTS) All you have to do is follow him.

YWCA: Follow the Y. M. C. A.? (COMES UP TO GUARD) Which way's hell?

(GUARD POINTS. YWCA MARCHES OFF, CHIN IN AIR).

1st G: Well, it's probably better this way. No use causing a rumpus in Paradise, too. (SOUND OF VOICES). What's this? Sounds like a group.

2nd G: Oh, can group workers get in, too?

1st G: Yes, but I don't think these are group workers. They sound too cheerful. (ENTER FOUR VOLUNTEERS, THE FIRST IS THE LEADER. THEY WEAR LARGE CARDBOARD V'S).

1st Vol: (TO OTHER THREE). I think this is it, girls. Now remember, let's not be too humble. After all, we're not just plain war work volunteers, we're Citizen Participants. Stay here, and I'll find out what's what.

1st G: How-do-you-do. May we serve you?

1st Vol: This is the Social Workers Paradise, I believe, and we want in.

1st G: Well, I hope we can arrange it. May I see your credentials?

1st Vol: Credentials?

1st G: Yes, you know, evidences of education . . . your social work degrees . . . your personnel records . . . anything to establish your professional qualifications;

1st Vol: (TO OTHER VOLUNTEERS). Get that, Girls, we've got to prove that we're angels, here too: just as we did on earth. (TO GUARD). Well, the joke's on you, because we haven't got any professional qualifications . . . we're volunteers. And as such we want in!

1st G: Oh, but I'm afraid there's some mistake. You see, this is the professional paradise. Now, if you'll just walk that way and take the elevator down . . .

1st Vol: Down nothing. We're on our way up. Listen, for years social workers have been telling us that we're wonderful. We are joint partners in a great community enterprise.

2nd Vol: We are an integral part of the total over-all picture.

3rd Vol: We are interpreters of the community.

4th Vol: We are implementers of democracy.

1st Vol: They tell us all that, but we never could get it down in black and white until just recently. Then they went too far. They got out this. (FLOURISHES A PAPER).

1st G: And what is that?

1st Vol: It's a statement of Volunteer Principles. And it says right out in public that we're as good as they are. So we're making a test case. If we're good enough for earth, we're good enough for heaven. Come on, girls.

(THEY START IN)/

1st G: But please . . . wait a minute. This is all very irregular.
There's no precedent to go by. Surely, you must have some
sort of credentials.

1st Vol: Well, of course, we have our V's. (SHOWS PIN. THEY ALL SHOW PINS).

1st G: But how did you get them?

1st Vol: We got them, the hard way, by serving 100 hours at our volunteer
jobs. It's all part of the Plan for Recognition with Awards.

1st G: Could you be more specific.

1st Vol: Why certainly. Come, girls. Let's tell 'em how we won our V's.

(SONG BY VOLUNTEERS. TUNE: "That's What Uncle Remus Said".)

1. Democracy has need of you
Come serve on one committee, do,
That's what they begged, and I was green,
So now I'm the chairman of fifteen!

Chorus:

That is how I won my V
That is how I won my V
I chaired committees constantly
That's how I came to win my V.

2. They said, your friends must see the light,
You must interpret day and night,
I wooed my friends at bridge and tea,
I lost all my friends, but won my V.

Chorus:

That is how I won my V
That is how I won my V
Interpreting at bridge and tea
Lost all my friends, but won my V.

3. Your duty's plain they said to me,
To serve your whole community,
I volunteered my total powers,
And sat licking stamps one hundred hours.

Chorus:

That is how I won my V
That is how I won my V
By licking stamps devotedly
I served my town and won my V.

4. Convert from war, the Bureau said.
And work for total peace instead,
The total peace turned out to be,
To e-lim-in-ate my agency.

Chorus:

That is how I won my V
That is how I won my V
I killed my darling agency,
That's how I came to win my V.

1st G: Well, I must say I'm impressed. Let me see these volunteer principles. (GLANCES AT THEM). You mean that you lived up to these? You were not agency-conscious?

1st Vol: Certainly not. We were community conscious. We worked for the total good. But of course as a member of the Chest budget committee, I always saw that my agency got a good big share of the total good.

1st G: And you were always patient and dependable, like it says here?

2nd Vol: I was. I spent my first 50 hours patiently cutting clippings and pasting them in scrap books for the files.

1st G: That was splendid.

2nd Vol: Then I spent the next 50 hours patiently cleaning out the files and throwing them all away.

1st G: And you were all like it says here (INDICATING "PRINCIPLES"). interested - educated - oriented and all that?

3rd Vol: Well, i certainly was. I attribute my whole success on earth to the fact that I was properly recruited, interviewed, oriented, integrated, assigned, supervised, and evaluated. I grew on the job, and I made a creative contribution on a scale commensurate with my developing abilities. I was a perfect product of every principle the volunteer bureau ever thought up.

4th Vol: Well, I wasn't.

1st G: You mean, you didn't follow the volunteer principles?

4th Vol: Certainly, I didn't. And I always got along all right, too.

1st G: But, what did you do?

4th Vol: Why, I simply did what came naturally. I'll be glad to tell you about it.

(SONG. TUNE: "DOIN' WHAT COMES NATURALLY").

Volunteers in recent years
Follow regulations,
As for me I won my V
Doin' what comes naturally.

(Chorus): "Doin' what comes naturally".

Not for me the ABC
Rules of civic service,
I prefer life, wild and free,
Doin' what comes naturally.

(Chorus)

When a job comes up and ther're in a fix,
and they ask five chairmen and they all say NIX,
Then they turn to me with a hopeful thrill,
And they beg "You do it" and I say I will,
That comes naturally.

(Chorus: That comes naturally).

I never took the courses that train your natural bent,
I'll work like seven horses, but I will not orient!
Let 'em cheer the volunteer,
Trained and integrated,
There are millions just like me,
Doin' what comes naturally!

(Chorus: Doin' what comes naturally);

1st G: Well, ladies, I like your spirit and I'm sure you're all fine women.

But I'm afraid you don't quite qualify for the Social Workers
Paradise. Perhaps when your V is a little better recognized on
earth . . . (SHE IS INTERRUPTED BY APPEARANCE OF FIRST SOCIAL
WORKER, HURRYING THROUGH THE GATE, FOLLOWED BY 2nd and 3rd).

What's the matter? Is something wrong?

1st S.W. Frankly, yes. May I speak to you a moment.

1st G: Yes, but may I first introduce some partners of yours. These are four volunteers.

1st S.W. Oh, dear. Do we have to go through all that again?
(GOLDLY) How-do-you-do?

1st G: If you ladies will wait over there just a moment. (VOLUNTEERS SIT)
Now, what is your problem?

1st S.W. Frankly, we are not quite satisfied with conditions here. The social planning organization is totally inadequate.

2nd S.W.- The case records are in a mess.

3rd S.W.(YMCA): And the equipment is lousy.

1st S.W.: It is obvious that we need a new set-up to coordinate relationships and undergird the over-all.

1st G: Well, really?

2nd G: The nerve of them!

1st S.W. So we have decided that what we need is a Celestial Social Welfare Assembly.

2nd G: And I daresay you are the steering committee?

1st S.W.- Obviously. Now, please give us your advice. How shall we lay this matter before the . . er. . the Higher UP?

1st G: You mean, the over-all chairman of the area?

1st S.W. Yes. Who should make the approach? A group worker? A case worker? Frankly, we're nervous. It's such an experimental field!

1st Vol: (STEPPING FORWARD). Pardon me, but aren't you overlooking someone?

1st S. W. Who?

1st Vol: Let me put it this way. On earth who was the continuing force in the community? Who were the interpreters? Who were the spokesmen for democracy?

1st S. W. The executives.

2nd S. W. The case workers.

3rd S.W. The Y. M. C. A.

1st Vol: (FLOURISHING "THE PRINCIPLES OF VOLUNTEER SERVICE") Do you remember this?

1st S. W. Oh heavens, the Principles of volunteer Service!

1st Vol: And who always made the initial approach to the Mayor, the Governor? The Corporations?

4th Vol: (LOUDLY) The Volunteers!

1st S. W. Sure enough. The Volunteers! (ASIDE) (Why do I always forget the creatures?) Why, you dear, wonderful woman, you're the answer to our prayers! You'll be the ideal chairman.

1st Vol: OK. Give me the memo and come along. We may need you as technical resources. (TO GUARD) Now, where do I find the Chairman of this Area?

1st G: Turn to the right and keep climbing. Now as to credentials . . .

1st Vol: Credentials, my eye. This is a joint lay-professional project of Citizen Participation. At the millenium level.

1st G: In that case, skip the credentials. Here's something better.
(Award each a paper halo which each pins to her head, like a hat).

Volunteer: (With gesture). Open up the Gates!

CLOSING CHORUS: Tune: "Uncle Remus Says"

Professionals who serve with pay
Shall enter Heaven with the Lay,
To greet the glan millenium,
So open the gates, for here we come!

Open up the Pearly Gates,
Open up the Pearly Gates,
Now every soul participates
So, open up the Pearly Gates!

IT'S OUR
RESPONSIBILITY

1360

IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Barbara Abel

*Theme: "I am the Very Model"
from Poems of Penelope
(Gilbert & Sullivan)*

When skies are blue and all the signs announce that it is spring again,
When daffodils are peeking up and birds are on the wing again,
When nature cries "Oh, ain't life grand?" and human hearts confess it is,
Then social workers meet to moan about the awful mess it is.
Complexities of modern life, it seems, have got the best of us;
Disaster hits the family, and also all the rest of us;
There's dislocation in the home and parents are inadequate,
(A problem which the casework field is planning to eradicate).
Society is now on trial and there is no decision yet.
(When people get assistance checks, they buy a television set.)
In fact, from chubby infancy to tottering senility,
When all the racket falls on its face -- it's our responsibility.

The welfare state is at the gate, delusion of bureaucracy.
(If everybody fares too well, farewell to our democracy!)
Security for all we seek, with fervor and agility;
(Nobody ever got it yet, but there's a possibility).
Good health is everybody's right, but let's approach it warily,
And let's be sure that no one gets his health involuntarily.
These clinics that are free-for-all, we wouldn't send sick kittens to;
No one approves the British plan (except, it seems, the Britons do).
It's up to citizens to act, there simply is no doubt of it.
They got us in the mess we're in, they gotta get us out of it.
Will freedom wither on the vine, or rise to new virility?
In vain we scan the Marshall Plan -- it's our responsibility.

April, 1950

From "Well, Well, Welfare"



23-280

4780 SI

Colored Tabs

23-281

4781 SI

Clear Tabs

NATIONAL INSERTABLE-TAB INDEXES ENABLE YOU TO
MAKE YOUR OWN SUBJECT ARRANGEMENT, USING PLAIN
INSERTS ON WHICH TO WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTIONS.

Keep it
Confidential

*1265
1360*

~~Handwritten initials~~
~~Handwritten initials~~
~~Handwritten initials~~

"KEEP IT CONFIDENTIAL" ~~Handwritten initials~~

A One-act Skit
By Barbara Abel

~~Handwritten initials~~ Return to:

~~Handwritten initials~~ NCSW

~~Handwritten initials~~ 22 W. Gay St.
Columbus 15, Ohio

A beam of light thrown into some dark corners
of social work education, professional and
volunteer.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Narrator
President of the Executive Committee
Members of the Executive Committee
 Mr. Bainbridge
 Mr. Newbold
 Mrs. Interim
 Miss Mellow
The Executive Director (1st Juror)
Dr. Wallis, A community surveyor
The Study Committee
 2nd Juror
 3rd Juror
 4th Juror
A social work student
Three old-fashioned girls

TIME: The present
SCENE: A meeting room

This skit was first presented at the 1952 National Conference of Social Work held in Chicago. It was sponsored by the Advisory Committee on Citizen Participation of CCC and the National Social Welfare Assembly. It is made available at the request of many who saw its premiere and who felt that it might well be adapted to lighten up meetings held by Councils, Chests, Volunteer Bureaus or other social work gatherings.

Before using it, however, remember this: The skit is satirical: it treats quite disrespectfully such solemn subjects as professional-volunteer relationships, social work education as analyzed in the Hollis Report, and community surveys. It is highly entertaining to those "in the know." It might be quite misunderstood by others. So our advice is: consider your audience carefully, and spring this skit only on a knowing and mature group who understand and love social work so well that they even dare laugh at its foibles.

PRICE 50 Cents

Community Chests and Councils of America, Incorporated
155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

- KEEP IT CONFIDENTIAL -

By

Barbara Abel

SCENE: Meeting room (two tables, right & left with chairs)

NARRATOR:

You are about to hear a report from a very important sub-committee of this conference. It's the Sub-committee on Social Work Smearing. Nobody has officially appointed us, but after two or three days of hearing from their own lips how smart social workers are, we just felt the urge to start smearing. Of course, this is a low, mean impulse, but we enjoy it, and hope you'll like it too. So tonight we want to let you in on some dirty work at the social work crossroads. Somebody is plotting to overthrow professional social workers, and the somebody is a bunch of volunteers. They are the executive committee of the Universal Uplift and Downbeat Society. The president has just got hold of a fine, scandalous rumor about social workers, and she's called a special and very secret meeting of the executive committee to spread the smear. Ah, here come the conspirators.

(ENTER PRESIDENT, AND FOUR MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, STEALTHILY. ALSO ONE EXTRA YOUNG MAN)

PRESIDENT:

This looks like a good safe place. Surely nobody else would have a meeting in this little cubbyhole.

(THEY SIT DOWN AT TABLE)

I've called you together about a matter of great urgency. Naturally, I didn't invite you-know-who. This is a matter for volunteer ears alone. A wonderful thing has happened. Wait a minute. Is there a social worker in this room?

MR. BAINBRIDGE:

(LOOKING UNDER THE TABLE) I don't think so.

MISS MELLOW:

Of course, I used to be one, but as you know, I've reformed and retired. I'm harmless.

PRESIDENT:

That's funny. (SHE SNIFFS THE AIR) I seem to smell a social worker. (POINTS AT YOUNG MAN) Who's this young man?

MRS. INTERIM:

Oh, I forgot to tell you. He's my nephew. But he's only a student at the school of social administration. He's doing his field work, so I brought him along for his education. But don't worry - he's just a puppy.

PRESIDENT:

Just the same, he's a potential social worker, and as such, dangerous. Puppies grow up to be dirty dogs. Young man, I am sorry but I must ask you to leave the room.

STUDENT:

But I don't want to leave the room.

PRESIDENT:

Nevertheless - OUT!

(YOUNG MAN RELUCTANTLY GOES; PAUSES AT DOOR TO STICK OUT TONGUE)

PRESIDENT: Now to business. A wonderful thing has happened. It may change the whole course of social work. The Hollis Report is out!

MR. NEWBOLD: Oh, goody, I've been waiting for that! It's the female Kinsey Report, isn't it?

PRESIDENT: Mr. Newbold! Please keep your mind on the meeting. Certainly not. It seems that Dr. Kinsey - that is to say, Dr. Hollis -- was appointed to investigate the big scandal in social work education. And here is his report. (DISPLAYS BOOK) "Social Work Education in the United States."

MR. NEWBOLD: Shucks! And you called a special meeting about that?

MRS. INTERIM: And very rightly. It's a most important study. What did Dr. Hollis find out about social work education?

PRESIDENT: That's the wonderful part. He found out that there's very little of it!

MISS MELLOW: Is that news? I found that out years ago, at the New York School.

MR. NEWBOLD: But it can't be true. I've always felt that whatever else the so-and-so's are, they're educated.

PRESIDENT: They are not educated. Dr. Hollis discovered that of the 75,000 social workers in the United States, only 20 per cent hold graduate degrees. And our executive is not one of them.

MR. NEWBOLD: Why, the rat! He told me he went to Ohio State.

MISS MELLOW: He probably just dropped in for the Michigan game.

PRESIDENT: And moreover, even when they do go to social work schools, it seems that there is something very murky about their--their curricula.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Well what do you know! What's wrong with it?

PRESIDENT: It seems that it is not closely related to function at the periphery of the orbit.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Good God, this could be serious! How long has it been going on?

PRESIDENT: Oh, years and years. And here's something else; there is also a dichotomy between the classroom and the field work.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: And we're paying this guy \$6,000. And with a dichotomy!

MRS. INTERIM: Well, outside of that, are they all right?

PRESIDENT: Far from it. It also seems that for the past two decades there has grown up a specialization as to setting and process which has threatened - if you'll excuse the expression - to compartmentalize social work.

MRS. INTERIM: Good heavens, you mean they sneak off into compartments -- together?

PRESIDENT: Worse than that. They sneak off separately - and become psychiatrists!

MR. NEWBOLD: Instead of staying in the office and tending to business.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: When I think of the way I've tried to respect them all these years, thinking they were educated. And all the time they were as ignorant and stupid as me.

PRESIDENT: Well, now, my friends, you know the truth. What shall we do about it?

MR. NEWBOLD: Naturally, we'll do our duty. We'll run the rascals out! We'll restore social work to its rightful owners--the volunteers!

ALL: That's the ideal! That's right! Now you're talking!

PRESIDENT: And how shall we start?

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Perhaps we should start with the press. I could hold a press conference.

PRESIDENT: Oh, no. Press conferences can cause a lot of trouble. Look at what always happens to Mr. Truman.

MR. NEWBOLD: Well, then, I might just drop a few words to the commander of the American Legion--that usually works.

MISS MELLOW: Why don't you let me handle this. Remember, I used to be one of them. I could spy on 'em, trap 'em, and before you know it, social work will be in our hands.

PRESIDENT: Oh! I can hardly wait!

VOICE: Wait -- wait -- wait!

(EXECUTIVE DASHES IN, WITH STUDENT)

STUDENT: There they are -- like I told you.

PRESIDENT: Good heavens! Our executive! (THRUSTING PAPER AT MISS MELLOW) Here -- pretend to be reading the minutes.

EXECUTIVE: (TO STUDENT) Thank you, my boy, you shall get a citation for this. (EXIT STUDENT) So! You have called a closed meeting without inviting me. And may I ask just what you are doing?

PRESIDENT: We were -- why, we were just reading the minutes of the last meeting.

EXECUTIVE: A likely story! What's that book doing here? Aha -- "Social Work Education in the United States." And what could you possibly understand about that?

MR. NEWBOLD: Well, for one thing, we understand that you social workers are an ignorant, uneducated lot. You have no systematic body of knowledge. And in your evolution, you have developed a dichotomy between your functions.

EXECUTIVE: And how bright are volunteers?

PRESIDENT: Oh, we know a thing or two.

EXECUTIVE: Good! Get ready to prove it. Because, I have news for you. The AASW is pretty upset about this Hollis Study, so it has engaged another expert, Dr. Wallis, to come in and make another study. And this one will be called (RUBS HANDS TOGETHER WITH SATISFACTION) "Volunteer Education in the United States."

PRESIDENT: Why, that's ridiculous. What would he have to go on?

MRS. INTERIM: What could he possibly find out?

EXECUTIVE: That volunteers have even less education than social workers.

PRESIDENT: Well, what of it? We are citizens of the community!

EXECUTIVE: Nevertheless, you must submit to an examination by Dr. Wallis.

MRS. MELLOW: An examination! Good Lord, I haven't taken an examination since I flunked community organization!

MRS. INTERIM: An examination! Oh, dear, I only went to finishing school. I'm finished!

PRESIDENT: Look here, you can't do this to us.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: At least we should have time to bone up on some stuff.

EXECUTIVE: There is no time. Dr. Wallis is here, ready to begin.

(ENTER WALLIS AND COMMITTEE, (JURY) 1 MAN AND 2 WOMEN)

Ladies and gentlemen of the executive committee, allow me to present Dr. Wallis. He is perhaps the most noted community surveyor of his time.

WALLIS: I don't care for that "perhaps." But let it pass. May I present my study committee. I always work through a committee. Sometimes I even work around a committee. As you see, they are all representative citizens.

MR. NEWBOLD: Representative citizens my eye. They are nobody but our own agency's staff.

WALLIS: Dear me, are they indeed? I hadn't noticed. I picked them up on the way in from the airport. Well, never mind. All they do is ask questions and make recommendations.

PRESIDENT: But this is outrageous. We should have an impartial study committee. We'll never get justice from them.

WALLIS: Justice? Who mentioned justice? This is a community study.

EXECUTIVE: Dr. Wallis has gone from coast to coast making studies.

WALLIS: And enemies. Bless my soul, the enemies I have made. I can't understand it, either. Because I'm very scientific. And I have a perfectly objective viewpoint. I love my fellow creatures, and do all the good I can, but everybody says I am a disagreeable man -- and I can't think why.

(EXECUTIVE GOES AND SITS WITH COMMITTEE)

MUSIC: SONG "EVERYBODY SAYS I AM A DISAGREEABLE MAN" (Gilbert and Sullivan, Princess Ida)

WALLIS: Now, shall we all relax? This will all be very informal and folksey. (TO EXECUTIVE) Mr. Executive, you will please serve as foreman of the jury -- I mean, chairman of the study committee. (TO EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE) So you are social work volunteers? We must get better acquainted. Please try to stop trembling. Now tell me, as volunteers, what do you do? One of you please tell me. Perhaps you, Madam President?

PRESIDENT: I do my duty. We all do our duty.

WALLIS: Come, come now. Just tell me what you do, not what you think you do. Just give me an idea of a volunteer's work day, from portal to pillow.

PRESIDENT: I'll be delighted to do so.

MUSIC: SONG "RISING EARLY IN THE MORNING" (Gilbert and Sullivan, The Gondoliers)

WALLIS: Splendid, splendid. Committee, I trust you noted that down carefully.

JURY: We did.

WALLIS: Now for a few simple questions, just to test your awareness of the scope and problems of social work. For example: Family life today is evidencing strain not conducive to the development of responsible, productive adults. How shall we evaluate the cultural, economic and emotional factors which are at work, and identify the steps which can be taken to prevent family failure?

MR. BAINBRIDGE: That's easy. Don't get married.

WALLIS: Has the committee a comment?

1st JUROR: I would like to ask another question related to family life. What are the social implications of the objectives of planned parenthood?

MR. NEWBOLD: Fewer social workers in the world, thank God.

EXECUTIVE: There it comes out. That nasty bias against the social work profession! Can't you understand the outstanding satisfactions to be gained in the practice of this noble profession? Personal development, cultural growth, social integration?

MISS MELLOW: Sure, I understand 'em. That's why I left social work for social security. The best satisfaction in social work is to retire and get to be a volunteer. That's what I did.

DR. WALLIS: But don't you miss your work? Don't you feel yourself in a backwash? Ignored? Isolated? Out of the current of the great trends and problems of the day?

MISS MELLOW: Oh, indeed I do! And it's wonderful!

MUSIC: SONG "I SLEEP EASIER NOW"

WALLIS: Let us resume our examination. Has the committee another question?

2nd JUROR: Yes, I should like to take up the matter of climate. Let me ask them this: How can group work agencies create a climate which best promotes the development of social goals?

MRS. INTERIM: My goodness, is group work trying to run the weather bureau too?

3rd JUROR: Dr. Wallis, we are getting nowhere with these more advanced questions. Suppose we get down to something elementary -- say fund raising. Please give us your view on this trend toward the more inclusive type of fund raising campaign, where national agencies, sometimes even the Red Cross, are included in the Chest?

MISS MELLOW: Well, so what? What's one more disaster to the Red Cross?

4th JUROR: I would like to move into the area of community organization. What are the contemporary trends that affect community organization? Are the concepts to which we subscribe valid?

PRESIDENT: Trends and concepts, trends and concepts! I'm sick of them all. That's what's wrong with social work. All trends and no heart throb! Oh, why can't it be sweet and simple? Why can't we go back to the Olden, Golden Days?

WALLIS: Well, maybe we can.

MUSIC: (ENTER TRIO OF OLD FASHIONED GIRLS)

SONG: "IN DAYS OF YORE" (Gilbert and Sullivan, Iolanthe)

WALLIS: This is all very confusing to the scientific mind. Let's see -- where were we?

EXECUTIVE: We were back in the Olden, Golden Days. And the committee thinks that's about as far as we can go. We have come to a decision.

WALLIS: You have? Well, what have you decided about the education of these volunteers?

EXECUTIVE: We can only conclude that the empirical character of their perceptions is manifest.

2nd JUROR: In any categorical approach, the constituent elements of their cognition are vacuous.

3rd JUROR: Their inerudition is exceeded only by their sciolism.

4th JUROR: They're dumb.

(VOLUNTEERS COWER IN CHAIRS, BOW HEADS IN HANDS)

WALLIS: Very interesting! And your recommendations?

2nd JUROR: We recommend that their ignorance be exposed.

(VOLUNTEERS GROAN)

3rd JUROR: That the results of this examination be printed in the newspapers.

(VOLUNTEERS GROAN LOUDER)

4th JUROR: And that their names be posted in the city hall.

(VOLUNTEERS CRY OUT)

PRESIDENT: See here, you can't do this to us.

JURY: Oh yes we can!

PRESIDENT: I'll never be able to face my neighbors!

MR. BAINBRIDGE: I'll be disgraced at the Union League Club!

MISS MELLOW: What will we do with our time?

MRS. INTERIM: We shall all have to go to work for civil defense!

EXECUTIVE: And now, social work can be turned back to its rightful owners -- the professionals. And democracy can begin to fulfill its promise to all people.

JURORS: Especially us!

PRESIDENT: (TO MISS MELLOW) Oh, this is awful! What shall we do?

MISS MELLOW: (WHISPER) You're doing fine. Keep it up. Keep sobbing. Let me handle this. (SHE STARTS OVER TOWARD THE EXECUTIVE). Oh, spirit of Mary Richmond, stick with me!

WALLIS: (INTERCEPTING HER) Now wait a minute. I---

MISS MELLOW: You stay out of this. I'm the expert now. (TO EXECUTIVE) Sir, you see before you a broken woman, speaking for a bunch of broken down volunteers. Give us another break!

EXECUTIVE: Now don't appeal to our mercy. We haven't any mercy.

MISS MELLOW: Oh, I know that. I went to the New York School myself. No, I appeal to your professional insight.

EXECUTIVE: Ah! Professional insight! Now, that's better.

MISS MELLOW: See those people? Don't think of them as your board members. Think of them now as your clients!

EXECUTIVE: Ah -- clients! That's still better!

MISS MELLOW: Look at those men. Maladjusted, malfunctioning, facing the deterioration incidental to the change in their social patterns.

EXECUTIVE: (CONSULTS WITH JURORS) What is your diagnosis?

2nd JUROR: Obviously they're reeking with tensions and hostilities.

MISS MELLOW: And look at those women. Displaced, rejected, seriously disturbed in their psychodynamic concepts.

3rd JUROR: Manifestly a case for multi-discipline approach.

4th JUROR: We must examine the causative factors.

MISS MELLOW: And for that matter--look at me! Headed for disintegration, dissolution -- and delinquency!

WALLIS: What are you doing after the show?

MISS MELLOW: Oh, sir, your clients appeal to you for help!

EXECUTIVE: Why, certainly, certainly. We'll take you on. But of course, we can't help you. In casework, clients must help themselves.

MISS MELLOW: Then have we your permission to help ourselves?

EXECUTIVE: Why of course! Our full permission.

MISS MELLOW: You hear that, Dr. Wallis? We have their full permission to help ourselves. (TO EXECUTIVE) O.K. Dopey, we hereby help ourselves to our old jobs as your board members. And thanks a lot!

MISS MELLOW: (SHE RUSHES BACK TO THE VOLUNTEERS, THRUSTS GAVEL IN HER HAND)
(cont'd) Take it, Thelma -- and bang it!

PRESIDENT: (BANGING GAVEL) We're in again -- whee!

WALLIS: If I may suggest ---

PRESIDENT: You may not. We're doing the suggesting from now on.

WALLIS: I was merely going to suggest that you fire this wretched, incompetent bunch of boobies, and start over. Of all the stupid, blundering, bigoted --

PRESIDENT: Now you stop that! They're not so bad.

WALLIS: What? And you call yourselves an Executive Committee. Why, of all the stupid, blundering, bigoted --

EXECUTIVE: Now you stop that! They're not so bad.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: And anyhow, the nerve of you, coming in from the outside and telling us how to run our affairs.

MRS. INTERIM: You're a very disagreeable man!

WALLIS: See? That's what always happens. I love my fellow creatures and do all the good I can, but everybody says I am a disagreeable man -- and I can't think why! Well, my mission is accomplished, and with heart aglow with hope, I scurry to the airport, leaving simple souls to cope. (HE STARTS TO GO, PAUSING AT EXIT) Oh, by the way, I recommend that you MERGE.

(EXIT)

(PRESIDENT AND EXECUTIVE MEET, CENTER STAGE: EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AND JURORS FOLLOW THEM AND CLUSTER AROUND)

PRESIDENT: See here, there's no use our firing you because you're uneducated. We'd only get another bunch just like you from the Personnel Bureau.

EXECUTIVE: And I suppose there's no use our firing you, either. We'd only get another bunch just like you from the Volunteer Bureau.

PRESIDENT: The plain truth is that neither of us is any too bright. Why not face it -- together?

EXECUTIVE: We could pool our intelligence.

PRESIDENT: And our ignorance.

EXECUTIVE: But that's what we've always done.

PRESIDENT: Yes, but now that we've had a study by an outside expert, it makes it more respectable!

EXECUTIVE: Now about this matter of education ---

PRESIDENT: Exactly! Let's just sort of -- keep it confidential!

EXECUTIVE: And keep plugging along together into the days to come.

MUSIC: SONG: "IN DAYS OF YORE"

CHORUS -- EVERYBODY:

In days to come, the word is mum
For we have found it true,
When education goes to pot,
We still can use the brains we got,
(The same applies to you.)
So rise and shine, ye bright and dumb,
Together face the Days to Come!
So rise and shine, ye bright and dumb,
Together face the Days to Come!

CURTAIN

Songs: "Keep It Confidential"

A Disagreeable Man

(Princess Ida - Gilbert & Sullivan)

When the overall community is peaceful and serene,
And sweet cooperation rules the social service scene,
When agencies are happy, and when welfare rides the crest,
When the Chest adores the Council and the Council loves the Chest,
When politicians look on welfare as their dearest buddy,
Then some committee rears its head and cries "We need a Study."
A famous expert they must have, the simple souls agree,
So they bring a famous expert in--and usually it's me,
Though I can't think why!

I get the facts together with my scientific mind,
And oh, you'd be astonished at the dirt I always find,
I note where functions falter, and where programs overlap,
And I mark with keen enjoyment each deficiency and gap.
I can smell a vested interest, and point it out with pride,
I know when agencies were born--and when they should have died,
I tell them so politely, with a smile upon my pan,
Yet everybody says I am a disagreeable man.

And I can't think Why!

Soon the Chest is in the doldrums, and the Council's in the soup,
And every group is fighting mad at every other group,
Then I summon the committee, and I delicately urge
That everybody liquidate, evaporate or merge.
My mission thus completed, and my heart aglow with hope,
I scurry to the airport, leaving simple souls to cope.
I love my fellow creatures--I do all the good I can,
Yet everybody says I am a disagreeable man.

And I can't think why!

Songs: "Keep It Confidential"

Rising Early in the Morning

(Gondoliers: Gilbert & Sullivan)

Rising early in the morning
With a brain alert and clear,
All the breakfast dishes scorning
I proceed to volunteer,
And set out with vim and verve
For the agency I serve.

First I make some observations
Noting workers at their stations,
And checking, with a frown, the absences
While the staff assumes its fetters
I may sign official letters,
Very neatly dotting i's and crossing t's.
Then I thoughtfully review the week ahead,
(Or perhaps it is the week behind, instead)
Or receive, with ceremonial and state,
Some national official potentate.
After that, with time a'fleeting,
I address a Council meeting,
On a very vital topic which I cannot now recall,
There's a special luncheon session
On the social work profession,
Where I stress the point that citizens must keep 'em on the ball.
To the office, briskly perking,
I make sure the staff is working,
There's a new reporter waiting, so an interview I give,
Comes a message, grim and dire,
That the budget's under fire,
So I hurry to the office of the Chest executive.

Oh, social work may jeer
At the loyal volunteer
But there's solid satisfaction in the service that we give,
And the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to hurry to the office of the Chest executive!

Chorus: (repeat last 6 lines)

When I've answered all their questions
And rejected their suggestions
If I've nothing in particular to do,
I may make a public statement
On the need for smoke abatement,
Or create a sub-committee, one or two.
Then for hours before the telephone I sit,
Selling boxes for an orphan's benefit,
After which I toddle off in breathless state
To a dinner meeting, seven bucks a plate.

It's in honor of sclerosis
Or some interesting neurosis,
Or some other frightful ailment that affects the race of man.
So we hear the gruesome details
That the speaker gladly retails
And we pledge our full assistance to promote it all we can.
When I leave the speakers' table
I am usually able
To connect with train or bus that gets me home at half past one,
With a pleasure that's emphatic
I retire to my attic
With a gratifying feeling that my duty has been done.

Oh professionals may sneer
At the loyal volunteer,
But of pleasures there are many, and of worries there are none,
And the culminating pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

Chorus: (repeat last 6 lines)

Songs: "Keep It Confidential"

In Days of Yore

(Iolanthe: Gilbert & Sullivan)

In days of yore, the days before
The world revolved so fast,
Then social work made no pretense
To intellectual eminence,
Or wisdom unsurpassed,
And yet we won our proudest bays
Back in those olden, golden days,
And yet we won our proudest bays
Back in those olden golden days.

In days gone by, we did not try
To run our native land,
Nor felt the legislative itch
To interfere in matters which
We did not understand.
Yet social work was all the rage
Back in that sweet and simple age,
Yet social work was all the rage
Back in that sweet and simple age.

We did not rate a Welfare State,
By any fancy name,
One goal had we, one firm intent
To feed and clothe the indigent,
(You'd better do the same.)
Of Lord and Lady Bountiful
We had a state and county full,
Of Lord and Lady Bountiful
We had a state and county full.

No vile attacks, no dirty cracks
At social work we stood,
If critics rose, to prick and prod,
We rested all our case on God,
That shut them up, but good.
And press and public sang our praise
Back in those olden golden days
And press and public sang our praise
Back in those olden golden days.

When General Grant fought General Lee
Back in the long ago,
A soldier fought and bled and died,
No junior hostess by his side,
There was no USO.
Yet women were the soldiers toast
Back in those days of which we boast
Yet women were the soldier's toast
Back in those days of which we boast.

The old folks then, lived three score
ten,
And quick departed hence,
No OAA security, to urge them to
futurity,
At national expense.
And life was insecure, as now,
But we enjoyed it, anyhow,
And life was insecure, as now,
But we enjoyed it, anyhow!

Songs: "Keep It Confidential"

I Take Life Easier Now

When I was younger,
When I was younger,
To save all the world I'd hunger
I take life easier now.

When I was purer,
When I was purer,
Of right and of wrong I was surer,
I'm less positive now.

When young and nervous,
When young and nervous,
I lived and I breathed for service,
I breathe easier now.

In the olden days at nine a.m.,
To the office quickly I sped
Every morning now at nine a.m.,
I am having breakfast in bed.

When I was thinner,
When I was thinner,
I spoke at the annual dinner
I eat easier now.

When I was struggling,
When I was struggling,
With budgets my brain was juggling,
I jug easier now.

In the olden days at 3 p.m.,
I'd be deep in social disaster,
But this afternoon at 3 p.m.,
I'll be deep in social canasta.

When young and foolish,
When young and foolish,
My dreams were so Bradley Buellish,
I dream easier now.

When I was tender,
When I was tender,
All life was a Freudian bender,
I bend easier now.

In the olden days at 10 p.m.,
I'd be toiling over a case,
But this very night at 10 p.m.
I'll be rubbing cream on my face.

When I was eagerer,
When I was eagerer,
My love life was so much meagerer,
I love easier now.

At every junction,
At every junction,
I strove to fulfill my function,
I function easier now.

In the olden days, to improve my mind,
I would study Kinsey with glee,
But since I've found out,
What it's all about,
Dr. Kinsey's studying me.

When Life was vernal,
When life was vernal,
I slept with the casework journal,
I rest easier now.

When love was nectar,
When love was nectar,
I dated a Chest director,
I sleep easier now,
I sleep easier now.

LET'S MAKE A
STUDY

P.R.

— LET'S MAKE A STUDY! —

A One-act Skit

By

Barbara Abel

SCENE: Meeting room (table, right stage, with 3 chairs;
6 chairs, left stage)

Props: gavel, book, Red Feather

NARRATOR:

You are about to hear a report from a very important sub-committee of this group. It's the Sub-committee on Volunteer Smearing. Nobody has officially appointed us. We just enjoy smearing. We're sure you do, too. Today we want to let you in on some dirty work at the social work crossroads. Somebody is plotting to overthrow professional social workers, and the somebody is a bunch of volunteers. They are the executive committee of the Universal Uplift and Downbeat Society. The president has just got hold of a fine, scandalous rumor about social workers, and she's called a special and very secret meeting of the executive committee to spread the smear. Ah, here come the conspirators.

(ENTER PRESIDENT ON TIPTOE, GLANCING AROUND STEALTHILY.
SHE BECKONS TOWARD DOORWAY)

PRESIDENT:

It's all right. Come on in. (ENTER TWO MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, MISS MELLOW AND MR. BAINBRIDGE)
This looks like a good safe place. The Public Relations Committee was supposed to be meeting here, but nobody showed up, as usual.

(THEY SIT DOWN AT TABLE)

Now Miss Mellow and Mr. Bainbridge, I've called this meeting about a matter of great urgency. Naturally, I didn't invite our executive. This is a matter for volunteer ears alone. A wonderful thing has happened. It may change the course of all social work. Can you guess what it is?

MR. BAINBRIDGE:

Three C's has closed down?

PRESIDENT:

No, not yet.

MISS MELLOW:

Oh, I know! There's been a mistake, and Stevenson was elected after all!

PRESIDENT:

No, no, no! This is purely educational--and very, very dirty.

(SHE HOLD UP A BOOK: "SOCIAL WORK EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.")

The Hollis report is out!

MISS MELLOW: What in the world is the Hollis Report?

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Oh, I know -- it's the female Kinsey Report. Lemme see it!

PRESIDENT: Mr. Bainbridge, please keep your mind on the meeting. I'll explain. It seems that Dr. Kinsey -- that is to say, Dr. Hollis -- was appointed to investigate the big scandal in social work education. And here is his report. (DISPLAYS BOOK) "Social Work Education in the United States."

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Shucks!

MISS MELLOW: Well, what did this Dr. Hollis find out about social work education?

PRESIDENT: That's the wonderful part. He found out that there's very little of it!

MISS MELLOW: Is that news? I found that out years ago, at the New York School of Social Work.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: But it can't be true. Whatever else the bastards are, they're educated.

PRESIDENT: They are NOT educated. Dr. Hollis says that of the 75,000 social workers in the United States, only 20 percent held graduate degrees. And our executive is NOT one of them.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Why, the rat! He told me he went to Ohio State.

MISS MELLOW: He probably just dropped in for the Michigan game.

PRESIDENT: And moreover, even when they do go to social work schools, it seems that there is something very murky about their -- their curricula.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: We might have known! What's wrong with it?

PRESIDENT: It seems that it is not closely related to function at the periphery of the orbit.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Good God, this could be serious!

PRESIDENT: And here's something else; there is also a dichotomy between the classroom and the field work.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: And we're paying this guy \$6,000 -- and with a dichotomy!

PRESIDENT: And moreover -- they have a tendency to go off into corners together and -- specialize!

MISS MELLOW: And you should see the corners!

MR. BAINBRIDGE: When I think of the way I've tried to respect them all these years, thinking they were educated. And all the time they were as ignorant and stupid as me.

PRESIDENT: Well, now, my friends, you know the truth. What shall we do about it?

MISS MELLOW: Naturally, we'll run the rascals out! We'll restore social work to its rightful owners -- the volunteers!

ALL: That's the idea! That's right! Now you're talking!

PRESIDENT: And how shall we start?

MISS MELLOW: Why don't you let me handle this. Remember, I used to be a social worker myself. I could spy on 'em, trap 'em, and before you know it, social work will be back in our hands.

PRESIDENT: Oh! I can hardly wait!

VOICE: Wait -- wait -- wait!

(EXECUTIVE DASHES IN)

PRESIDENT: Good heavens! Our executive! (THRUSTING PAPER AT MISS MELLOW) Here -- pretend to be reading the minutes.

EXECUTIVE: So! You have called a closed meeting without inviting me. And may I ask just what you are doing?

PRESIDENT: We were -- why, we were just reading the minutes of the last meeting.

EXECUTIVE: A likely story! What's that book doing here? Aha -- "Social Work Education in the United States." And what could you possibly understand about that?

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Well, for one thing, we understand that you social workers are an ignorant, uneducated lot.

EXECUTIVE: That's not true. We're very educated people. Haven't we just kicked out our Community Chest and started an Altogether Together United Fund? That ain't dumb.

PRESIDENT: But the volunteers had to approve it. We ain't so dumb either.

EXECUTIVE: All right, then, get ready to prove it. Because I have news for you. We professionals are pretty sore about this Hollis Study, so we have engaged Dr. Hollis to come in and make another study. And this one will be called (RUBS HANDS TOGETHER WITH SATISFACTION) "Volunteer Education in the United States."

PRESIDENT: Why, that's ridiculous. What would he have to go on?

EXECUTIVE: Enough to prove that volunteers have even less education than social workers.

PRESIDENT: Well, what of it? We are citizens of the community!

EXECUTIVE: Nevertheless, you must submit to an examination by Dr. Hollis.

MELLOW: An examination! Good Lord, I haven't taken an examination since I flunked community organization at the New York School!

MR. BAINBRIDGE: At least give us time to read the back numbers of COMMUNITY.

EXECUTIVE: There is no time. Dr. Hollis is here, ready to begin. Come in, Dr. Hollis.

(ENTER HOLLIS, FOLLOWED BY 4 JURYMEN)

Ladies and gentlemen of the executive committee, allow me to present Dr. Hollis. He is perhaps the most noted community surveyor of his time.

DR. HOLLIS: I don't care for that "perhaps." But let it pass. May I present my study committee. I always work through a committee. Sometimes I even work around a committee. As you see, they are all representative citizens.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Representative citizens my eye. They are the staff of our Altogether Together United Fund!

DR. HOLLIS: Dear me, are they indeed? I hadn't noticed. I picked them up on the way in from the airport. Well, never mind. All they do is make recommendations.

PRESIDENT: But this is outrageous. We should have an impartial study committee. We'll never get justice from them.

HOLLIS: Justice? Who mentioned justice? This is a community study.

EXECUTIVE: Dr. Hollis has gone from coast to coast making studies.

(EXECUTIVE GOES AND SITS WITH COMMITTEE)

HOLLIS: And enemies. Bless my soul, the enemies I have made. I can't understand it, either. Because I love my fellow creatures, and do all the good I can, but everybody says I am a disagreeable man -- and I can't think why.

MUSIC: SONG "EVERYBODY SAYS I AM A DISAGREEABLE MAN" (Gilbert and Sullivan, Princess Ida)

HOLLIS: Now, shall we all relax? This will all be very informal and folksey. (TO EXECUTIVE) Mr. Executive, you will please serve as foreman of the jury -- I mean, chairman of the study committee. Now tell me, as volunteers, what do you do? One of you please tell me. Perhaps you, Madam President?

PRESIDENT: I do my duty. We all do our duty.

HOLLIS: Ah, very significant. Committee, make a note of that.

JURY: We did.

HOLLIS: Now for a few simple questions, just to test your educational awareness of the scope and problems of social work. For example: What are the social implications of planned parenthood?

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Fewer social workers in the world, thank God.

DR. HOLLIS: That leads to my next question: How can social workers gain the satisfactions of personal development, cultural growth and social integration?

MISS MELLOW: That's easy -- quit the whole mess and become volunteers. That's what I did.

HOLLIS: You did? But don't you feel on the shelf? Ignored? Isolated? Out of the current of community organization?

MISS MELLOW: I sure do. And it's wonderful! When I think of what I lived through in my youth! But I take life easier now.

MUSIC: SONG "I TAKE LIFE EASIER NOW"

HOLLIS: The meeting will come to order. Has the committee a question?

1st JUROR: Yes. Dr. Hollis, we are getting nowhere with these high falutin questions. Let's get practical. I'd like to ask the gentleman a question about the financial climate. How can our Altogether Together United Fund create a good financial climate for corporation giving?

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Good God, have you got the Weather Bureau in the Fund, too?

2nd JUROR: See, he doesn't know anything. I'll ask the lady. Madam, please give us your views on including the Red Cross in united campaigns.

MISS MELLOW: Well, so what? What's one more disaster to the Red Cross?

HOLLIS: This is all very confusing to the scientific mind. Committee, have you come to a decision?

EXECUTIVE: We have. Their perception of social work is manifestly empirical.

1st JUROR: Their concept of federation is appalling.

2nd JUROR: Their ignorance of basic factors is abysmal.

3rd JUROR: They wouldn't know a payroll deduction from a march of dimes.

4th JUROR: And besides, they're dumb.

HOLLIS: So what is your recommendation?

1st JUROR: I move that the results of this examination be posted in City Hall.

BOARD MEMBERS: No, no!

2nd JUROR: And printed in the newspapers.

BOARD MEMBERS: You can't do that to us!

3rd JUROR: And that we take away their charter.

BOARD MEMBERS: Oh, no!

EXECUTIVE: And restore social work to its rightful owner, the professional social worker. (GOES OVER TO PRESIDENT)
Madam, I'll take that gavel. (GRABS GAVEL, RETURNS TO COMMITTEE)

(BOARD MEMBERS, IN GREAT DISTRESS, GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER)

MISS MELLOW: But this is awful!

MR. BAINBRIDGE: I'll never be able to hold up my head at the Rotary Club.

MISS MELLOW: What will we do with our time? We'll all have to volunteer for Civil Defense!

PRESIDENT: Leave it to me. I have a plan. Let me approach them.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: But they're not acting like human beings.

PRESIDENT: I shall not approach them as human beings. I shall approach them as FUND RAISERS. Listen. (THEY CLUSTER TOGETHER AND WHISPER, BOARD MEMBERS SMILE. PRESIDENT APPROACHES JURY)

PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, let's talk this over. You have been looking on us as board members of the Uplift and Downbeat Agency, haven't you?

EXECUTIVE: That's right. (JURY NODS)

PRESIDENT: Well, take another look. We have just organized a new agency.

JURY: Oh, no!

PRESIDENT: Oh, yes. A new disease agency. It is called the Inter-Global Society for Sniffles, Sneezes and Sinuses. It has terrific popular appeal. It will sweep the country.

JURY: Oh, no!

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Oh, yes! The Ray Buncome Agency will handle our promotion. Alfred X. Gazelle of Metropolitan Magazine will be our public relations chairman.

JURY: We're sunk!

MISS MELLOW: And Mamie Eisenhower will head up the Womens Crusade and it will go over with BANGS.

EXECUTIVE: Now wait a minute -- listen to reason.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Where does reason come in? We're telling you, this is a new agency.

PRESIDENT: And we have created a wonderful new symbol -- THE RED FEATHER! Symbol of Service for Sniffles, Sneezes and Sinuses!

(TAKES RED FEATHER OUT OF HER HAT, WAVES IT UNDER EXECUTIVE'S NOSE. EXECUTIVE SNEEZES. BOARD MEMBERS CHEER)

EXECUTIVE: Listen, you can't do this to us. Have you forgotten we're partners? Don't you remember -- you volunteers are the upholders of a noble American tradition?

PRESIDENT: We are?

EXECUTIVE: Why certainly. I say so in all my speeches. Volunteers are the life blood of democracy. You are the guiding power, the directing force, the ---

PRESIDENT: If we're all that, then give me that gavel! (SHE GRABS GAVEL) Now, that's settled. If we drop Sniffles and Sneezes, and go back to the Uplift and Downbeat, do we volunteers get equal billing with the professionals?

(EXECUTIVE LOOKS AT JURY. JURY CONSULTS TOGETHER, NODS YES)

EXECUTIVE: Yes, yes.

MISS MELLOW: And a chance to sell Christmas cards on the side?

(EXECUTIVE LOOKS AT JURY. JURY CONSULTS AND NODS YES)

EXECUTIVE: Why certainly.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: And no back talk from the Budget Committee?

(EXECUTIVE LOOKS AT JURY. JURY CONSULTS)

1st JUROR: You can BE the Budget Committee!

PRESIDENT: (TO BOARD MEMBERS) Shall we accept this offer?

(BOARD MEMBERS WHISPER, NOD YES)

Thank goodness, we'll all rest easier now.

HOLLIS: What a silly performance! Madam, I suggest that you fire this bunch of boobies at once. Of all the stupid, blundering, bigoted ---

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Oh, come now, they're not so bad!

HOLLIS: And you call yourselves an Executive Committee! Of all the stupid, blundering, bigoted ---

EXECUTIVE: Oh, come now, they're not so bad!

MISS MELLOW: And anyhow, the nerve of you, coming in from the outside and trying to tell us how to run our business! You're a very disagreeable man!

HOLLIS: Can you beat it? That's what they always call me -- and I can't think why. Well, my mission is accomplished, and with heart aglow with hope, I hurry to the airport, leaving simple souls to cope.

(EXIT)

(PRESIDENT AND EXECUTIVE MEET, CENTER STAGE. BOARD MEMBERS AND JURY GATHER AROUND THEM)

PRESIDENT: As for this education business, let's just skip it and pool our intelligence.

EXECUTIVE: And our ignorance.

MISS MELLOW: Anyhow, now that we've been studied by an outside expert, our ignorance is more respectable.

EXECUTIVE: The truth is, I guess, that none of us is any too bright.

MR. BAINBRIDGE: Yes, but in an Altogether Together Fund it will probably never be noticed.

PRESIDENT: And we can all rest easier now!

MUSIC: "I SLEEP EASIER NOW"

CHORUS: Oh fed-o-ration, Oh fed-o-ration,
Our fame used to sweep the nation,
We'll sweep easier now, we'll sweep easier now.

(Repeat)

(Optional) In P. R. meeting, In P. R. Meeting,
To which we must now be fleeting,
We'll sleep easier now, we'll sleep easier now.

CURTAIN

Songs: "Let's Make A Study"

A Disagreeable Man

(Princess Ida - Gilbert & Sullivan)

When the overall community is peaceful and serene,
And sweet cooperation rules the social service scene,
When agencies are happy, and when welfare rides the crest,
When the Chest adores the Council and the Council loves the Chest,
When politicians look on welfare as their dearest buddy,
Then some committee rears its head and cries "We need a Study."
A famous expert they must have, the simple souls agree,
So they bring a famous expert in--and usually it's me,
Though I can't think why,
I can't think why!

I get the facts together with my scientific mind,
And oh, you'd be astonished at the dirt I always find,
I note where functions falter, and where programs overlap,
And I mark with keen enjoyment each deficiency and gap.
I can smell a vested interest, and point it out with pride,
I know when agencies were born--and when they should have died,
I tell them so politely, with a smile upon my pan,
Yet everybody says I am a disagreeable man,
And I can't think why,
I can't think why!

Soon the Chest is in the doldrums, and the Council's in the soup,
And every group is fighting mad at every other group,
Then I summon the committee, and I delicately urge
That everybody liquidate, evaporate or merge.
My mission thus completed, and my heart aglow with hope,
I scurry to the airport, leaving simple souls to cope.
I love my fellow creatures--I do all the good I can,
Yet everybody says I am a disagreeable man,
And I can't think why,
I can't think why!

I Take Life Easier Now*

When I was younger,
When I was younger,
To save all the world I'd hunger,
I take life easier now.

When I was purer,
When I was purer,
Of right and of wrong I was surer,
I'm less positive now.

When young and nervous,
When young and nervous,
I lived and I breathed for service,
I breathe easier now.

In the olden days at nine a.m.,
To the office quickly I sped,
Every morning now at nine a.m.,
I am having breakfast in bed.

When I was thinner,
When I was thinner,
I spoke at the annual dinner,
I eat easier now.

When I was struggling,
When I was struggling,
With budgets my brain was juggling,
I jug easier now.

In the olden days at 3 p.m.,
I'd be deep in social disaster,
But this afternoon at 3 p.m.,
I'll be deep in social canasta.

When young and foolish,
When young and foolish,
My dreams were so Bradley Buell-ish,
I dream easier now.

When I was tender,
When I was tender,
All life was a Freudian bender,
I bend easier now.

In the olden days at 10 p.m.,
I'd be toiling over a case,
But this very night at 10 p.m.,
I'll be rubbing cream on my face.

When I was eagerer,
When I was eagerer,
My love life was so much meagerer,
I love easier now.

At every junction,
At every junction,
I strove to fulfill my function,
I function easier now.

In the olden days, to improve my mind,
I would study Kinsey with glee,
But since I've found out,
What it's all about,
Dr. Kinsey's studying me.

When life was vernal,
When life was vernal,
I slept with the casework journal,
I rest easier now.

When love was nectar,
When love was nectar,
I dated a Chest director,
I sleep easier now,
I sleep easier now.

*Note: There is no printed music for this song. If you are producing the skit, write CCC for copy of a tune which fits the words.

Community Chests and Councils of America, Inc.
155 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

THERE OUGHTA BE
A LAW!

XUM

Barbara Abel
Community Chests & Councils, Inc.
155 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y.

P. R.

AD-Play-1000

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

(Citizen Participation in Words and Music)

Cast of Characters: A Crier
Mr. and Mrs. X ("Hurray for Love" song)
Chairman of the Hearing
A Petitioner
Resource for Volunteers
Resource for Professionals
Dr. Lindeman
Volunteer Bureau Director
5 Volunteers ("Motivations" song)
5 Professionals
A Willing Volunteer (Volunteer song)

United Community Chests & Councils of America
Incorporated
155 East 44th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Crier: (Walks across stage, ringing bell) Everybody out -- Everybody out -- Volunteers, professionals, everybody! Come to the public hearing. Hear all about the crisis in social work! Hear about the Lindeman Bill! Everybody out! Everybody out!

(Mr. and Mrs. X follow crier; pause in center of stage)

Mrs. X: What's he saying? What is this Lindeman Bill?

Mr. X: Why, it's the new bill for Universal Compulsory Volunteer Training.

Mrs. X: Compulsory volunteers?

Mr. X: That's what the man said.

Mrs. X: Gosh, let's go!

(They hurry off)

Scene: The Hearing. Room with table, chairs. Two sections: one with sign "Volunteers", one with sign "Professionals". Chairman takes center chair, with Volunteer Resource and Professional Resource on either side of him; others come in and takes chairs.

Chairman: The meeting will please come to order.

Petitioner: (Jumping up) Before the meeting starts may I say just a word. I have a petition --

Chairman: (Annoyed) No, no, not now, please. Later on, perhaps. We have urgent business before us. I want to welcome all of you to this hearing. It has been called to discuss a matter of urgent concern to all of us. As you know, social work is faced with a grave crisis.

Vol. Resource: What, again?

Chairman: Certainly, again. What did you expect? We have met to discuss Dr. Lindeman's bill. As you know this bill proposes two years of compulsory volunteer training for all citizens. In our discussion, Mrs. -- will serve as resource for the volunteers, and Mr. -- of the AASW will be the resource for the professionals. And I want to warn you both, keep it clean! Now, let us face it. Our beloved social work is in deadly peril.

Vol. Resource: Says who?

Chairman: Says everybody!

Prof. Resource: Of course we have nothing to fear. Our social work forces are the most powerful in the world. Our organization is the strongest, the most progressive in the world. Wherever progress creates human messes, social work is there to try to clean them up. Why, our health work is unsurpassed. Our group work is untouched. Our case work is untouchable!

Vol. Resource: Then whoopee! What have we got to worry about?

Chairman: Because we have one great weakness. Citizen participation. All over the world the volunteer spirit is slumping.

Vol. Resource: You mean citizens aren't participating anywhere?

Chairman: They're participating, all right, but they're the wrong citizens in the wrong countries. And so we must mobilize our forces. We must build up stockpiles of volunteers. We must recondition our USO Junior Hostesses. We must expand the intelligence of our Volunteer Bureaus. We must prepare to decentralize our national conference.

Vol. Resource: You mean we can't meet next year on the Board Walk?

Chairman: (stage whisper) Perhaps we shall meet under the Board Walk... We must prepare for everything. For to prepare will ward off trouble. It never has before, but maybe it will this time. As Mr. Truman has so wisely said --

Vol. Resource: Truman? Is he still around?

Prof. Resource: Certainly he is. This is only April.

Chairman: As Mr. Truman has so wisely said: We have nothing to fear, -- BUT. And now, in case that you doubt this crisis is real, I should like to call on Miss Blank, of the Mid-City Volunteer Bureau to testify. Miss Blank, what is the volunteer situation in your town?

Vol. Bureau Dir.: Oh, it's awful. They just won't volunteer. Seems like nothing but a war will bring 'em crawling out of the woodwork. Just look - (shows sheaves of papers) - these are all the requests from agencies that we haven't been able to fill. The YWCA wants 35 Y-Teen advisers. The YMCA wants one board member --

Vol. Resource: Somebody must have died.

Vol. Bureau Dir.: The Merry Sunshine Orphans of the Storm Center wants 50 foster parents and 100 foster grandparents.

Chairman: Grandparents: How's that?

Vol. Bureau Dir.: Some of the children are getting pretty old, just waiting. And the Visiting Nurse Association wants 27 people to carry their nurses' bags.

Vol. Resource: What about the Red Cross? How many do they need?

Vol. Bureau Dir.: Oh, they don't need anybody.

Vol. Resource: That's right; they have Basil O'Connor!

Chairman: Thank you very much, Miss Blank. And now --

Petitioner: (Rising) Perhaps this is a good time for me to present my petition. I have here ---

Chairman: Not now, not now. We have pressing business.

(Petitioner sits down)

I should like to call on Dr. Lindeman.

Dr. Lindeman, will you speak to your bill? Tell us how you think it would correct this terrible shortage of volunteers.

Lindeman: As I see it, it is all a matter of matter. Due, of course, to atomic energy. As matter seems to matter more, people seem to matter less. Somehow their motivation is weakened. To illustrate: I have made an analysis of volunteer motivations. I have discovered five types of motivations, resulting in five types of volunteers. A, the Do-Goodeer, motivated by conscience and sentimentality. B, the Ineffective Idealist, motivated by some vague, fuzzy feeling for democracy. C, the Traditional Board Member, motivated by powerful family habit. D, the Relapsed Professional, who left a job for matrimony and now regrets it. And E, the Saddle-Sore Veteran, who can do everything, and so has to do it. Perhaps you would understand better if I demonstrated.

Chairman: By all means, do.

Lindeman: Students! Tell these people why you participate.

Music: "Little Brown Jug"; 5 volunteers come forward and march around in a circle.

Prof. Resource: But why do they keep going around in a circle?

Lindeman: Sh-h-h- It's the democratic process!

Song of Participation.

(After song, 5 volunteers resume seats.)

Lindeman: Did you note the motivations? Horrible, weren't they? Benevolence, idealism, tradition, boredom, and a sense of duty. Now my bill will automatically remove all these weak motivations and substitute the one strong motive that everybody understands -- compulsion. No right thinking American can possibly object to this sensible and --

Mr. and Mrs. X: (Rising quickly): We do object!

Lindeman: That's odd, nobody usually objects to what I say. May I ask your names?

Mr. X: Our name is Legion.

Mrs. X: We are volunteers.

Mr. X: My wife is a perpetual volunteer. I got sick of waiting around for her to come out of committee meetings, so she arranged to have me sit on the committees too.

Mrs. X: We think your compulsion idea is horrible. It overlooks the only true motivation for any volunteer.

Lindeman: It isn't like me to overlook anything. What motivation could I have possibly skipped?

Mrs. X: Love!

Mr. X: And we'd like to say, Hurray for Love!

Song: HURRAY FOR LOVE

(After song, Mr. and Mrs. X return to seats.)

Prof. Resource: Oh Love --- oh bunk! Love is beside the point. Oh, it's all right in its way, but it doesn't require any training. And what volunteers need is training. Look at the training we professionals had to go through. Why shouldn't volunteers get a dose of it? After all, it would be only two years out of their lives, and think of the benefits. It would improve their health, strengthen their characters, give them skills they can use all through life; why they'll be specialists. Look at 'em now -- half of them are square pegs in round holes, and the other half are roundpegs in square holes. Dr. Lindeman's bill would change all that.

Chairman: That's a very good point. Would anyone like to comment on it?

Willing Vol.: (Rising) Yes, I should like to comment. And my comment is, phooey.

Chairman: Please -- ! No one ever says phooey -- out loud -- to the AASW.

Willing Vol.: Well, I do. All this palaver about pegs and holes! Why, I've been a volunteer for twenty years. Part of the time I've been a square peg in a round hole, and part of the time I've been a round peg in a square hole, and the rest of the time I've just been in a hole. But I've been very happy.

Prof. Resource: You mean you don't insist on a job that fits your skills and temperament -- a job you can really love?

Willing Vol.: Brother -- If I don't get the job I love, I love the job I get!

SONG: IF I DON'T LAND

Prof. Resource: May I question this person?

Chairman: Certainly, go ahead.

Prof. Resource: My good woman, you may be, and doubtless are, a good durable all-purpose volunteer. But are you a participating citizen?

Willing Vol.: Well, I was born in Milwaukee.

Prof. Resource: That isn't enough. I have here a leaflet prepared by the Citizen Participation Committee of CCC. It asks several questions, and unless one can answer "yes" to the questions, one is definitely not a participating citizen. For instance -- Are you intelligently informed about your community?

Willing Vol.: Why, everybody knows the beer that made Milwaukee famous!

Prof. Resource: That still isn't enough. Are you willing to accept jury duty -- to run for public office -- to support the election of candidates best qualified to uphold democracy and serve the cause of the common man --

Willing Vol.: Why, bless your heart -- you're for Wallace!

Prof. Resource: Don't get off the subject. Do you write letters to your congressmen -- attend political meetings in your ward -- circulate petitions ---

Willing Vol.: Well, I went to the Second Ward Clam Bake --

Petitioner: (rising quickly) Speaking of petitions -- perhaps this would be a good time for me to present my petition for --

Chairman: (Annoyed) No, no, this is not the time; sit down.

Vol. Resource: But I think it is the time for me to say something to my opponent, the Professional Resource.

Chairman: Go right ahead.

Vol. Resource: Mr. _____, are you intelligently informed about your community?

Prof. Resource: I have no community. I have the AASW.

Vol. Resource: Are you willing to serve on a jury?

Prof. Resource: The AASW is usually considered to be both judge and jury.

Vol. Resource: Then you and your crowd are not citizen participants?

Prof. Resource: Well, er - a - not in any vulgar sense of the term.

Vol. Resource: But you are citizens?

Prof. Resource: Why, er, I suppose so. (to the professional group:) Are we citizens?

(Group, speaking to each other:) Are we - we must be -- I think so -- etc.

Vol. Resource: Then the Lindeman bill applies to you, too.

Prof. Resource: Who, ME?

Prof. Group: Who, Us?

Vol. Resource: The bill says clearly -- "Compulsory Volunteer Training for All Citizens" --- and Mr. Chairman, I move it be passed!

Mrs. X: Second the motion!

Lindeman: (agitated) Oh, wait, wait -- there's been a big mistake! I never thought -- I've been too hasty -- why, if my bill passed it would mean me, too!

Prof. Resource: But you can't be a participating citizen -- The New York School would never stand for it.

Lindeman: And you certainly can't -- what would the AASW say? Oh, this is dreadful. If you don't mind, I'll just take my bill home and give it a little quiet thought.

Vol. Resource: But while you are thinking, the rest of us could be actively participating in something.

Chairman: That's right, I suppose we could. But what could it be?

Vol. Resource: I have here a list of projects that earnestly call for united citizen action. Let's see if we could agree on one of them. -- One: Merge all the national agencies.

Entire Group: Mixture of No's and Yeses - Yes - No - etc.

Vol. Resource: Two, Purge all the national agencies --

Entire Group: Mixture of yes - no - yes - no - etc.

Vol. Resource: Well, you see how difficult it is. Maybe we could unite to elect a president of the United States. I say, let's vote for ---

Entire Group: Mixture --- Truman --- Dewey -- Stassen -- Eisenhower -- Wallace -- etc., etc.

Vol. Resource: Oh, I'm afraid it's hopeless. What can we unite on?

Petitioner: (Leaping up) Could I make a suggestion at last? You can all sign my petition.

Chairman: That's an idea. If we all sign a petition, we are all citizen participants. What is your petition?

Petitioner: For the President of the National Social Work Conference, Vote for Ralph Blanchard.

Chairman: But he's practically elected. He was nominated last year.

Petitioner: Yes, I know. But the poor guy is just sick -- he's so afraid there will be nominations from the floor. My petition is a promise that you won't nominate anybody else.

First Social Worker: Who is this Blanchard?

Petitioner: Oh, he's a wonderful fellow. He's a Man Who.

2nd Social Worker: Who what?

Petitioner: Who needs no introduction. Just a simple, barefaced boy with a chest of gold.

3rd Social Worker: Is he a man of the people?

Petitioner: Oh, better than that -- he's a man of THE people.

4th Social Worker: But why should we be for him?

Petitioner: Well, there's nothing against him.

Chairman: You've got something there. But we must move cautiously. Does anybody here want to be president of the Conference?

Everybody: No!

Chairman: Then it's safe. We can unite. We can participate. Hurray for Blanchard!

Petitioner: Remember -- no nominations from the floor.
(He passes out petitions and red feathers.)

Music: "Little Brown Jug"

Song: All

Participation's in the air,
It's on our minds, it's in our hair;
Now we've got a candidate,
we can all participate!

Cho:

Rah, Rah, Rah, blessed fate,
Blanchard is our candidate;
Rah, Rah, Rah, blessed fate,
We can all participate.
Repeat Cho.

Song of Participation

Tune: Little Brown Jug

All

Participation in the air,
It's on our minds, it's in our hair
The time has come to rise and state
Why do we participate?

Chorus: (repeat after each verse)

Volunteers, caught by fate
Why do we participate?
Volunteers, caught by fate
Why do we participate?

1 -- Do-Gooder

The Scriptures say the wealthy should
preserve their souls by doing good,
And so my pious soul is pledged
To serve the underprivileged.

2 -- Fuzzy Idealist

Democracy is my ideal,
A sense of leadership I feel,
I sometimes wish that I could see,
Where in the world it's leading me!

3 -- Traditional and Habitual

I come of native ruling stock
My family perched on Plymouth Rock,
And ever since, by fire or sword,
I've been the chairman of the board.

4 -- Relapsed Professional

To family case work once I clung,
I left my job to rear my young,
But now they're reared they're such a bore
I want to run the world once more.

5 -- Saddle-Sore Veteran

A willing horse, my back is sore,
I do one job -- and get ten more,
I try to stop but on I go,
I'm just a gal who can't say no.

All

To hear us talk you'd think we hate
The very word "participate"
To tell the truth, we love it still,
We always have, we always will!

Volunteers, caught by fate,
Loyally we participate,
Volunteers, caught by fate,
Loyally we participate.

HURRAY FOR LOVE !

(Song of the Volunteer)

Love, love, hurray for love !

Volunteers go all the way for love,

Give up their time for love,

Never take a single dime for love.

Board members sit for love,

Plan a budget benefit for love,

Lay people lay for love,

So we cry, hurray for love !

It's the social service aim,

(It's a headache, just the same)

It's the peace the world would bless,

(Send a lot to Lake Success !)

It lifts us high, it drops us low, but once we get that glow --

Oh, LOVE !

Love birds, they mate for love,

Citizens par--tic--i--pate for love,

Chairmen will chair for love,

Dinner speakers fan the air for love,

Bureaus recruit for love,

Plan a training institute for love,

When staff's too steep for love,

Volunteers come cheap for love !

It's the cause for which we live,

(Tell your top executive !)

It's religion at its best,

(Spread the gospel to the Chest !)

It lifts us high, it drops us low, but once we get that glow -

Oh, LOVE !

Song of the Volunteer

Tune: When I'm Not Near the One I Love (Finian's Rainbow)

As a volunteer I'm fluid,
My career is quite unplanned,
When I do not land in the job I'd be grand in
I'm grand in the job I land.
Every urgent call for workers
Finds me lining up in place,
If they do not face me with jobs that would grace me,
I grace all the jobs I face.
My attitude's airy
And devil-may-care-ey
For what have I got to lose?
If they do not choose me for jobs that enthuse me,
I hew to the job they choose.

Babies -- I've washed and dried 'em,
Aged -- I've sat beside 'em,
Youth -- I have glorified 'em,
Tried to guide 'em.

So if you've jobs, produce 'em,
Lay 'em upon my bosom,
Though all the world refuse 'em --
I DOOZ 'EM !

I admit that I am gifted
With administrative skill,
But if they're out shopping for gals to do mopping,
Then mop up the joint I will.
Though my pegs are fully rounded,
Square-ish holes they'll fit in to,
If they do not fit in the job that I've lit in,
I whittle 'em till they do.
They say that I'm gaining
Real volunteer training,
And here I will take my stand,
I'll just keep my eyes on the distant horizon
And handle the job at hand !

THE MOP UP

P. R. -

A J-Plays

100. FILE

Copy No. 2/3

THE MOP-UP

A One-Act Skit on Council Leadership

By

Barbara Abel

LOAN MATERIAL
Return to
United Community Fund & Council of America
Incorporated
245 East 46th Street
New York 17, N.Y.

This Skit was presented at the 1959 Conference of
Community Welfare Council Leaders, held in Chicago,
Illinois, January 1959.

THE MOP-UP

A One-Act Skit on Council Leadership

By Barbara Abel

Author's note: This skit was presented during the social hour at the 1959 Conference of Community Welfare Council Leaders, held in Chicago. The conference theme was "Planning with the Community." I have used the situation and the "scrublady" characters in other conference skits, writing new dialogue to fit the times and the occasion. You may do the same, if you wish, adapting the skit to your own purposes and your own sense of the ridiculous.

Scene: A hotel room, after a conference meeting. Chairs are disarranged, papers strewn on floor, ashtrays overflowing.

Characters: Mrs. O'Hara, a salty old scrubwoman
Gladys, a sweet young scrubwoman
Lady Volunteer
Chairman
Speaker
1st, 2nd and 3rd Men Volunteers

(Enter Mrs. O'Hara followed by Gladys. They are dressed in working clothes, and carry broom, dustcloths, a pail and mop.)

Mrs. O'Hara: Here we are, Gladys -- this room's next. Start picking up things and then we'll mop.

Gladys: My goodness, Mrs. O'Hara, it's quite a mess, isn't it? What's been going on?

Mrs. O: I dunno. A convention, I guess.

Gladys: The Democrats, I bet.

Mrs. O: Leave politics out of this, Gladys. Just get to work.

Gladys: (As they talk they are moving about, picking up papers, arranging chairs. At appropriate moments they stop work, lean on the mop or broom, and just talk, facing the audience.)

All right, Mrs. O'Hara. But I sort of wish I knew what kind of a convention it is.

Mrs. O: Well, if I can just find a program lying around, I'll tell you.

(She picks up some papers, finally finds the conference program)

Mrs. O: Ah, here it is.(reads) "Conference of Community Welfare Council Leaders"...Council?...Council?...I do believe that's some sort of fancy social work! Why, that's my profession!

Gladys: You mean -- you're a social worker?

Mrs. O: (modestly) Well, I never actually got my degree. But I know the stuff. You see, Gladys, on Saturdays I clean up after a case-worker. And you can sure pick up a lot of education that way.

Gladys: You know, Mrs. O'Hara, I can't get it through my head what social work is.

Mrs. O: You can't? Why Gladys, ain't you ever been on Welfare?

Gladys: No ma'am.

Mrs. O: Ain't you ever been diseased? Or demented? Or delinquent?

Gladys: No, ma'am, not yet.

Mrs. O: We'll you're young. When your time comes you'll know what social work is.

Gladys: Tell me something now. What do social workers really do?

Mrs. O: They do the same kind of work that you and I do. They mop up messes.

Gladys: Messes? What kind of messes?

Mrs. O: Not little retail messes, like you and me. They do theirs wholesale. Now take us. We clean up a few rooms and we quit for the day. But not them. They gotta clean up the town, the county, the courts, the hospitals, the legislature AND the people.

Gladys: Gosh, I'd rather scrub floors.

Mrs. O: So would plenty of them!

Gladys: But if they're so busy, what are they doin' here? Why ain't they home, working?

Mrs. O: Because, Gladys, every so often they have to get together in a bunch. To give themselves courage, I guess. Besides, these Council people ain't like ordinary social workers. They're on the top of the heap. They're way above actually doin' things. They're here to plan things. See, it says right here: "Planning with the Community."

Gladys: Well, I guess that's better than planning against the community. But, Mrs. O'Hara, what does it mean, this planning?

Mrs. O: Now, Gladys, you know what planning is. What do you do when you make a plan?

Gladys: I ask my boy friend and he decides.

Mrs. O: Well, that's the difference, Gladys. You ask your boy friend. But a Council has to ask everybody AND your boy friend. It's the democratic process -- see?

Gladys: No, ma'am.

Mrs. O: Oh dear, I wish I had the language to explain!

(enter two men in conversation -- they pause, talking earnestly)

(whisper) Hey -- look, Gladys, there's a couple of them, now. They're probably Council presidents. You listen hard, and you may pick up some education.

1st Man: But as I said to him, you must realize that planning represents disciplined choices of action, that are guided by structurized use of community organization theory.

2nd Man: Obviously. But you must admit that there must be an undergirding body of knowledge, a system of values and a wide range of basic concepts...

1st Man: Oh, certainly. But it must be implemented by methods and techniques conceived in a climate of awareness.

2nd Man: And peopleized, through the integration of agencies and individuals.

1st Man: Naturally, naturally. You understand that, and so do I. But tell me this: How the hell can you explain this stuff to a United Fund Budget committee?

(they walk off, shaking their heads sadly)

Mrs. O: Now, Gladys, what do you think about Council planning?

Gladys: (awed) Oh, Mrs. O'Hara. Such beautiful words! Planning must be something like religion!

Mrs. O: Gladys, don't be silly. These Council leaders aren't like ordinary people. They don't have things like religion and politics and sex.

Gladys: No? Well, what do they have?

Mrs. O: They have Significances, that's what they have. (looks at program) Look here, the first thing they got to face at this conference is "The Significance of the Urban Population Movement."

Gladys: What's urban population?

Mrs. O: Gladys, surely you know what population is!

Gladys: Sure I do. A feller meets a girl and they fall in love and get married, and in about nine months they...

Mrs. O: Never mind the details. All you got to know is, the population keeps growing. And as it grows, it keeps moving. Take here in Chicago. Say you live out by the stockyards. So you make some money, so you move to Rogers Park. More money, and it's Wilmette -- and finally you land in Lake Forest. That's population move.

Gladys: Lake Forest! That's wonderful! But, say, what if you don't make more money?

Mrs. O: You still move. Into a housing project. But even there, social work can still get you. You see, Gladys, no matter where people move, social work follows 'em.

Gladys: Why is that?

Mrs. O: Because this is America, Gladys, and we got built-in social work.

Gladys: But I should think that when people move into a new clean neighborhood they wouldn't need it.

Mrs. O: Oh, Gladys, you're so wrong. Because a town don't stay clean long. There's always people to dirty it up. That's social work's biggest problem -- people!

Gladys: But ain't social workers people?

Mrs. O: So they claim. But like I told you, Gladys, the people at this conference are a cut above people. They're Council volunteers.

Gladys: What are volunteers, Mrs. O'Hara?

Mrs. O: They're people who work without getting paid for it.

Gladys: They do? Then how do they make a living?

Mrs. O: Don't worry about them. They got better rackets of their own, on the side. They work for Councils just to be obliging.

Gladys: They must be wonderful people.

Mrs. O: Yes, indeedy! They're called Key Men of the Community.

Gladys: Aren't there any key women?

Mrs. O: Well, yes, but usually it's a lower key. You see, Gladys, years ago, when social work was sort of sickly and poor, the men gave it to the women. But then it got big and successful...so naturally the men took it back.

Gladys: Gee, I'd like to meet a real volunteer!

(enter Lady Volunteer, hurriedly -- she is looking for something she peers under chairs and tables, very distraught)

Mrs. O: (whisper) Look, Gladys! Maybe she's a Volunteer. Or is she a professional?

Volunteer: (seeing women) Oh pardon me, ladies, did you find a little notebook? I think I left mine here.

Mrs. O: (whisper) She is a volunteer, Gladys!

Gladys: (whisper) How do you know?

Mrs. O: A professional wouldn't have said "Pardon me."

(to Volunteer) What kind of a notebook, ma'am? (she starts looking around the floor)

Volunteer: Just a small black notebook. But it's vital to my very existence! It has all my notes on Allocation Bodies. And I took exhaustive notes!

(Mrs. O'Hara picks up notebook)

Mrs. O: Is this it, Ma'am? (she opens it and starts to read) "What do Allocation Bodies Need from Planning? Our Responsibilities: Wire Herbert for more money. Cocktails with Joe, Top of the Rock. Get Alka Seltzer."

Volunteer: Oh yes, that's it, that's it! (she grabs notebook) Oh, thank you so much! All my Thursday brains are in this book. All I have to add is Friday brains on New Approaches. Then I can make my report to the Board. Oh thank you again. WHOOPEE!

(she rushes off, waving the notebook in triumph)

Gladys: My, she is busy, ain't she? What does she mean, Friday brains on New Approaches?

Mrs. O: (examining the program) Well, let's look at the menu. Here it is: "Friday: New Approaches." New Approaches to Problem Families and Children; New Approaches to Council Organization; New Approaches to...

Gladys: Say! What do they do with the old approaches?

Mrs. O: They turn 'em in to their national headquarters. Here's a hot one: "New Approaches to Measuring and Meeting Recreation Needs."

(enter 3rd man, a little tight -- he roves around room, as though lost)

3rd Man: Where is it? Where is it?

Mrs. O: Stand by, Gladys, here's a New Approach.
(going over to him) What's the matter, Mister? You lost something?

3rd Man: Yes, I've lost it! I've lost it!

Mrs. O: What was it -- a notebook?

3rd Man: Notebook? No, no, no!

Mrs. O: You looking for the registration desk?

3rd Man: Registration Desk? NO, no, no! I had it. But I've lost it!

Mrs. O: You looking for the barber shop?

3rd Man: Bar - ber ... Bar - ber. Bar! BAR! Yes, that's it! I lost it.

Mrs. O: (pointing) That way, sir, and down the elevator to the main lobby.

3rd Man: Thank God! (he exits, unsteadily)

Mrs. O: Poor feller, he's probably been at one of them round table sessions and he's still revolving. Now, Gladys, we were speaking of New Approaches to Recreation...

Gladys: That feller seems to like the old approach.

Mrs. O: Well, he's probably a one-man Council and he needs it. Now, here's a very important approach: New Approaches to Medical Research. You know what medical research is, of course.

Gladys: Oh sure, they're the people who come around every week and take up collections for the diseases.

Mrs. O: No, Gladys. Those are just the Searchers...The really big men are the Re-searchers. You've seen those men on TV in white coats, squinting at test tubes?

Gladys: Oh sure: "You'll wonder where the yellow went, when you brush your teeth..."

Mrs. O: That's right. And get this, Gladys. The researchers are the only ones who KNOW where that yellow went! They're on the trail of every sickness known to man, from teeth to toenails. I tell you, Gladys, diseases never had it so good. Every disease now has got its own national headquarters. They're finding cures for everything!

Gladys: Then what are we going to die of?

Mrs. O: Don't you worry Gladys. Science will find some new diseases on the Moon and bring 'em down. And I bet the Council will appoint a leadership committee to spread 'em around. Well, Gladys, I guess we're about through here. Let's start moving on. I hope you've got some real education today.

Gladys: Well, yes -- but I wish...

Mrs. O: You wish what?

Gladys: I still wish I really knew what Council leaders do!

(enter chairman, followed by 1st, 2nd and 3rd Men, Luncheon Speaker and Lady Volunteer)

Chairman: Come on in here, friends, and we can talk freely. Oh, excuse me ladies, will we be disturbing you?

Mrs. O: No sir. We're just about through, but...

Chairman: Yes?

Mrs. O: Could I ask a question?

Chairman: Everybody else does -- go ahead.

Mrs. O: Well, I've got a very ignorant young girl here, and I've been trying to educate her about Council leadership. But I can't seem to make it clear. I wonder if you all between you, could wise her up.

Speaker: Tell her to come to the luncheon tomorrow. I'm speaking on The Challenge of Leadership. That'll learn her.

Lady Vol: Oh no, she's a nice innocent girl!

Chairman: She wants to know what Council leaders do? Well, I'm all for community interpretation. Maybe this is it.

Speaker: I'll tell you what I might do. I could give her a pre-view of my speech.

Chairman: Nope. Once will be enough. Tell you what, we're all Council leaders, why don't we all break down and tell her what we do?

You lead off.

Speaker: No, you lead off.

Lady Vol: We'll all lead off -- in all directions!

(music: tune, Little Brown Jug. The six leaders line up. Mrs. O'Hara and Gladys move up front, lean on broom or mop, and listen)

Song: Leadership

ALL: Oh, leadership is in the air,
It's on our minds, it's in our hair,
Now we shall discuss with you
What in the world the leaders do.

Chorus:
 Leaders and you,
 What in the world do leaders do?

1st Man: My heart and soul have long been pledged
 To serve the underprivileged,
 And in this cause I was inspired,
 I got the Chest director fired!

Chorus:
 Ha, ha, ha, me and you,
 That is the thing that leaders do.

2nd Man: Our Fund and Council lived as one,
 And fought from dawn to setting sun,
 Till I moved in, and changed their course,
 I structured them to a divorce!

Chorus:
 Ha, ha, ha, me and you
 That is the thing that leaders do.

Lady Volunteer: Our Fund and Council lived as two,
 I took the modern streamlined view,
 And now in one United house,
 They fight it out, as spouse to spouse.

Chorus:
 Ha, ha, ha, me and you
 That is the thing that leaders do.

Speaker: I studied out a brand new plan
 To serve the Long Forgotten Man,
 I built a refuge, strong and good,
 For all unmarried Fatherhood.

Chorus:
 Ha, ha, ha, me and you
 That is the thing that leaders do.

3rd Man: I took Y-Double-U, YM
 And made one Christian out of them,
 And now they're merged in one big gym,
 As one United Her and Him.

Chorus:
 Ha, ha, ha, me and you,
 That is the thing that leaders do.

Chairman: I am a Leader, strong and pure,
 But what I lead I am not sure,
 I sometimes wish that I could see
 Where leadership is leading me!

ALL: Now that's a point we must discuss
Where leadership is leading us,
Excuse us while we all discuss,
Where leadership is leading us.

Chorus:
Ha, ha, ha, let's discuss
Where the hell it's leading us.
Ha, ha, ha, let's discuss
Where the hell it's leading us!

(they go off in a line, marching)

Gladys: Goodness, Mrs. O'Hara, what do we do now?

Mrs. O: There just one thing left to do, Gladys. Pick up that pail and
follow the leadership! (they hurry off, as music continues song)

CURTAIN

United Community Funds and Councils of America
345 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

VOLUNTEER
MOTIVES

1360

VOLUNTEER MOTIVES

Barbara Abel

to "Little Brown Jug"

*some
more
Be as Baw"*

The Do Gooder

The scripture say the wealthy should
Preserve their souls by doing good,
And so my pious life is pledged
To serve the under-privileged.

The Fuzzy Idealist

Democracy is my ideal
A sense of leadership I feel
I sometimes wish that I could see
Where leadership is leading me.

The Traditional

I come of native ruling stock,
My family's perched on Plymouth Rock
And ever since, by fire or sword,
I've been the chairman of the Board.

The Relapsed Professional

To family casework once I clung,
I left my job to rear my young,
But now they're reared they're such a bore,
I long to run the world once more.

The Battle Scarred Veteran

A willing horse, my back is sore,
I do a job and get ten more,
I try to stop, but on I go,
I'm just a gal, who can't say no.

WELL, WELL,
WELFARE!

XUM

P.R.-A.V.

WELL, WELL, WELFARE!

A Comedy Skit on Citizen Participation

(One Act---12 Characters---Running Time, About 40 Minutes)

Foreword and Forewarning

This is a skit presented during the 1950 National Conference of Social Work, held in Atlantic City, and received with much hilarity. Its sponsor was the Advisory Committee on Citizen Participation, of CCC and the National Social Welfare Assembly.

It has been revised with the idea that, shorn of its references to the conference and to Atlantic City, it might possibly be used, or adapted, to lighten up meetings held by local Councils, Chests, Volunteer Bureaus, etc.

In offering the skit for public consumption, however, Three C's would like to post the following warnings:

1. The skit was designed for a special purpose and for a special audience; namely, to give a good laugh to tired social workers at a national conference. It may not be equally appropriate for a different purpose or a different type of audience.
2. The tone of the piece is lightly satirical, the theme highly ridiculous. Frankly, it kids social work and social workers and their relation to the so-called "Welfare State." Such a theme might be misunderstood by any but a knowing and mature audience, so secure in their appreciation of social work that they even dare laugh at its foibles.
3. The skit is definitely not recommended as a money-raiser!

Within these limits we think that it does have therapeutic value, in relieving tension through the relaxing power of laughter.

The skit can, of course, be cut, changed, adapted to different needs and occasions. For instance, some of the songs might be lifted out and used by themselves, or put in an entirely different setting.

In short, take it or leave it--it's yours for what it's worth!

Price, 35 Cents

Community Chests and Councils of America,
Incorporated
155 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

JOAN KATZMAN
Editor to
United Community Chests and Councils of America
1345 Broadway, New York 17, N. Y.

Community Chests and Councils of America,
Incorporated
155 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

WELL, WELL, WELFARE!

Citizen Participation--in Words and Music

by Barbara Abel

Public Relations Staff, CCC

SCENE: Speakers' table, at which Chairman is discovered, seated. Eight chairs, for the use of characters who at the start of the show are "planted" at various spots in the audience.

CAST OF CHARACTERS: Chairman of the Evening, Mrs. _____ (use real name)
Spirit of Truth
Members of the Panel:
Mr. Featherby, Community Organizer
Miss Concept, Caseworker
Mrs. Refuge, Grass Roots Volunteer
Mr. Locksmith, Key Man of his Community
Mr. Teener, Spokesman for Youth
Mr. Taxus, Public Welfare Commissioner
Messenger
Trio of Well-Fairies

* * * * *

Chairman

(rising): I'm happy to welcome you, one and all, to this annual meeting of our Council. Now, as we all know, most annual meetings are dreadful things--so formal, so full of speeches--so-so educational! But this one is going to be different. Tonight we're just coming together as one happy family of volunteers and professionals to chat together informally about the friendly, simple things of life.

So we have chosen a friendly, simple subject to chat about; namely, "The Implications for Citizen Participation of the Group Dynamic Emerging from the Current Concept of the Welfare State--a State of Welfare."

This is to be a Truth Session. Everybody must be quite frank and free and outspoken. Remember, we have no big name speakers, no out-of-town experts. We have only the Spirit of Truth to guide us. Maybe I'd better address a little petition to this Spirit. I guess I will. (playfully and with exaggerated gestures) Oh, Spirit of Truth, come, please come, and stand beside this humble chairman!

Loud chords on the piano. Spirit of Truth, dressed in long robe, stalks in and stands beside chairman. Chairman, who is obviously astounded, gives a shriek.

Spirit of Truth: Madam, I am here.

Chairman (amazed and confused): But--good heavens! What--what is this? Wh-who are you?

Spirit of Truth: I'm who you asked for. The Spirit of Truth.

Chairman: But I was only fooling--I mean, I never intended--I mean--

Spirit of Truth: Madam, you called for me. And in this Welfare Council, we give service!

Chairman: But, see here, isn't this rather unusual? I mean, I never knew you to burst in this way on the Chest annual meeting.

Spirit of Truth: Madam, it's very hard for a stranger to crash the Community Chest.

Chairman (hesitating): Well, I must say--

Spirit of Truth (sharply): Madam, don't you want Truth in this meeting?

Chairman: Oh, yes, yes, yes! Yes, indeed--but it does make it a little embarrassing!

Spirit of Truth: Not at all. You said this is to be a Truth Session. Well, I'll just sit here quietly and help Truth along. (sits down and places a bell on table) Go on with the meeting. I won't interrupt. Unless, of course, a lie is spoken. In which case I'll ring this bell--like this. (rings bell loudly; chairman jumps) Come on now, get going.

Chairman (pulling herself together): Well, as I was just saying, I haven't any prepared speech, but perhaps I can say just a few words of--

CLANG!! SPIRIT OF TRUTH RINGS BELL.

Spirit of Truth: What's that, Madame Chairman? You haven't any prepared speech? What about that paper I saw you rehearsing in front of the mirror out in the corridor before the meeting?

Chairman (flustered): Oh, that! That wasn't a real speech. It was just a few random notes I jotted down off the top of my head. You know--just in case nobody else wanted to say anything today. It was nothing, really.

Spirit of Truth: Madam, produce it!

Chairman: Oh, dear! (reaches in purse and brings out big, fat manuscript) It's just a few random notes, really.

Spirit of Truth: Read it!

Chairman (quavering): Ladies and gentlemen--and budget committee members--it is a real privilege--

Spirit of Truth (snatching manuscript): On second thought, don't read it. I hate speeches that start, "It is a real privilege." (tears up manuscript) Write a new one! (hands her paper and pencil)

Chairman: Oh, I can't! What would I say?

Spirit of Truth: The Truth.

Chairman: Oh, I couldn't! I'm on too many boards of directors!

Spirit of Truth: Stop stalling. Start speaking.

Chairman: No. If I'm to write a new speech I must have help. Some resources--a panel of experts or something.

Spirit of Truth: Not a bad idea. They might help you stick to the truth. All right, look the audience over. Who do you want?

Chairman (surveying the audience): Some volunteers, of course. And some professionals. If we're going to discuss the Welfare State we must be thoroughly mixed up. Oh, I see somebody. A Community Chest man--Ralph Featherby. Will you come up here, Mr. Featherby?

Featherby rises and comes up on platform. Chairman greets him warmly.

Chairman: It's so good of you to help me out, Mr. Featherby. Please sit over there.

Mr. Featherby: Glad to oblige. It's one way for a Chest man to crash a Council shindig. (he sits at table)

Chairman: And now, who else? Oh, I see a grass roots volunteer from the community. Mrs. Refuge. Will you come up, Mrs. Refuge?

Mrs. Refuge comes up on platform.

Chairman: Mrs. Refuge is president of the Orphans of the Storm Kiddie Kottage.

Mrs. Refuge (in a mood of oratory): And so were my mother and grandmother before me. I have carried on this noble work in their honored tradition for thirty-two years. I have given my time, my devotion, my--

Chairman: Yes, I'm sure you have, and so will you just sit over there? (Mrs. Refuge sits) Now, let me see-- Oh, there's Miss Concept. Miss Concept's an outstanding social caseworker. Miss Concept, will you come up and help me?

Miss Concept comes up on platform.

Chairman: So glad to have you, Miss Concept. I'm sure that your presence will help me function a lot better.

Miss Concept (annoyed): Did you say function? Now, let me tell you, if you're going over to the functional approach, I'm through. Because I belong to the diagnostic school of thought.

Chairman: Oh, no--no--no. I just meant--you can help me diagnose the problem more adequately!

Miss Concept (mollified): Well, in that case-- (she sits)

Chairman: Now, just one or two more. Oh, there's Mr. Locksmith---yooohoo, Mr. Locksmith! Mr. Locksmith is a key citizen of this community, a leader in all good causes, and chairman of most of them. Please come up and help me, Mr. Locksmith.

Locksmith comes up on platform.

Mr. Locksmith: I'm just a plain, everyday citizen, Mrs. _____, but I'll be glad to chair the meeting for you. (he shoves her aside, takes gavel and bangs it) The meeting will come to order!

Chairman (giving him a push and grabbing gavel): Thank you so much, but there's your chair--over there.

Mr. Locksmith (surprised): That's very odd. I usually chair the meetings. (he sits, reluctantly)

Chairman: Now, I suppose we should drag public welfare into this. Oh, good, there's Theodore Taxus. He's a commissioner of something quite public. Won't you join us, Mr. Taxus?

Taxus comes up on platform.

Mr. Taxus: I'll be glad to. But I must warn you, Mrs. _____, that I may be called out of the meeting. (with an air of importance) Developments in Washington, you know. One must keep constantly in touch.

Chairman: Oh, is something cooking in Congress?

Mr. Taxus (mysteriously): One never knows!

Chairman: Well, let's hope it doesn't boil over tonight. Now, what more do I need? Oh, yes, the Voice of Youth. And there he is, good old reliable Harry Teener, the universal spokesman for Youth. Come on up, Harry.

Teener comes up. He is elderly, walks stiffly, but is dressed youthfully.

Spirit of Truth: Is this the best you can do for youth?

Mr. Teener:

Listen, you; once I was a youth. I was so typically young that the YMCA started sending me to local conferences as the Voice of Youth. Then I was promoted to national youth conferences--then international. Can I help it if I just gradually drifted into professional adolescence?

MUSIC -- SONG: MR. TEENER -- "SILVERED IS THE RAVEN HAIR"

Tune: of same name, from "Patience" -- Gilbert and Sullivan

Silvered is the raven hair,
Still I follow boyish cult.
Youth's concerns are in the care
Of this over-ripe adult.
Now, with life's expanding scope,
Immortality I rate.
I shall be on hand, I hope,
In the coming Welfare State.
I shall be on hand, I hope,
In the coming Welfare State.

* * * * *

Spirit of Truth:

Well, now that we're all here, a word to the panel. You are here to help Mrs. _____ write her speech on the subject of Citizen Participation. Your duty is to make her stick to the truth. See this bell? If you hear her telling fibs, ring the bell. Understand?

Panel

(various voices): Yes. We understand. Okay.

Spirit of Truth:

All right, Mrs. _____. Here's your paper and pencil.

Chairman

(chews pencil, then begins to scribble): Ladies and gentlemen, we are living in a glorious age--an age of progress, of enlightenment, of achievement. Indeed, if I were to state the purpose of our Council it would be to prove that "Everything is Lovely, and Clearly it is All Due to Social Work."

CLANG!! MR. FEATHERBY RINGS BELL.

Mr. Featherby:

Mrs. _____! I'm astonished at you. That is not the purpose of our Council.

Chairman:

Isn't it? I'm so sorry. Then what is its purpose?

Mr. Featherby:

The purpose of our Council is to prove that: "Everything's in a Mess, and Clearly the Whole Mess is Social Work's Responsibility."

MUSIC -- SONG: MR. FEATHERBY -- "IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY"

Tune: "I am the Very Model" from "The Pirates of Penzance" --
Gilbert and Sullivan

I

When skies are blue and all the signs announce that it is
spring again,

When daffodils are peeking up and birds are on the wing again,
When nature cries, "Oh, ain't life grand?" and human hearts
confess it is,

Then social workers meet to moan about the awful mess it is.
Complexities of modern life, it seems, have got the best of us;
Disaster hits the family, and also all the rest of us;
There's dislocation in the home and parents are in-ad-e-quate,
(A problem which the casework field is planning to e-rd-i-cate).
Society is now on trial and there is no decision yet,
(When people get assistance checks, they buy a television set.)
In fact, from chubby infancy to tottering senility,
When all the race falls on its face -- it's our responsibility.

II

The welfare state is at the gate, delusion of bureaucracy.
(If everybody fares too well, farewell to our democracy!)
Security for all we seek, with fervor and agility,
(Nobody ever got it yet, but there's a possibility).
Good health is everybody's right, but let's approach it warily,
And let's be sure that no one gets his health involuntarily.
These clinics that are free-for-all, we wouldn't send sick
kittens to;
No one approves the British plan (except, it seems, the Britons
do).

It's up to citizens to act, there simply is no doubt of it.
They got us in the mess we're in, they gotta get us out of it.
Will freedom wither on the vine, or rise to new virility?
In vain we scan the Marshall Plan--it's our responsibility.

* * * * *

Chairman

(writing): Now that our responsibility is clear, what shall we
do about it? And I always say, when in doubt we can always fall
back on education. We must have education, at the local,
national, international and interplanetary level. Education
must start at the lowest level. And now that we're down that
low, let us consider social work education. Now, education has
been going on for some time, and so has social work. But let us
ask ourselves: Is there any connection between the two?

Mr. Locksmith:

Oh, Mrs. _____, of course, there is! Why, take me, for
instance. Speaking as a simple layman I have often wished that
I had gone into professional social work, myself. But, alas,
I haven't the education!

Miss Concept:

Mercy, don't let that stop you. You could still get into
community organization.

CLANG!! MR. FEATHERBY RINGS BELL.

Mr. Featherby: That's a lie and I resent it. Community organization gets only the best.

Miss Concept (with a shrug): Well, all I know is what I get out of research. And research tells me that if you take three courses in a social work school and get three A's you are a caseworker. If you get three B's you're a group worker. And if you get Three C's-- well--Community--Chest--Council--

Mr. Featherby (furious): Why, of all the--

Mr. Locksmith: Now come, come, my friends. Let's don't quarrel. Surely we all agree that social work is the noblest of all callings. Why a vocational study made in 1950 shows clearly that social workers are the best adjusted people in the world.

Miss Concept: Tish and tosh. Do you know what a 1951 vocational study will show?

Mr. Locksmith: No, but--

Miss Concept: It will show that 40 percent of all social workers are square pegs in round holes; 40 percent are round pegs in square holes, and the rest are just--in holes.

Mr. Locksmith: But, Miss Concept, as a volunteer I have been brought up to believe that only the greatest souls, the keenest intellects go out into social work.

Miss Concept: Then let me tell you the truth. Only madmen and imbeciles go out into social work.

MUSIC -- SONG: MISS CONCEPT -- "MADMEN AND IMBECILES"

Tune: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" -- Noel Coward

It's perfectly plain if a youth would gain success,
He'll pay a very pretty price to get vocational advice.
He will not engage to accept a wage unless
He makes some careful explorations in the field of occupations
He'd profess.
There's wealth and fame and an honored name to choose
For any man who has a vestige of I.Q.'s. BUT

Madmen and imbeciles go out into social work.
The clever ones don't care to;
The careful ones don't dare to.
Bus boys and carpenters get eight hours' sleep each night,
But social work's not done up till sun up!
For a life well-planned, get a hot-dog stand
Where the best careers are spent.
Or select a bank and attain the rank
Of a third vice-president.
There's nowhere a millionaire but rose from a common clerk,
But madmen and imbeciles rush out into social work!

It always appears that great careers are based
Upon the proper kind of start in some profession, trade or art;
There's many a laurel waiting to be placed
Upon the brow of some great hero whose advancement up from zero
Can be traced.
All the great M.D.'s to receive fat fees contrive,
And though the landlords all complain they seem to thrive. BUT

Madmen and imbeciles go out into social work,
And even when they're ripened they get a lowly stipend.
A merchant at sixty-five retires to his country house,
But where, oh, where is YOUR house?
The poorhouse!
In the hall of fame there is name on name
Of the statesmen, dead and dust,
But who, oh, who, of the group work crew
Will achieve a marble bust?
A bell-hop can reach the top, and so can a soda jerk,
But madmen and imbeciles rush out into social work!

* * * * *

Chairman

(writing): Leaving for a moment the great contribution of the social worker to the problems of our times, let us consider the role of the volunteer.

Enter messenger

Messenger:

Pardon me, I have a message for Mr. Theodore Taxus.

Mr. Taxus:

Here, boy. A message from Washington, no doubt. (reads it)
Oh, nothing really important. There's another epidemic of flying saucers and Washington wants to know if we can't collect them and use them to supplement the budgets of relief clients.

Chairman:

How silly of Washington!

Mr. Taxus:

Certainly it's silly. Because, where would we get the cups to match the saucers? No answer, boy. (exit messenger) Pardon the interruption, Mrs. _____.

Chairman

(writing): Citizens must help bring in the state of general welfare we so earnestly desire. Increasingly, citizens must assume responsibility for strengthening family life, for improving child care--

CLANG!! MRS. REFUGE RINGS BELL.

Mrs. Refuge:

It's a life. Citizens stick their noses into too many things as it is. In our Orphans of the Storm Kiddy Kottage we don't want citizens telling us how to run things.

Miss Concept:

Oh, but surely you need casework in your Kiddy Kottage?

Mrs. Refuge: Casework, maybe. Citizens, no!

Mr. Teener: And surely your Kiddy Kottage needs group work in a casework setting?

Miss Concept: Certainly not. It needs casework in a group work setting.

Mr. Teener (shaking finger in her face): I said, group work in a casework setting!

Miss Concept (shaking fist in his face): And I said casework in a group work setting!

Chairman: Now, now, Mr. Teener, you shouldn't get so excited at your age. You'll have a stroke.

Teener: You're right. All this is very exhausting. I must relax. (he leans back, closes his eyes)

Chairman: Let's get on with my speech. (writes) Obviously, the crying need today is for volunteer leadership.

Enter messenger

Messenger: Excuse me, a message for Mr. Theodore Taxus.

Mr. Taxus: Washington again, no doubt. (reads message) How tiresome. It's just a news flash that Congress is now in the midst of a hot debate about admitting the 49th state to the union. Pshaw, what do we care about Alaska! No answer, boy. (exit messenger) Pardon the interruption, Mrs. _____.

Chairman (writing): As I was saying: Obviously, the crying need today is for citizen participation. In every community we see jobs undone, needs unmet, leaders undiscovered.

CLANG!! MR. LOCKSMITH RINGS BELL.

Mr. Locksmith: Pardon me, Madam Chairman, there are no jobs undone, needs unmet, leaders undiscovered in MY community.

Chairman: Really? What does your community have that other communities lack?

Mr. Locksmith: Frankly, ME!

Chairman: Oh, Mr. Locksmith, you're so wonderful! Do tell us how you got to be such a key man.

MUSIC -- SONG: MR. LOCKSMITH -- "CHAIRMAN OF MOST EVERYTHING"
Tune: "When I was a Lad" from "H.M.S. Pinafore" -- Gilbert and Sullivan

When I was a lad I vowed I'd be
A Big Key Man in my community,
I joined Boy Scouts, and I tied knots well,
And when it came to character, I rang the bell.

Chorus: *And when it came to character he rang the bell.*

Mr. Locksmith: So loud was the bell that I did ring
That now I am the Chairman of Most Everything.

Chorus: *So loud was the bell that he did ring
That now he is the Chairman of Most Everything.*

Mr. Locksmith: From Scouting's faithful votary
My next big step was into Rotary.
We met for luncheon Thursday noon,
And I led singing with a table spoon.

Chorus: *And he led singing with a table spoon.*

Mr. Locksmith: So famous was my Thursday sing
That now I am the chairman of Most Everything.

Chorus: *So famous was his Thursday sing
That now he is the Chairman of Most Everything.*

Mr. Locksmith: The Chest began with might and main
To rally workers for the fall campaign.
They spoke at the club and they made their bid,
And no one else would do it, so of course I did.

Chorus: *And no one else would do it, so of course he did.*

Mr. Locksmith: So many doorbells did I ring
That now I am the Chairman of Most Everything.

Chorus: *So many doorbells did he ring
That now he is the Chairman of Most Everything.*

Mr. Locksmith: For ringing doorbells like a man
They made me chairman of the Budget Plan.
The agencies made dirty cracks,
But I reviewed their budgets with a short, sharp axe.

Chorus: *But he reviewed their budgets with a short, sharp axe.*

Mr. Locksmith: So sharp was the axe that I did swing
That now I am the Chairman of Most Everything.

Chorus: *So sharp was the axe that he did swing
That now he is the Chairman of Most Everything.*

Mr. Locksmith: The Chest then got a sudden urge
And told the Council, "Aw, come on, let's merge."
A study group began to sit;
They called an expert expert in, and I was it.

Chorus: *They called an expert expert in, and he was it.*

Mr. Locksmith: Such expert guidance did I fling
That now I am the Chairman of Most Everything.

Chorus: *Such expert guidance did he fling
That now he is the Chairman of Most Everything.*

Mr. Locksmith: By serving in this expert way
My fame has multiplied until today
I'm chairman with portfolio,
Of T.B., Cancer, Heart and Polio.

Chorus: *Of T.B., Cancer, Heart and Polio.*

Mr. Locksmith: And now, oh, Death, where is thy sting
For one who has been Chairman of Most Everything?

Chorus: *And now, oh, Death, where is thy sting
For one who has been Chairman of Most Everything?*

* * * * *

Chairman (writing): And now, ladies and gentlemen, let me summarize this
discussion. It is clear that what social work most longs for
is a Welfare State, a state of general welfare. This is the
great goal of our dreams, our toil, our prayers.

Enter Messenger

Chairman (writing): But we confess that this goal is still unrealized,
still a far-off dream. And in the meantime we must--

Messenger: Excuse me, a message for Mr. Theodore Taxus.

Mr. Taxus: Really, this is too much! Something trivial again, no doubt.
Washington is so restless. Well, let's see what it is this
time. (opens message. Is startled, amazed; claps hand to
head) Good heavens!

Chairman: Oh, Mr. Taxus, what is it? What's happened?

Mr. Taxus: Congress has just voted to admit the 49th state into the Union.
And it's not Alaska. It's THE WELFARE STATE!

All (various voices) (excited, incredulous, amazed): What?
What did you say? Say that again!

Mr. Taxus: It's true. The 49th state is the Welfare State. It will
automatically supercede all the other 48 states.

Mr. Featherby: But this can't be true. Where was Robert Taft?

Mr. Locksmith: It's a plot--a conspiracy of bureaucracy!

Mr. Taxus: No, my informant says that it was all done within the frame-up
of democracy.

Mr. Locksmith: I bet Eleanor Roosevelt was at the bottom of this.

CLANG!! THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH RINGS THE BELL.

Spirit of Truth: No, she wasn't. To tell the truth, this was all done by fairies. To be exact, by Well-fairies. And here they come, tripping hither, tripping thither.

MUSIC -- Enter Well-Fairies, tripping hither, tripping thither about the stage.

SONG: CHORUS OF WELL-FAIRIES -- "TRIPPING HITHER, TRIPPING THITHER"
Tune: "Entrance of Fairies" from "Iolanthe" --
Gilbert and Sullivan

All: We are social work Well-Fairies
Every one a social planner,
We indulge in these vagaries
In a general welfare manner.
We have brought you joy increasing,
Happiness with no abatement,
And we're proud to be releasing
This official welfare state-ment,
This official welfare state-ment,
Welfare state-ment.
Tripping hither, tripping thither
In a perfect welfare dither.
Here's the news we would relate,
All about the Welfare State.

1st
Well-Fairy: Hail the news, all creatures hail,
General welfare doth prevail!
Public health triumphant thrives
Right in people's private lives.
Youth delinquency is purged,
Case and group work have been merged,
Every Tom and Dick and Harry
Has been blessed by some Well-Fairy.
All: (Blessed by some Well-Fairy.)

2nd
Well-Fairy: Unwed mothers cruelly ditched
Now to unwed dads are hitched.
All the aged, full of glee,
Have good jobs in industry.
All psychiatrists are through--
Mental health has hit them, too.
Even Red Cross, that past master,
Can't find one good big disaster!
All: (One good big disaster.)

3rd
Well-Fairy: War has vanished into mists.
All atomic scientists,
British, Russian, French and Yank,
Find their minds a perfect blank.
Not a man can now recall
H-bomb formulas at all!
This amnesia, so peculiar,
Makes the world shout "Hallelujah!"
All: (World shout "Hallelujah!")

All: Tripping hither, tripping thither,
In a perfect welfare dither.
Here's the news we would relate,
All about the Welfare State.
We are social work Well-Fairies,
Every one a social planner.
We indulge in these vagaries
In a general welfare manner,
A welfare manner, a welfare manner--
Tripping hither, tripping thither
In a perfect welfare dither!

Exeunt Well-Fairies

Mr. Featherby (glumly): Well here's a pretty kettle of fish!

Chairman (excited): What do you mean? Why, this is the great day we've
been waiting for. It's a jump ahead of Social Security. It's
the dawn of happiness and independence for everybody. Whoopie!
Let us rejoice.

Panel sits glum and dismal.

Chairman: What in the world is the matter with all of you?

Mr. Featherby: Plenty! If everybody's going to be happy, what the devil will
happen to the Community Chest?

Mrs. Refuge: Oh, my poor darling kiddies of Kiddy Kottage! Now you've got to
be independent. And you were so happy, depending on me! (sobs)

Mr. Locksmith: If everybody is full of welfare, it will mean the end of welfare
committees. Ye Gods, what can I be chairman of?

Miss Concept: The plain truth is: We're all out of jobs. Oh, good heavens,
I shall have to open a Giftie Shoppie!

Chairman: What does the Voice of Youth have to say at this point?
(She looks at Mr. Teener, but Mr. Teener is sound asleep.)
Well, for goodness sake, look at that! Sound asleep at the
dawn of the Welfare State!

Miss Concept: Well, so he is! Poor old youth--caught napping. (pause).....
Say, that gives me an idea! What have we been thinking of?
We're not out of jobs--we're IN!

Mr. Featherby (mournfully): I'm afraid you're just trying to look on the
bright side.

Miss Concept: Me? A caseworker? Looking on the bright side? No, sir, I'll
stick to the dark side, as usual. And what a side! Because,
look, in this Welfare State, the whole country will be caught
napping, just like him. (points to Mr. Teener) People will
fall into a Cesspool of Satisfaction--a Chaos of Contentment!

Mr. Featherby (brightening up): The woman is right! Every community will be poised on a Perilous Peak of Perfection. And it will be OUR RESPONSIBILITY to pull 'em down!

Chairman: But how can we do it?

Miss Concept: We must declare an Emergency. We must organize a Committee!

Chairman: What shall we call the Committee?

Miss Concept: We shall call it the Emergency Committee on Minimizing the Millenium.

Mr. Featherby: Good! We can all serve on it!

Mr. Locksmith: (beaming): And I'll be happy to serve as chairman!

All shake hands.

Spirit of Truth (shaking Mr. Teener): Wake up, my lad. Pull yourself together. We're going places.

Mr. Teener (struggling to his feet, dazed): Wh-where?

Spirit of Truth: Into the millenium, wherever that is!

Mr. Teener (pulling himself together and striking a heroic pose): Well, wherever it is, Youth will lead the way! (starts to march off stage, in wrong direction. Spirit of Truth yanks him back)

Spirit of Truth: Hey--wait for the volunteers!

Chairman (writing): And so, ladies and gentlemen, in concluding these remarks, may I say: Whatever the millenium may have up its sleeve, social workers and volunteers will face it together.

Cast joins hands, marches forward, lines up and faces audience. MUSIC -- REPRISE to Tune of: "When I Was a Lad."

CLOSING CHORUS BY EVERYBODY:

So join the chorus, beat the drum
And welcome in the glad millenium.
What e'er the Welfare State may bring
Together we'll participate in everything!
Together we'll participate in everything!
What e'er the Welfare State may bring
Together we'll participate in everything!
What e'er the Welfare State may bring
Together we'll participate in everything!

The End

A9825-100-4/51

ICSW

2000000

JKH

136.

I I I I I I I I I I I I I I

NOS TE SALUTAMUS *

Tune: Ist das nicht
(A tribute to our Working Party)

Ist das nicht our Mrs. Harman
Ya, das ist our charming Chairman

She has led us through a maze
And kept us working all these days

Through a maze
All these days

Oh, our Chairman
Mrs. Harman
We salute you
Chairman dear

Ist das nicht our President
Ya, George ist our President

Our George is wise and firm and kind
A better leader we'll never find

Firm and kind
Never find

Oh, our George
Oh, our George
We salute our President

Ist das nicht our loyal staff
Ya, das ist our loyal staff

They toil and strive to serve us well
Without their help, our work won't sell

Serve us well
Work won't jell

Oh, the staff
Oh, the staff
Oh, dear staff, we love thee well

Ist das nicht our working groups
Ya, das ist our working groups

We've read reports and labored long
And now we're ready for a song

Labored long
Now a Song

Oh, our groups, Oh, our groups
Oh, our groups now need a song

*Latin courtesy of Prof. Simey

THE SOCIAL WORKER

Tune: La Cucaracha

(A commentary on the deliberations of the Working Party on the subject of the social worker.)

Oh, social worker
Oh, social worker
Do tell me what you do
Are you an agent
Of social change
Can you help nations, old and new?

Oh, social worker
Oh, social worker
Do you help and heal
Do you have knowledge
And proper skills
To think and do as well as feel?

Oh, social worker
Oh, social worker
Can you see beyond your nose
Are you narrow
Or are you broad
In you approach to people's woes?

Oh, social workers
Oh, social workers
We think you're mighty fine
You've made much progress
And more is coming
So, now, let's join in Auld Lang Syne!

CURRICULUM, CURRICULA

Tune: Funiculi, Funicula

(An Ode to Social Work Education)

Knowledge, skills and attitudes galore
That is what we give diplomas for
Curriculum, curricula
Curriculum, Curricula-a-a
Integrated core
Curriculum, curricula

OH SOCIAL WORK

Tune: O sole mio

(Report on the deliberations of the Working Party on social work training)

Chorus

Oh, social work
We praise thy deeds
You hold in honour
All human needs
You serve and love humanity
Oh, social work
Oh, social work

Now there are those
Who proclaim you static
They hope to change you
Though you've changed already
Show them your new face
With its shining features

Go do you stuff
Dear social work
Dear social work

(Repeat chorus)

93rd ANNUAL FORUM

NCSW FUN NIGHT

"REMEMBER WHEN"

June 2, 1966, 9:30 p.m., Pick Congress Hotel

SING ALONG WITH NCSW

"I'M JUST A YOUNG GRADUATE"
1954 CSWE Annual Meeting
(Tune: "Man On The Flying Trapeze")

I'm just a young graduate
As you can see
Fresh out of school
With my Master's degree.
Will anyone offer employment to me
I'm ready to start my career.

Oh, they taught me to curb my emotions
Diagnostically I'm up to par
And I'm hep to the jive about function
I never push clients too far. 0,

I'm just a young graduate
As you can see
Fresh out of school
With my Master's degree.
Will anyone offer employment to me
I'm ready to start my career.

I'm not psychiatric
That wasn't for me
Not medical either
I guess I should be.
My teachers have made a generic of me
But I wish I could start my career.

Oh I know how to draw up a budget
I can figure on OAA grant.
Can I help it if I can't do treatment
I would if I could, but I can't. 0

I'm just a young graduate
As you can see
Fresh out of school
With my Master's degree.
Will anyone offer employment to me
I'm ready to start my career.

I must have a job
At \$4000 a year
With good supervision
Let me make that clear.
Freedom to grow and freedom from fear
I'm ready to start right away.

All my teachers they called me precocious
Said they knew that I'd be a success
But I'm starting to get a bit hungry
I'm sure in one helluva of a mess. 0,

I'm just a young graduate
As you can see
Fresh out of school
With my Master's degree.
Will anyone offer employment to me
I'm ready to start my career.

"WHO ANALYZED FREUD?"
From "Spat On A Hot Thin Spooof"
K. Kendall, B. Abel
(Tune: "Three Blind Mice")

Who analyzed Freud, who analyzed Freud?
Freud analyzed Freud, that's who analyzed
Freud!
He wanted to find out what makes folks tick
He tried many methods that didn't stick
Then found that dreams really turned the
trick.
Freud analyzed Freud.

"GENERIC DO OR DIE"
From: "Uplift or Bust"
K. Kendall, B. Diamond, A. Katz
(Tune: "Farmer in the Dell")

Generic we will be
Generic we will be
Give up all specialty
Generic we will be

Generic you can't be
Generic you can't be
Money calls for specialty
Generic you can't be

Generic, do or die
'Til in our graves we lie
This is a principle
That money cannot buy

Generic, we won't buy
Your blindness we decry
Money always calls the tune
And this you can't deny

"HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOING CASEWORK
From 1954 CSWE Annual Meeting
(Tune: "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm")

How ya gonna keep 'em doing casework
Instead of "therapee"
No one wants to offer that corny service
Giving relief
Or comforting grief
How ya gonna hold 'em to Social Work
That's a mysteree.
They like to dig the id and ego build
Poor Mary Richmond's voice is almost
stilled.
How ya gonna keep 'em doing casework
They all like "therapee".

Clients take a beating, they bare
their souls
And even pay a fee.
Workers sit and ponder in treatment
chambers
They never roam
To visit a home
No one wants to feed 'em or place their
kids
That's a certaintee.
We used to plan their lives and give
out shoes
But now they concentrate on inner stews
How ya gonna keep 'em doing casework
Viva La therapee!

"SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT"
From "Uplift or Bust" - K. Kendall
(Tune: "Oh, Maryland")

OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

Our status rating
- almost nil
We scrimp and save to pay each bill
We've but a dime left in the till
But Social Work Forever!

OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

Among ourselves
We scrap and fight
And can't agree who's wrong or right
Oh, could it be we're not so bright
But Social Work Forever!

OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

The public cries
That it is bled
Supporting mothers quite unwed
And all their offspring underfed
But Social Work Forever!

OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

The papers say
That Social Work
Can be performed by any jerk
No wonder that I've gone berserk
But Social Work Forever!

OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

"GET ME TO MY CLASS ON TIME"
From "Uplift or Bust" - K. Kendall
(Tune: "Get Me To The Church On Time")

I'm teaching case work in the morning
Ding, dong, the chapel bell will chime,
Let's throw a hearty,
Rip-roarin' party,
But get me to my class on time.

My Board's meeting in the morning,
I must be looking in my prime
Pull out the stopper,
Let's have a whopper
But get me to my desk on time.

If I am dancing, roll up the floor,
If I am drinking, pour me out the door.

Oh, I'm teaching group work in the morning,
Ding, dong, the chapel bell will chime,
Kick up a rumpus
But don't lose the compass,
And get me to my class,
Get me to my class,
Be sure and get me to my class on time.

I gotta sign checks in the morning,
Ding, dong, the chapel bell will chime,
Fine me and bail me,
Stamp me and mail me,
But get me to my desk on time.

Oh, I'm back to deaning in the morning,
Spruced up and looking in my prime,
Some guy who's able,
Lift up the table,
And get me to my desk on time.

If I am flying, then shoot me down,
If I am wooing, get her out of town.

Oh, I'm teaching c.o. in the morning,
Ding, dong, the chapel bell will chime;
Feather and tar me,
Call out the army,
But get me to my class,
Get me to my class,
For God's sake get me to my class on time.

EE-YI-EE-YI-O

From "Follow The Leadership" - B. Abel
(Tune: "Old MacDonald Had A Farm")

Oh, the Forum will be grand
EE-YI-EE-YI-O!
The planning experts planned and planned,
on how it ought to go,
With a Section here and a Section there,
Hundreds of meetings everywhere
Oh the program will be grand
EE-YI-EE-YI-O!

What's the program all about
EE-YI-EE-YI-O
Just stick around and you'll find out,
things you ought to know,
With a health fight here, and a Fund
fight there,
Urban renewal everywhere,
What's the program all about
EE-YI-EE-YI-O

Thursday, Friday have your thrills
EE-YI-EE-YI-O
On Saturday pay Hilton bills - boy
you'll get a blow.
With a room service here, and a room
service there,
Bar checks, bar checks everywhere
Thursday, Friday have your thrills,
EE-YI-EE-YI-O

We'll see you all in sixty seven
EE-YI-EE-YI-O
In Dallas which they say is heaven,
You just gotta go
With a 10 gallon here, a six gun there,
Democrats, democrats everywhere
We'll see you all in '67,
EE-YI-EE-YI-O

The Society For The
Preservation and Encouragement
Of Conference Thespians

The newly-formed SPECTs is an informal organization of foot-light fanciers who have hammed it up in Annual Forum productions over the years. To assure that there will never be a lack of talent or material to call upon in the future, NCSW requests your help. If your local or state groups have presented entertainment programs with social welfare as a theme, we would like manuscripts for our library, with permission to reproduce in whole or in part if selected. If you have seen outstanding amateur performances by individuals from the field, send us their names, addresses and an indication of the type of entertainment they do.

We hope you've had fun this evening. Come back next year.

050666

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON SOCIAL WELFARE
22 W. Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215

Snyder
June 1, 1966

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON SOCIAL WELFARE

93rd Annual Forum - Chicago

FUN NIGHT

Narrator

In the great and fanciful history of show business, much attention is paid to the role of individual performance and the impact of personal greatness. The concept of cooperation is little known nor long remembered ...But... in the dusty records of great show biz triumphs stored away among yellowing photographs and faded memories mute testimony exists that many years ago two great giants of the entertainment industry in our nation, namely, The Council on Social Work Education and the National Conference on Social Welfare collaborated in bringing to the world an extravaganza unparalleled in the annals of mirth and frivolity.

The players - luminaries from a galaxy of scintillating - stupendous and supremely successful stars.

The great comedy sensations of the century - from social work education such names as Wayne Vesey, Herman Stein, Fedele Fauri, Vic Howery, Ben Youngdahl, Arthur Katz, John Kidneigh, Wilbur Newstetter, Ernest Witte and Mildred Sikenma. From practice - Joe Anderson, Loula Dunn, Katherine Oettinger, Charles Schottland, Roger Cumming, Addie Thomas, Milton Wittman Corinne Wolfe and that ever popular Mae Busch.

The director - that genius of the footlights - Katherine Kendall.

Let us go back in time to 1958 to "The Dean's Dilemma" or as variously subtitled "No Bar to Recruitment" or "There's Nothing like a Bartender with an advanced Degree in Social Work, Social Welfare, Social Service or some other, "or Why not bring together the Best of Two Worlds" since

it is a long long way to Tipperary.

As some of you may remember, the situation faced by the Deans was a desperate one. Their mandate - to recruit and train bartenders at a school of social work. As Leo Perlis of the AFL-CIO Community Services Committee analyzed the problem -

Quote: "A nationwide program to train bartenders to function in the social work field is a top priority if the American standard of life is to be maintained, safeguarded and secured against the intrusions of our economic society"

As the scene opens Arthur Katz, one of the Deans laments the situation as Wayne Vasey, the bartender and prospective student responds:

Katz: There is Nothing Like a Bartender With a Degree

(Tune: There's Nothing Like a Dame)

Katz:

We get students from the East
And we get them from the West
We get some who finish poorly
And some who are the Best
Soon we'll get them from the moon perhaps
and maybe from the stars -
But where aint they from -

Chorus: They're not from the bars

Katz:

We send graduates to jobs
That are different as can be
Social Workers take on on tasks to do
Without conformity
Soon we'll get them placed on ships and planes

Or even sleeping cars -
But where won't they go -

Chorus:

Not to the bars

Katz:

Lots of social problems in life
Can be better handled brother
If we could have some bartenders
With a degree in social work, social service or some other

There is nothing like a bartender with a degree
Ask any local elbow bender
Certainly he'll agree.

You can relate in a bar
Recreate in a bar
Confer in a bar
Transfer in a bar
Identify in a bar
Clarify in a bar

There aint a thing that's wrong
With a social worker here
That can't be cured by a bucket of beer
And a talk with the man
Who carries a card
In the union of the tenders
Of that wonderful bar

Vasey: (The Deans Dilemma - Katherine Kendall)

"I'm called the Bartender of Masculine Gender"
(Tune - "I'm Called Little Buttercup", Pinafore)

I'm called the bartender of Masculine gender
Assisting all people with pains.
I cure their neurosis with liquid osmosis
I loose their emotional chains.

I give them martinis for screaming meemies
I give them both whiskey and wine.
I ease their life urban with scotch and with bourbon
I solve all their problems in time

I help people in trouble when emotions bubble
But I don't know what I do.
Their dreams symbolic are alcoholic
I NEED A PROFESSIONAL VIEW".

I'm off to the courses to learn of resources
To help my clients come through
For if they're neurotic, or even psychotic
They must find a healthier view.

x Chorus: HE'S CALLED THE BARTENDER OF MASCULINE GENDER
ASSISTING ALL PEOPLE WITH PAINS.
HE CURES THEIR NEUROSIS WITH LIQUID OSMOSIS
TO LOOSE THEIR EMOTIONAL CHAINS.

Vasey &
Chorus: (The Deans' Dilemma - Katherine Kendall)

"Curriculum, Curricula"
(Tune "Funiculi, Funicula")

Verse I Some think -- that all they need is one martini
To drown their woes!

All: TO DROWN THEIR WOES!

But drink -- won't always bring the magic genie
Case history shows!

All: CASE HISTORY SHOWS!

We've simply got to go a little deeper
To find the source!

All: TO FIND THE SOURCE!

It may be 'cause his mama didn't love him
He feels remorse!

All: HE FEELS REMORSE!

All: Knowledge, skills and attitudes galore
These are what I got a Master's for
Curriculum, cirricula, curriculum curricula a a a a a a --
Integrated core, Curriculum, Curricula!

Verse II

Relationships I studied in all phases in Casework I.

All: IN CASEWORK I.

Psychiatry and group work's myriad mazes
Were soon begun

All: WERE SOON BEGUN

I wrestled with the goals of public welfare
And C. O. Too!

All: AND C. O. TOO!

I learned the headaches of administration
Research did do!

All: RESEARCH DID DO!

Chorus: Knowledge, skills and attitudes galore
These are what I got a Master's for
Curriculum, curricula, curriculum, curricula a a a a a a
Integrated core, curriculum, curricula!!

So Deans -- esteem-ed Deans and dear Directors
I thank you all

All: OH! NOT AT ALL!

And Scholarship Committee hear my tribute
An ode I'd call.

All: AN ODE HE'D CALL!

I need someone's faith in my potential (Dramatically)
A stipend too.

All: A STIPEND TOO!

Your coming here was really providential
So thanks to you!

All: SO THANKS TO YOU!!

Chorus: Knowledge, skills and attitudes galore
These are what he got a master's for.
Curriculum, curricula, surriculum, curricula a a a a a a
Integrated core, curriculum, curricula!!

Narrator:

In 1959 another smashing success from the same producers. Playing to capacity houses, of wildly enthusiastic audiences, madly screaming with unrestrained joy the cast included some new additions such as Milton Chernin, Clark Blackburn, Jean Maxwell, Ann Shyne, Betty Neely and that ever popular Mae Busch. Under the inspired director of Katherine Kendall the world experienced for the first time--

Piano:

Chords

Narrator:

Spat on a Hot This Spoof, described by Variety as a detergent opera in three acts, hailed by the New York Times as social work's answer to Sargent Shriver. The Tribune said "As howlingly funny as 'The Assassination of Marat'".

Here - the profession is faced with a dramatic, traumatic, confrontation, with the evil psychologist whose very name struck terror into the hearts of all true social work professionals. His name was legion. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget What's his name??

He had invented "do it yourself therapy". The field was faced with extinction. Did our leaders flinch from the test? Were they found wanting when the chips were down?.....You can bet your boots they came through. Well, we're still here, aren't we? To dramatize the serious nature of the problem a highly placed executive John Ramey traced his rise to fame and prominence by describing how he became director of most everything and how it would all disappear.

"The Director's Downfall"
(Tune - "When I Was A Lad" - Pinafore)

John Ramey: When I was a lad I vowed I'd be
A faithful servant of humanity.
I joined Boy Scouts and I tied knots well
And when it came to character, I rang the bell.

All: AND WHEN IT CAME TO CHARACTER, HE RANG THE BELL.

Ramey: So loud was the bell that I did ring
That now I am director of most everything!

All: SO LOUD WAS THE BELL THAT HE DID RING
THAT NOW HE IS DIRECTOR OF MOST EVERYTHING

Ramey: The Ohio State School then cried, Yoo Hoo
My boy we've got a scholarship for you.
Of education I partook
And I copied every lecture in a big notebook!

All: HE COPIED EVERY LECTURE IN A BIG NOTEBOOK!

Ramey: So full were my notes, so bewildering,
That now I am director of most everything!

All: SO FULL WERE HIS NOTES, SO BEWILDERING
THAT NOW HE IS DIRECTOR OF MOST EVERYTHING!

Ramey: Once out of school with my degree
I serve my agency devotedly.
When problems rose to nag and press
I'd suggest a social study of the whole darn mess!

All: HE'D SUGGEST A SOCIAL STUDY OF THE WHOLE DARN MESS!

Ramey: My studies stretched to such a string
That now I am director of most everything!

All: HIS STUDIES STRETCHED TO SUCH A STRING
THAT NOW HE IS DIRECTOR OF MOST EVERYTHING!

Ramey: The Chest Board sought me, to a man
and made me chairman of a Budget Plan.
The Agencies made dirty cracks
But I reviewed their budgets with a short, sharp axe!

All: BUT HE REVIEWED THEIR BUDGETS WITH A SHORT, SHARP AXE!

Ramey: So sharp was the axe that I did swing
That now I am director of most everything

All: SO SHARP WAS THE AXE THAT HE DID SWING
THAT NOW HE IS DIRECTOR OF MOST EVERYTHING!

Ramey: By striving hard to serve and please
My reputation sped across the seas.
Around the world my way I made
Last year I flew to Athens with expenses paid.

All: LAST YEAR HE FLEW TO ATHENS WITH EXPENSES PAID

Ramey: You, too, can see the world by wing
As soon as you're the director of most everything.

All: WE, TOO, CAN SEE THE WORLD BY WING
AS SOON AS WE'RE DIRECTORS OF MOST EVERYTHING!

Ramey: Now you would step into my shoes
My job usurp and with it all my cues.
I'll feel just like a falling star
But I'll no longer wonder what my duties are.

All: BUT HE'LL NO LONGER WONDER WHAT HIS DUTIES ARE.

Ramey: I'll change my tune and sadly sing
That now I'm not director of a single thing!

All: HE'LL CHANGE HIS SONG AND SADLY SING
THAT NOW HE'S NOT DIRECTOR OF A SINGLE THING!

Blackburn,
Goldberg and
Chorus:

"For Personal Problems"
(Tune: The Daring Young Man on The Flying Trapeze)

Goldberg:
(oho)
For personal problems, insist on the best
Gen-u-ine social work tops all the rest.
There's no substitute for a Master's degree
There's no other firm guarantee.

(vs.)
Oh -- blowing balloons may be fun --,
But true therapy's one to one
To alter the basis of love and of hate
You need someone to whom to relate -

Chorus: OH, FOR PERSONAL PROBLEMS, INSIST ON THE BEST,
GEN-U-INE SOCIAL WORK TOPS ALL THE REST
THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A MASTER'S DEGREE
THERE'S NO OTHER FIRM GUARANTEE!

Blackburn: Oh many need help, but so few --
Have the patience to work hard and slow,
And the will to resist all the shortcuts so new
For which so many characters go --

Chorus: OH, FOR PERSONAL PROBLEMS, INSIST ON THE BEST
GEN-U-INE SOCIAL WORK TOPS ALL THE REST.
THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A MASTER'S DEGREE
THERE'S NO OTHER FIRM GUARANTEE!

Goldberg: Pansceas like Doctor Reich's boxes
 Or a new kind of happiness pill
 Are presented as cures for the troubles and woes
 of each Jack and poor mixed-up Jill --

All: OH, FOR PERSONAL PROBLEMS, INSIST ON THE BEST,
 GEN-U-INE SOCIAL WORK TOPS ALL THE REST.
 THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A MASTER'S DEGREE
 THERE'S NO OTHER FIRM GUARANTEE!!

Narrator:

Triumph followed after triumph. The collaborative efforts of this great team became as well know as Lerner and Lowe, Rodgers and Hart, Lindsay and Crouse and David and Merrick.

Next on the list of sensational smash hits was that fundamental, basically structured vehicle which was the underpinning of the profession entitled "Uplift or Bust" - or "How Firm a Foundation."

Added to the star studded arena were such famous leading lights as Fred Dellì Quadri, Bob Fenley, Phil Ryan and Thelma Shaw, and that ever popular Mae Busch.

Throughout the production one could detect the fine "Italian hand" of director Katherine Kendall who curiously enough had returned from Rome Conference.

What problems now in store for our intrepid profession? The Uplift Foundation was willing to bail out the poverty stricken social work profession and the graduate schools with a perpetual annual grant of \$10 \$10 million yearly. (A paltry sum today 'tis true in the age of OEO, but in those days it was real money.)

The critical problem was that Mr. Uplift wanted to know what social

work was all about and in a few chosen four letter words ..

Well sir

He wanted a definition -

Imagine that!

It took three acts to work this one out.

As the curtain opens the "professionals" are explaining such complex, conceptual, theoretical constructs like help. Casework and group work definitions were offered too. (In four letter words). We're still waiting for Arnold Gurin to come through with the C. O. One.

Katz, Ramey, Vasey, and Chorus:

"A Noble Profession"
(Tune: "Officer Krupke" - West Side Story)

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift it's not very hard
To prove to you that social work is not a canard
A noble profession, distinguished and grand
And we offer all a helping hand.

CHORUS: OH WE HELP, OH WE HELP
YES WE HELP, HELP, HELP
AND WE OFFER ALL A HELPING HAND

Mr. A: But how is it done?

Katz: How? - Well let's see, take the case of Mr. B.

Mr. B: My father hits the bottle
My sister walks the streets
My mother is a junkie
My brother's just too sweet
My grandpa runs a crap game
And it's a great success
Golly, Moses, aren't we a mess.

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift I'm sure you'll agree
The making of a problem are in this family
Intervention is called for and we mustn't shirk
This innocent child needs social work.

CHORUS: SOCIAL WORK, SOCIAL WORK
SOCIAL WORK WORK WORK
THIS INNOCENT NEEDS SOCIAL WORK

Mr. C: This kid needs to be case worked

Vasey: So - take him to a case worker.

Mr. D: Dear Miss Social Service
Give me what's in store
Case work makes me nervous
But you've got good rapport
My ego needs supporting
And that's the latest trend
But here's my problem
I ain't got a friend

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift it's easy to see
Casework service given individually
This kid's interpersonal problems are such
That only a group can really touch.

CHORUS: REALLY TOUCH, REALLY TOUCH
REALLY TOUCH TOUCH TOUCH
THAT JUST A GROUP CAN REALLY TOUCH

Mr. E: This kid don't need a case worker.

Mr. F: He needs to be group worked

Vasey: I'm now at last connecting
The group makes me secure
My image is correcting
My friends will not endure
I'm showing social movement
But what a dirty bump
Holy Moses, they're closing up this dump

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift a great tragedy
To interfere so cruelly with this group therapy
The mortgage has fallen
The service is canned
Communally speaking, poorly planned

CHORUS: POORLY PLANNED, POORLY PLANNED
POORLY PLANNED, POORLY PLANNED
COMMUNALLY SO POORLY PLANNED

Mr. G: This kid don't need a group worker

Witte: He needs to be community organized

Mr. H: So Mr. C. O. Planner
Now tell me what to do
I'll get a big bright banner
With feathers red or blue
I'll organize committees
And get them all involved
Planning, planning
That's how it's resolved.

Katz: Dear Mr. Uplift I know you'll agree
The only service worth a darn is voluntary
Private funds are receding while government's hot
Well after all, my friends, why not.

CHORUS: WELL WHY NOT, WELL WHY NOT
WELL WHY NOT NOT NOT
AFTER ALL THE GOVERNMENT IS HOT

Mr. F: This kid don't need a community organizer

Mr. I: He needs to be social policied

Witte: Get him to a social policy worker

Mr. J.: Dear Social Politician
Please pardon me this turn
I guess its an admission
Of a deep unconscious yearn
The social worker's image
Is changing end to end
Look here Uplift he's everybody's friend.

Katz: So Mr. Uplift the circle's complete
We social workers have a job that just can't be beat
We're men of distinction so noble and grand
Yes Mr. Uplift - your brand.

Narrator:

Meanwhile back at the ranch, I mean the graduate school, the
Dean is faced with a strike by faculty. He laments his fate
to Joe Hoffer who has his own tear jerking story to tell.

Katz and Hoffer: "Why Can't Professors?"
(Tune: "A Hymn to Him" - My Fair Lady)

Katz: Professors are irrational, that's all there is to that,
They're a pack of silly feeble-minded fools;
They're nothing but exasperating, irritating, vacillating
Calculating, agitating, maddening and infuriating mules.

(SPOKEN TO Hoffer) Hoffer

Why Can't professors be more like their deans?

Yes, (Sings) why cant professors be more like their deans
Deans are so honest, so thoroughly square,
Eternally noble, historically fair,
Who day by day will always give your back a pat --
Why can't professors be like that?

Why does every one do what the others do?
Can't professors learn to use their head?
Why do they do everything their brothers do?
Why don't they act with common sense instead:
Why can't professors take after their deans?
Deans are so pleasant, so easy to please,
Whenever you're with them, you're always at ease.

(SPOKEN TO HOFFER) Would you be alighted if I
didn't raise your salary?

Hoffer: Of course not.

Katz: Would you be angry at an extra course or two?

Hoffer: Nonsense.

Katz: Would you be al-ways playing to the gallery?

Hoffer: Never.

Katz: Why can't professors be like you?

(SINGS) One dean in a million may shout a bit,
Now and then there's one that's not so hot,
One perhaps whose intellect you doubt a bit,
But by and large, we are a marvelous lot.
Why can't professors behave like a dean?
Deans are so friendly, good natured and kind,
And better companions you never will find.

(SPOKEN TO HOFFER) Would you be furious if I
couldn't get resources?

Hoffer: Of course not

Katz: If-I-put your office in the basement, would you fuss?

Hoffer: Nonsense.

Katz: Would you get sore if I abolished all your courses?

Hoffer: Never

Katz: Why can't professors be like us?

(SINGS) Why can't professors be more like their deans?
Deans are so decent, such regular guys,
Ready to help you, whatever your size,
Ready to buck you up whenever you are glum --
Why can't professors be a chum?
Why is thinking something that they never do?
Why is logic never even tried?

Sagely nodding their heads is all they ever do.
Why don't they straighten up the mess that's inside?
Why can't professors be more like their deans?
Were I a professor, just handed a job,
Would I begin yelling like a one-man mob?
Would I start weeping like a bathtub overflowing?
And carry on as if my home were in a tree?
Would I start spouting like a big blue whale that's
blowing?
Why can't professors be like me?

Hoffer:

"Madmen and Imbeciles"
(Tune: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen")

It's perfectly plain if a youth would gain success,
He'll pay a very pretty price to get vocational advice
He will not engage to accept a wage unless
He makes some careful explorations in the field of occupations
He'd profess,
There's wealth and fame and an honored name to choose
For any man who has a vestige of I.Q.'s. But

Madmen and imbeciles go out into social work.
The clever ones don't care to;
The careful ones don't dare to.
Bus boys and carpenters get eight hours' sleep each night,
But social work's not done up till sun up!
For a life well-planned, get a hot-dog stand
Where the best careers are spent.
Or select a bank and attain the rank
Of a third vice-president.
There's nowhere a millionaire but rose from a common clerk,
But madmen and imbeciles rush out into social work!

It always appears that great careers are based
Upon the proper kind of start in some profession, trade or art;
There's many a laurel waiting to be placed
upon the brow of some great hero whose advancement up from zero
Can be traced.
All the great M.D.'s to receive fat fees contrive,
And though the landlords all complain they seem to thrive. BUT

Madmen and imbeciles go out into social work
And even when they're ripened they get a lowly stipend
A merchant at sixty-five retires to his country house,
But where, oh, where is YOUR house?
The poorhouse!
In the hall of fame there is name on name
of the statesmen, dead and dust,
But who, oh, who, of the group work crew
Will achieve a marble bust?
A bell-hop can reach the top, and so can a soda jerk,
But madmen and imbeciles rush out into social work!

Introduction by Katz of Herman Stein

Stein Monologue

Narrator:

But our story would not be complete without listening in on the most recent production of 1965, "This is the Week That Was, Looks at Social Welfare." By mass popular demand of Sargent Shriver, we bring you again selected scenes from the other dramatic arts production that almost got funded by OEO. It missed only because the initials of the name when put together were, unpronounceable. Well it really could have been pronounced but not enough bazaar.

Appealing to the "Stay in School" movement is Social Works own Beatle, John Ramey singing "High School Dropout".

Introduction by Katz of Herman Stein

Stein Monologue

Narrator:

But our story would not be complete without listening in on the most recent production of 1965, "This is the Week That Was, Looks at Social Welfare." By mass popular demand of Sargent Shriver, we bring you again selected scenes from the other dramatic arts production that almost got funded by OEO. It missed only because the initials of the name when put together were, unpronounceable. Well it really could have been pronounced but not enough bazaar.

Appealing to the "Stay in School" movement is Social Works own Beatle, John Ramey singing "High School Dropout".

John Ramey

(This is the Week That Was - Author - Chuck Odell)

"High School Drop Out"
(Tune "Teenage Idol")

Some people call me a high school dropout
and how they worry over me.
But they never stop to wonder
How lonesome I can be
I need somebody to be my counselor
Someone to tell my troubles to
But I never seem to find her
So what am I to do?

They think I'm a clod
As I tool out in my hot rod
How else can I express my hostilities
They say I'm a fool 'cause I
Get shifted from school to school
I wonder how they'd feel if they
Felt like me!

Some people call me a juvenile delinquent
And how they love to study me
But, in truth I'm just a number
in the School Directory.

I need somebody to be my counselor
Someone to tell my troubles to
But I guess I'll never find her
So what am I to do?

Narrator:

But rock and roll is not enough. LBJ likes the folksy touch (y'all) so the "Week that was" gave us the Welfare Department version of Frankie and Johnnie.

Arthur & Ruth Jette (This Is The Week That Was - Chuck Odell)

"Frankie and Johnny"

Frankie and Johnny were clients
Happy as clients could be
Swore to be true to each other
In the war against poverty
He was her man, he couldn't do no wrong.

Frankie dropped into the office
For her monthly case review
She casually asked her caseworker
Why her Johnny wasn't there too
He was her man, he wouldn't do no wrong.

Don't want to tell you no stories
Don't want to tell you no lies
But just lined up a job for John
With a dame named Nellie Blies
He is your man, and he's doing no wrong.

Frankie was deeply troubled
Frankie was quite upset
Frankie made that old green monster
Look like a domestic pet
He was her man, he might be doin' her wrong.

She tore down to Nellie's beer joint
And there to her surprise
Was Johnny perched on a piano stool
Makin' love to Nellie Blies
He was her man, and he was doin' her wrong.

Frankie dug down in her hand bag
And whipped out a big 44
And bam-de-bam-bam she dropped him
Right on that bar room floor
He was her man, and he was doin' her wrong.

Johnny was mortally wounded
As Frankie could plainly see
But his final gasp as he passed out
Was "She didn't want to hire me."
I was your man, I wouldn't do you no wrong.

Frankie was terribly sorry
Frankie was awfully sad
For confusing Johnny's honest efforts
With the shennanigans of a cad
He was her man, he wouldn't do no wrong.

Close out his cumulative record and
Tell the appointment clerk
To put his case in the dead file
'Cause he aint actively seeking work
He was her man, he wouldn't do no wrong.

This story has a moral
This story has an end
This story only goes to show
That you can't reverse a trend.
He was her man, he wouldn't do no wrong.

Narrator:

But the fundamental problem facing the nation and the broader area of social work practice is how to integrate the race in space with the Great Society.

Never fear - the old Sargent came up with the answer to that one all righty. Out of the dim past of legend and folklore gleaned from a scholarly research project (funded by OEO, of course) of two thousand comic books, was revived that figure of space and social justice.....

Piano Chords:

Narrator:

Captain Video - and his faithful sidekick, the ever loyal, true blue, champion of the underprivileged and disadvantaged - Venus. Can Batman and Robin be far behind?

We bring you Captain Video of the CAP - Watch for a soft landing on the moon. See the colonization of Mars. Fifty girls, fifty --- in each and every candy bar you'll find a crisp new one dollar bill -- Can Poverty be far behind?

Scene: (Two chairs sideways to audience. Enter Capt. Video in Hard Hat with Antennae and his female Assistant Venus also in hard hat with antennae preferably shorts or bathing suit.)

Venus: You say Cap that you have a mandate from the Office of Economic Opportunity to organize community action programs beyond the borders of the earth.

Captain V:

Yes Venus, my loyal, trusblue sidekick, champion of the under-privileged and disadvantaged, I say that here's a letter from Saegent Shriver that you are to establish CAP programs in order to flesh out and make any heavenly body ...make any heavenly body? Hey CAP

Venus:

That's a pretty broad mandate, but with so many undeveloped bodies here on earth how can they afford to export your talents to space

Captain:

I can only guess Venus maby Sargent Shriver is secretly jealous, I out-rank him. You see he's not due for promotion to lieutenant for awhile Although he could get a battlefield promotion.

Venus:

That could be, but you know what I always say.

Captain:

No, Venus what do you always say?

Venus:

Money talks, brother, money talks

Captain V:

You can say that again Venus.

Venus:

Money talks, brother, money talks

Captain:

Well enough of this Chari Vari Lets stop facing reality and get down to the crux of our mission, the basic, fundamental nuclear care of the intrinsic generic primeval assignment

Venus:

Yes well in the first place I think our very name will create problems.

Capt. V:

Problems: Why so?

Venus:

Well CAP - what in the world will that mean in outer space?

Captain V

Simple Venus we'll change it from Community Action Programs to let's see.

Communualistic approach to Planets

Venus:

Oh yes, the positive image I think Senator Eastland would like that. Tell me, Captain which planet will be developed. Did Sargent Shriver have any specific recommendations?

Capt.V:

No, Venus. That question was left up in the air.

Venus:

How about the moon. It's close - and beside I like green cheese.

Capt. V:

Green cheese! Come now Venus you don't really believe that, do you?

Venus:

Well, why else are those little red rats working so hard to get there?

Captain V:

Silly girl! You can't live there. The moon has no atmosphere.

Venus:

No atmosphere? The moon's out then! I've got to have my atmosphere.

Captain V:

What about Mercury?

Venus: Well you've got to be careful about those Ford products these days. What would Ralph Nader say?

Captain V: I don't know what would Ralph Nader say?

Venus: I don't know, who's Ralph Nader?

Captain V: How about Mars? There may be life there - and where there is' Life there's Hope for a poverty program, even CAP.

Venus: Mars? That's too far. It's 450,000,000 miles and the journey will take 292 days one way.

Captain V: Well that poses a problem. Could we get back for the next National Conference on Social Welfare?

Venus: Never -- it's being held in Dallas. But think of it! 450,000,000 miles at 10¢ a mile and all those days on \$16 per diem.

Captain V: Say I never thought of it that way. 450 million miles at 10¢ a mile, that's almost a hundred dollars. It's settled! Mars it is!

Venus: Well-let's get moving. Who's manning this ship? *anyway?*

Captain V: Just you and I, my dear, just you and I.

Venus: Oh Captain, I can hardly wait!

Captain V: (sing to tune of My Merry Oldsmobile)

In a space ship built for two
There's just room for me and you

Venus: We can go to Mars alone
We won't need a chaperone

Captain V: We will bankrupt CAP
They'll end up in poverty

Together: Please don't rock this delicate space canoe
In this rocket built for two.

Captain V: Now we're all set. Let's get off the pad. (makes with lever)
Say, this thing won't start.

Venus: (looking around) No wonder. It's not plugged in. (plugs in)

Captain V: Well, one man can't think of everything. Now, are you sure you have everything?

Venus: Well, I've never had any complaints before. Com on let's turn on and get off the pad.

Captain V: O.K. Roll it. Switch on - Contact 5-4-3-2-1-0. Hold it - where's my coloring book.

Venus: Now really. - ^{you} I can't leave without ^{you} my coloring book

Captain V: I can't leave without my coloring book.

Venus: Here it is, and the crayons too; Want your blanket?

Captain V: Don't be funny. Hold on Venus. We're accelerating and the force of gravitational pull will be terrific.

Venus: Anything like Shriver's pull with LEJ. ?

Captain V: We'll be getting up to 3-G's. I hope you can take it.

Venus: If I could lay hands on 3-G's, I sure could take it!

Captain V: (sings)

In a space ship built for two
There' just room for me and you
We don't need a husky crew
For the things we mean to do
(reaches for Venus)

Venus: (ducking away)

Don't collide with any stars
Or we'll never get to Mars

Captain V: We can go to town
Hear our rocket's sound
In our space ship
Molly Brown.

Narrator

292 days and 450 million miles later, our intrepid adventurers were out of this world. They found life and guess what - everyone was poor. (Communally speaking poorly planned). But were the Martians interested in the War Against Poverty? Not on your tintype. They enjoyed living on turnip greens and sow belly characteristically demonstrating their inability to delay gratification patterns.

And so our two heroes faced a bleak prospect. One by one the fine sounding programs, whose initials were pronounceable were turned down by the indigenous policy making board of Mars. They did have an election.

Venus:

Well, Captain, I guess that puts us in our place.

Captain:

(Protesting) But Venus - they just don't seem to understand. Here we are offering CAP and VISTA and OAA and ADC and ADCU and OASDI and HEFA and all these other wonderful programs and these ingrates seem to be perfectly satisfied the way things are.

Venus:

Gee. I don't know why you're so upset. Why don't we try something new.

Captain:

Like LSD?

Venus:

Essentially what you forget is that they have reached an anthropological state of cultural interrelationships with the diffuse cosmic force structure involving broad sociological adjustments.

Captain:

Gee whiz - you sound more like Mary Poppins every minute.

Venus:

Why not? She won an Academy award.

(Sings to Chim-Chim Chinee)

Pov - Poverty
Pov - Poverty
Poor little me
Stranded on Mars
On a space happy spree
Pov - Poverty
Pov - Poverty
Woe unto me
Not one demand
For our CAP

Captain:

Come on Venus, your getting as nutty as all the rest of these people. I long
for the cosmic road. Let's fuel up and shoot for the moon.

Venus:

Not me, Captain - I'll take a Mars over a Milky Way on day (pulls out candy bar
unwraps it and starts to eat it - while Captain Video stalks off stage. Then she
sings as curtain closes:

Pov - Poverty
Pov - Poverty
Poor Captain V
He's off his rocker
Not poor little me
Pov - Poverty
Pov - Poverty
Smart little me
I'll stay right here
Where a Queen
I can be

CHORUS:

"SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT"
(From Uplift or Bust" - K. Kendall
(Tune: "Oh, Maryland")

Oh, Social Work, our Dear Delight
We Sing thy praises day and night
We love thee well but we confes
That social work can be a mess

Our status rating - almost nil
We scrimp and save to pay each bill
We've but a dime left in the till
But Social Work Hooray

OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

Among ourselves
We scrap and fight
And can't agree who's wrong or right
Oh, could it be we're not so bright
But Social Work Forever.

OH SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

The public cries
That it is bled
Supporting mothers quite unwed
And all their offspring underfed
But Social Work Forever.

OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS

The papers say
That Social Work
Can be performed by any jerk
No wonder that I've gone beserk
But Social Work Forever.

OH, SOCIAL WORK, OUR DEAR DELIGHT
WE SING THY PRAISES DAY AND NIGHT
WE LOVE THEE WELL BUT WE CONFESS
THAT SOCIAL WORK CAN BE A MESS